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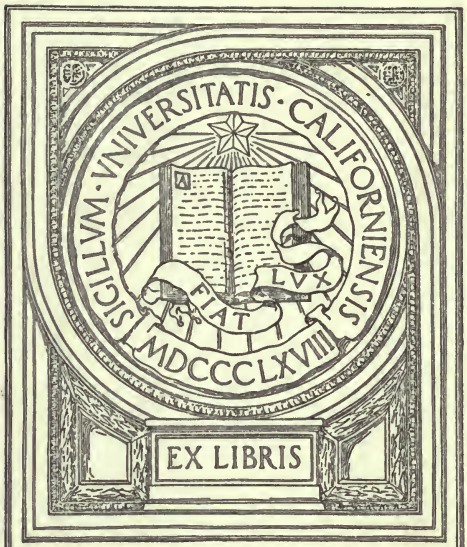

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THE ILLUSTRATED PROGRESSIVE SERIES.

THE

FIFTH PROGRESSIVE READER.

CAREFULLY

ARRANGED FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS

NEW YORK.
P O'SHEA, PUBLISHER
37 BARCLAY STREET.

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PREFACE.

THE FIFTH PROGRESSIVE READER may be appropriately styled an Historical Reader. Scarcely a lesson in the book but possesses historical interest and value, not even excepting the poetical selections, many of which are admirably adapted for declamation. Every lesson in the book bears the stamp of excellence. They have been selected from authors of the highest merit, and, for the special purpose of reading lessons, combine every quality that can be desired. The style is pure and attractive, the subjects are interesting and instructive.

Among the authors from whom new selections have been made, are, Darras, Lingard, Sister Mary Francis Clare, Lacordaire, Archbishop Spalding, Longfellow Miles, Prescott, Bancroft, and others of distinguished ability and reputation.

The want of a Reader for the higher classes, of th

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plan and scope of this, has long been felt. We have had a surfeit of reading matter either too dry and uninteresting, or too empty and declamatory, neither fitted to impart useful information nor a taste for a simple, pure, and elegant style of composition.

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TABLE OF VOWEL SOUNDS.

This table is designed for an exercise upon the vowel elements. These should be pronounced alone as well as in combination with the words given as examples. Let the class first pronounce the table in order, thus: A long, Fate, ā; A short, Fat, ă, &c.; then pronounce the column of elements alone.

Name.	Example.	Element.	Name.	Example.	Element.
A long	Fāte	ā	O long and close	Môve	ô
A short	Făt	ă	U long	Tūbe	ū
Italian	Fär	ä	U short	Tŭb	ŭ
A broad	Fâll	â	U middle or obtuse	Fûll	û
E long	Mēte	ē	U short and obtuse	Für	ü
E short	Mĕt	ĕ	OI and OY	Böïl	öĭ
I long	Pīne	ī	OU and OW	Böûnd	öû
I short	Pĭn	ĭ			
O long	Nōte	ō			
O short	Nŏt	ŏ			

EQUIVALENTS.

E	short and obtuse, like ü in Für	Hër	ë	U	like O in Move	Rûle	û
I	like E long	Machîne	î	Y	like I long	Tÿpe	ÿ
I	short and obtuse, like ü in Für	Sïr	ï	Y	like I short	Sÿmbol	ÿ
O	like A broad	Nôr	ô	Y	short and obtuse, like ü in Für	Mÿrtle	ÿ
O	like U short	Sön	ö	EW	like U long	New	ew

TABLE OF CONSONANT SOUNDS.

This table should be treated by the class in the same manner as the table of vowel sounds. The sound of a consonant may be ascertained by pronouncing a word containing it in a slow and forcible manner.

Vocal Consonants are those uttered with a slight degree of vocality, but less than that of a vowel. They are formed with a vibration of the vocal chords.

Aspirate Consonants are those in which the pure breath alone is heard. They are formed without any vibration of the vocal chords.

VOCAL CONSONANTS.[1]

Name.	Example.	Element.	Name.	Example.	Element.
B	Babe	b	R (trilled)	Rap	r
D	Did	d	R (untrilled)	Nor	r
G hard	Gag	g	TH soft	Thine	th
J	Joy	j	V	Valve	v
L	Lull	l	W	Wine	w
M	Maim	m	Y	Yes	y
N	Nun	n	Z	Zeal	z
NG	Sing	ng	ZH (or Z)	Azure	zh

ASPIRATE CONSONANTS.

CH	Church	ch	T	Tent	t
F	Fife	f	S	Seal	s
H[2]	Hold	h	SH	Shine	sh
K	Kirk	k	TH sharp	Thin	th
P	Pipe	p			

EQUIVALENTS.

C soft, like s	Çease	ç	S soft, like z	Muse	ȘȘ
C hard, like k	Cake	c	S like zh	Vision	s
Ch hard, like k	Chasm	ch	Q like k	Coquette	q
Ch soft, like sh	Çhaise	çh	X like ks	Tax	x
G soft, like j	Giant	g	X like gz	Exalt	x̣
Ph like f	Seraph	ph			

Q has the sound of *k*, and is always followed by *u*, which, in this position, commonly has the sound of *w*, but is sometimes silent.

WH is an aspirated *w*, pronounced as if written *hw*.

---

[1] Sometimes called Subvocals, or Subtonics.

[2] H sounded before a vowel, is an expulsion of the breath after the organs are in a position to sound the vowel.

PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION.

Elocution is an important branch of oratory; so important, that eloquence borrows its name from it. The theory consists of certain rules, which should be observed by all who read or speak in private companies or public assemblies. In practice elocution consists in the art of reading, or speaking, with propriety and elegance; or of delivering our words in a just and graceful manner; untainted with pedantry or affectation, and uncorrupted with any provincial sound or dialect.

It is absolutely necessary that every young gentleman should be acquainted with the science of elocution, especially those who are intended for the pulpit, the senate, the bar, or the stage; so that very few persons need be told, that a graceful elocution is of the highest importance. Everybody will allow, that what a man has occasion daily to do, should be done well; yet so little attention has sometimes been paid to this accomplishment, even from those, in whom (from their professions as public speakers) we have been led to expect a perfect model of the art, that it has tended to eclipse

all their other merits, however great; while others, of inferior attainments, by the help of a tolerably good style, and a just elocution, have risen to considerable eminence.

A graceful elocution is, to a good style, what a good style is to the subject matter of a discourse, an effectual ornament: for, if the subject of a discourse be ever so interesting, and the speaker's knowledge ever so profound, without a correct style the discourse must suffer greatly in its reputation; and though the speaker's abilities be of the first eminence, and the style good, with a bad elocution, or delivery, it will fare little better:—so great an effect have these exterior accomplishments over the public taste. Indeed, the great design and end of a good pronunciation is, to make the ideas seem to come from the heart; and then they will not fail to excite the attention and affections of those who hear us read or speak.

The principal design which we have in view is to show:

First. *What a bad pronunciation is, and how to avoid it.*

Secondly. *What a good pronunciation is, and how to attain it.*

In the first place, it may be necessary to mention, that a chief fault of pronunciation is, *when the voice is too loud.* This is very disagreeable to the hearer, and inconvenient to the speaker. It will be disagreeable to the hearers, if they be persons of good taste; who will look upon it to be the effect of ignorance or affectation. Besides, an overstrained voice is very inconvenient to the speaker, as well as disgustful to judicious hearers

It exhausts his spirits to no purpose, and takes from him the proper management and modulation of his voice according to the sense of his subject; and, what is worst of all, it leads him into what is called a *tone*. Every person's voice should fill the place where he speaks; but, if it exceed its natural key, it will be neither sweet, nor soft, nor agreeable, because he will not be able to give every word its proper sound.

Another fault in pronunciation is, when the voice is too low. This is not so inconvenient to the speaker, but it is as disagreeable to the hearer, as the other extreme. It is offensive to an audience, to observe anything in the reader or speaker that looks like indolence or inattention. The hearer can never be affected while he perceives the speaker indifferent. The art of governing the voice consists chiefly in avoiding these two extremes; and, for a general rule to direct us herein, the following is a very good one: "Be careful to preserve the key of your voice; and, at the same time, to adapt the elevation and strength of it to the condition and number of the persons you speak to, and the nature of the place you speak in." It would be altogether as ridiculous in a general, who is haranguing an army, to speak in a low and languid voi , as in a person, who reads a chapter in a family circle, or the narrative of any particular historical occurrence, to speak in a loud and eager one.

Another fault in pronunciation is, a thick, hasty, chattering voice. When a person mumbles, that is, leaves out some syllables in the long words, and never pronounces some of the short ones at all; but hurries on

without any regard whether he be heard distinctly or not, or whether he give his words their full utterance, or whether his hearers are impressed with the full sense and meaning of them. This, however, is frequently owing to defect in the organs of speech, or a too great tremulation or flutter of the animal spirits; but oftener to a bad habit which he has not attempted to correct. Demosthenes, the greatest orator Greece ever produced, had, it is said, three natural impediments in pronunciation, all of which he conquered by invincible labor and perseverance. One was a weakness of voice; which he cured by frequently declaiming on the sea-shore, amidst the noise of the waves. Another was a shortness of breath; which he mended by repeating his orations as he walked up a hill. And the other was the fault we are speaking of; a thick mumbling way of speaking; which he broke himself of by declaiming with pebbles in his mouth.

Another fault in pronunciation is, when persons speak too quickly. This method of reading is well enough among lawyers, in examining leases, perusing indentures, or reciting acts of Congress, where there is always a superfluity of words; or in reading a newspaper, where there is but little matter that deserves our attention; but it is very improper in reading books of devotion and instruction, and especially the sacred Scriptures, where the solemnity of the subject, or the weight of the sense, demands a particular regard. The great disadvantage which attends this manner of pronunciation is, that the hearer loses the benefit of half the good things he hears, and would fain remember, but

cannot: and a speaker should always have a regard to the memory as well as to the understanding of his hearers.

As it is a fault to speak too quickly, so it is likewise a blemish in elocution *to speak too slowly.* Some persons are apt to read or speak in a heavy, droning, sleepy way; and, through mere carelessness, make pauses at improper places. This is very disagreeable: but to hem, sneeze, yawn, or cough, between the periods, is much more so. A too slow elocution is most faulty in reading trifles, subjects that do not require much attention. It then renders every sentence tedious. A too slow elocution, however, is a fault rarely to be found, unless in aged people, and those who naturally speak so in common conversation: but in these, if the pronunciation be in other respects just, decent, and proper, and especially if the subject be weighty or intricate, it is more excusable, and is frequently overlooked.

An irregular or uneven voice is a great fault in reading or speaking. This happens, when the voice rises and falls by fits or starts, as it is generally termed; that is, when it is elevated or depressed unnaturally or unseasonably, without regard to the sense of the passage and the meaning of the author, or to the points or stops in a just method of punctuation; or in always beginning a sentence with a high voice, and, on the contrary, concluding it with a low one, or always beginning and concluding it in the same key.

Another fault, which may be looked upon as the direct opposite to this, is *a flat, dull, uniform tone of voice; without emphasis or cadence, or even regard to the*

sense or subject of what is read or spoken. This is a habit which children, who have been used to read their lessons by way of task, are very apt to fall into, and retain as they grow up. Indeed, it is a great blemish when it becomes habitual; because it deprives the hearer of the greater part of the benefit he might otherwise receive by a close attention to the interesting parts of the subject, which should always be distinguished by the pronunciation: for a just pronunciation is a good commentary; and therefore no person ought to read a chapter of the Bible or a Psalm, in public, or a speech in a play, or a poetical extract, before he has carefully read it over himself once or twice in private.

The greatest and most common fault is that of reading or speaking with what is called a tone. There is not any habit more easy to be contracted than this, nor more difficult to be conquered. This unnatural tone in reading and speaking is very various; but, whatever it be, it is always disgustful to persons of delicacy and judgment. Some have a womanish squeaking tone; which persons whose voices are shrill and weak, and overstrained, are very liable to fall into. Some have a singing or canting note: others assume a high, swelling, theatrical tone; and, being ambitious of the fame of fine orators, lay too much stress or emphasis on every sentence, and thereby transgress the rules of true oratory. Some affect an awful and striking tone, attended with solemn grimace, as if they would move the hearer with every word they utter, whether the weight of the subject bear them out in that method or not. This is what persons of a gloomy or melancholy

cast of mind are most likely to fall into. Some have a set, uniform tone of voice, and others an odd, whimsical, whining tone, peculiar to themselves, and which cannot be well described; only, that it is an improper laying of the emphasis on words which do not require or deserve it.

Such are the common faults of a bad pronunciation.

We now proceed, in the second place, to point out how a bad pronunciation is to be avoided. And to this end, it will be exceedingly proper that a person should *not read in too loud nor in too low a voice.* If a person would not read in a voice which is too loud or strong, nor in one that is too low, or faint, or weak, he should consider whether his voice be naturally too low or too loud, and endeavor to correct it accordingly in his daily ordinary conversation; by which means he will be better able to correct it in reading. If his voice be too low, he should converse with those who are hard of hearing; if too loud, with those whose voices are low. He should begin his periods with an even moderate voice, that he may have such a command of it, as to be able to raise or depress it as the subject requires.

In order *to cure a thick, confused, cluttering voice,* a person should accustom himself, in conversation, reading, and speaking, to pronounce every word distinctly and clearly. He ought to observe with what deliberation some persons converse and read, and how full a sound they give to every word; and closely imitate them. He should never affect to contract his words, as some have done, or run two into one. This may do very well in conversation, or in reading familiar dia-

logues, but it is not so decent nor so decorous in grave and solemn subjects; especially in reading the Scriptures, sermons, or extracts from religious books. It appears, from the case of Demosthenes, that this fault of pronunciation cannot be cured without much difficulty, nor will the remedy which he adopted be found effectual without a considerable share of perseverance.

To break a habit of reading or speaking too fast, a person must attend diligently to the sense, weight, and propriety of every sentence he has occasion to read, and of every emphatical word contained therein. This will not only operate as an advantage to himself, but be a double one to those who hear him; for it will at once give them time to do the same, and excite their attention when they perceive the speaker's is fixed. A solemn pause after a weighty thought is not only beautiful but striking. A well-timed cessation or pause gives as much grace to speech as it does to music. Let a person imagine that he is reading to persons of slow and unready conceptions; but he must not measure the hearer's apprehension by his own. If he does, he may possibly outrun it. And, as in reading he is not at liberty to repeat his words and sentences, *that* should engage him to be very deliberate in pronouncing them, that their sense may not be misconceived or lost. The ease and advantage that will arise both to the reader and hearer, by a free, full, and deliberate pronunciation, is hardly to be conceived. A too slow pronunciation is a fault which very few are likely to fall into.

To cure an uneven, desultory voice, a person should take care that he does not begin his periods either in too

high or in too low a key; for that will necessarily lead him to an unnatural and improper variation of it. He should have particular regard to the nature and quantity of his points, and the length of his periods; and keep his mind intent on the sense, subject, and spirit of his author.

It is very requisite that similar directions should be given to every young gentleman destined to read or speak in public, that he may constantly avoid a monotony in pronunciation; that is, a dull, set, uniform tone of voice: and, if the mind of the student be attentive to the sense of the subject before him, he will naturally manage and modulate his voice agreeably to the nature and importance of the subject.

In order *to avoid all kinds of unnatural and disagreeable tones, he must endeavor to speak with the same ease and freedom as he would do, on the same subject, in private conversation.* You do not hear any person converse in a tone, unless he has the accent of some other country, or has contracted a habit of altering the natural key of his voice when he is talking of some serious subject, of religion particularly. But I do not see any particular reason why, in common conversation, we speak in a natural voice, with proper accent and emphasis; yet, so soon as we begin to read or talk of religion, or speak in public, we should immediately assume a stiff, awkward, unnatural tone. If we are indeed deeply affected with the subject we read or talk of, the voice will naturally vary according to the passion excited; but if we vary it unnaturally, only to seem affected, or with a design to affect others, it then be-

comes a tone, and is offensive. In reading, then, a person should attend to his subject, and deliver it as he would do if he were talking of it. This is the great, general, and most important rule of all; which, if carefully observed, will correct not only these but almost all other faults in a bad pronunciation; and give an easy, decent, and graceful delivery, agreeably to all the rules of a right elocution. For, however apt we are to transgress them in reading, we follow them naturally and easily in conversation: even children will tell a story with all the natural graces and beauties of pronunciation, however awkwardly they may read the same from a book. Dr. Watts, in his "Art of Reading," says: "Let the tone and sound of your voice in *reading* be the same as it is in *speaking*, and do not affect to change that natural and easy sound wherewith you *speak*, for a strange, new, awkward tone, as some do when they begin to *read;* which would almost persuade our ears, that the *speaker* and the *reader* were two different persons, if our eyes did not tell us the contrary."

It is necessary that we now pay attention to the second principal head of our subject, and that is, *what a good pronunciation is, and how to attain it.*

In this branch of elocution there are several things to be adverted to; and, first, we must observe, that a good pronunciation in *reading* or speaking, is the art of managing and governing the voice so as to express the full sense and spirit of the author, in that just, decent, and graceful manner, which will not only instruct but affect the minds of the hearers; and which will not only

raise in them the same ideas the speaker intended to convey, but the same passions he really felt. This is the great end of speaking or reading before others, and this end can only be attained by a proper and just method of pronunciation.

And hence we may learn wherein a good pronunciation in *speaking* consists; which is not anything but a natural, easy, and graceful variation of the voice, suitable to the nature and importance of the sentiments we deliver.

A good pronunciation, in both these respects, is more easily attained by some persons than by others; because some can more readily enter into the sense and sentiments of an author, and more easily discover their own, than others can; and at the same time have a more happy facility of expressing all the proper variations and modulations of the voice. Thus, persons of a quick apprehension and brisk flow of animal spirits (setting aside all impediments of the organs) have generally a more lively, just, and natural elocution, than persons of a slow perception and a phlegmatic cast. However, it may in a great degree be attained by every one that will carefully attend to, and practice, those rules that are conducive to the acquisition.

In a just elocution, a particular regard should be paid to the PAUSES, the EMPHASIS, and the CADENCE.

With respect to the pauses necessary to be observed in reading, a person will, in a good measure, be directed by the points; but not perfectly, for there are but few books that are correctly pointed, according to the true principles of grammar and reason.

The points serve two purposes, viz., first, to distinguish the sense of the author; and, secondly, to direct the pronunciation of the reader.

A speaker or reader is not to draw or fetch breath, as it is termed, if it can be avoided, till he arrives at the period or full stop; but a discernible pause is to be made at every one, according to its proper quantity of duration. Where the periods are very long, the speaker may take breath at a colon or semicolon, and sometimes even at a comma, but never where there is no point at all. To break a habit of taking breath too often, in reading or speaking, a person should accustom himself to read long periods, such, for instance, as the first sixteen lines of Milton's "Paradise Lost."

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater man
Restore us and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heav'nly muse, that, on the secret top
Of Oreb or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning, how the heav'ns and earth
Rose out of chaos: or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,
That, with no middle flight, intends to soar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

It is frequently necessary to regulate the pauses as well as the variations of the voice, by a careful attention

to the sense and the importance of the subject, rather than to the punctuation.

The emphasis is another peculiar branch of a just elocution, and is to be particularly regarded in reading or speaking. With respect to this portion of our subject, it is necessary that a person should be exceedingly careful that it be always laid on the proper emphatical word. When we distinguish any particular syllable in a word with a strong voice, it is called *accent;* when we thus distinguish any particular word in a sentence, it is denominated *emphasis*, and the word so distinguished is the *emphatical word.* And the emphatical words (for there are often more than one) in a sentence, are those which carry a weight or importance in themselves, or are those on which the sense of the rest depends; and these must always be distinguished by a fuller and stronger sound of voice, wherever they be found, whether in the beginning, the middle, or the end of a sentence, as in the following couplets:

> "Get *place* and *wealth*, if possible, with *grace;*
> If not, by *any* means get *wealth* and *place.*" *Pope.*

> "Some have at first for *wits*, then *poets*, pass'd,
> Turn'd *critics* next, and prov'd plain *fools* at last." *Ibid.*

In these quotations, the emphatical words are put in italics; and which they are, the sense will generally discover.

It is necessary to be somewhat more particular on the subject of emphasis; and here I shall make a few brief remarks on matters of this nature.

1. That some sentences are so full and comprehensive, that almost every word is emphatical; and it is of the greatest consequence to mark the emphatical word by a different and strong modulation of the voice: as in the following instance of pathetic expostulation, in the prophecy of Ezekiel:

"Why will ye die?"

Here every word may be made emphatical, and on which ever word a person lays the emphasis, whether on the first, second, third, or fourth, it conveys a very different sense, and opens a new subject of moving expostulation.

2. Some sentences are equivocal, as well as some words; that is, they contain more senses than one; and which is the sense intended, can only be known by observing on what word the emphasis is laid. Thus: "Shall you ride to town to-day?" This question is capable of being taken in four different senses, according to the different words on which you lay the emphasis. If it be laid on the word [*you*], the answer may be, "No, but I intend to send my servant." If it be laid on the word [*ride*], the answer may be, "No, I intend to walk." If you place the accent on the word [*town*], it is a different question, and the answer may be, "No, for I design to ride into the country." And if it be laid on the compound word [*to-day*], the sense is still somewhat different from any of these, and the proper answer may be, "No, but I shall to-morrow." Of such importance sometimes is a right disposition of the emphasis, in order to determine the proper sense of what

we read or speak. I shall illustrate this subject by introducing another example: thus, this short sentence, "Did Alexander conquer the Persians?" may have three different meanings, according to the manner in which the speaker places the accent; and the emphasis has, consequently, three different places: as, when the speaker knew that the Persians were conquered, but did not know by whom; then the emphasis is placed on the word *Alexander;* as, "Did *Alexander* conquer the Persians?" When it is known that Alexander attempted the conquest, but the issue is not known, the emphasis is then placed on the word *conquer;* as, "Did Alexander *conquer* the Persians?" When it is known that he conquered the adjacent countries, but it is not certainly known that he conquered the Persians, the emphasis is placed on the word *Persians;* as, "Did Alexander conquer the *Persians?*"

3. The voice must express, as exactly as possible, the very sense or idea designed to be conveyed by the emphatical word, by a strong, rough, and violent, or a soft, smooth, and tender sound. Thus the different passions of the mind are to be expressed by a different sound or tone of voice. *Love*, by a soft, smooth, languishing voice; *anger*, by a strong, vehement, and elevated voice; *joy*, by a quick, sweet, and clear voice; *sorrow*, by a low, flexible, interrupted voice; *fear*, by a dejected, tremulous, hesitating voice; *courage* hath a full, bold, and loud voice; and *perplexity*, a grave, steady, and earnest one. Briefly, in *exordiums* the voice should be low; in *narrations*, distinct; in *reasoning*, slow; in

persuasion, strong: it should thunder in *anger*, soften in *sorrow*, tremble in *fear*, and melt in *love*.

4. The variation of the emphasis must not only distinguish the various passions described, but the several forms and figures of speech in which they are expressed; namely, in a *prosopopœia*, we must change the voice as the person introduced would. In an *antithesis*, one contrary must be pronounced louder than the other. In a *climax*, the voice should always rise with it. In *dia logues*, it should alter with the parts. In *repetitions*, it should be loudest in the second place. Words of quality and distinction, or of praise or dispraise, must be pronounced with a strong emphasis.

5. The emphasis is often placed on a wrong word in a sentence. This is the most common fault, and most liable to be committed, and arises from the want of a thorough knowledge of the sense, and the writer's ideas: for, if the reader or speaker be not perfectly acquainted with the exact construction and full meaning of every sentence which he recites, it is impossible he should give those inflexions and variations of the voice which nature requires. Some persons, finding the diffi culty of rightly placing the emphasis, have rejected all emphasis entirely, and read with a dull, stupid mono tony, which is the worst fault of all.

Cadence is directly opposite to *emphasis*. *Emphasis* marks the raising of the voice, *cadence* the falling of it; and, when it is managed with propriety and judgment, it is exceedingly musical. But, besides a cadence of the *voice*, there is such a thing as cadence of *style;* and that is, when the sense being almost expressed and perfectly

discerned by the reader, the remaining words (which are only necessary to complete the period) gently fall of themselves without any emphatical word among them; and, if the author's language be pure and elegant, his cadence of style will naturally direct the cadence of voice. Cadence, then, generally takes place at the end of a sentence, unless it close with an emphatical word. Every *parenthesis* is to be pronounced in cadence, that is, in a low voice, and quicker than ordinary, that it may not take off the attention too much from the sense of the period it interrupts. But all *apostrophes* and *prosopopœias* are to be pronounced in *emphasis*.

A careful regard to these things is the first rule for attaining a right and proper method of pronunciation.

If a person would acquire a right and just pronunciation in reading or speaking, he must not only take in or comprise the full sense, but enter into the spirit of his author; for he can never convey the force and fullness of his author's ideas to another, till he feel them himself. No man can read an author he does not perfectly understand; at least, not so as to be perfectly comprehended.

"The great rule," says a distinguished writer and orator, "which the masters of rhetoric so much press, can never enough be remembered; 'that to make a man speak well, and pronounce with a right emphasis, he ought thoroughly to understand all that he says, be fully persuaded of it, and bring himself to have those affections which he desires to infuse into others.' He that is inwardly persuaded of the truth of what he says, and that hath a concern about it in his mind, will pronounce

with a natural vehemence that is far more lovely than all the strains that art can lead him to. An orator must endeavor to feel what he says, and then he will speak so as to make others feel it."

The same rules are to be observed in reading poetry as prose: neither the rhyme nor the numbers should take off the attention from the sense and spirit of the author; for it is that only which must direct the pronunciation in poetry as well as in prose. When any one reads verse, he must not at all favor the measure or rhyme; that often obscures the sense, and spoils the pronunciation; for the great end of pronunciation is, to elucidate and heighten the sense; that is, to represent it not only in a clear but a strong light. Whatever then obstructs this is carefully to be avoided, both in verse and prose. Nay, this ought to be more carefully shunned in reading verse than prose; because the author, by a constant attention to his measures or rhyme, and the exaltation of his language, is sometimes apt to obscure his sense; which therefore requires the more care in the reader to discover and distinguish it by the pronunciation. And if, when any one reads verse with proper pause, emphasis, and cadence, and a pronunciation varied and governed by the sense, it be not harmonious and beautiful, the fault is not in the reader, but the author. If the verse be good, to read it thus will improve its harmony; because it will take off that uniformity of sound and accent which tires the ear, and makes the numbers heavy and disagreeable.

In the *third* place; another important rule is, Study nature. By this is meant,

1. *That a person should study his own natural dispositions and affections;* and those subjects which are more congenial to his own feelings, he will easily pronounce with a beautiful propriety; but, to heighten the pronunciation, the natural warmth of the mind should be permitted to have its course under a proper rein and regulation.

2. *Study the natural dispositions and affections of others;* for some are more easily impressed and moved one way, and some another. An orator should be acquainted with all the avenues to the heart.

3. *A person should study the most easy and natural way of expressing himself, both as to the tone of voice and the mode of speech.* This is best learned by observations on common conversation; where all is free, natural, and easy; where we are only intent on making ourselves understood, and conveying our ideas in a strong, plain, and lively manner, by the most natural language, pronunciation, and action. The nearer, indeed, our pronunciation in public agrees with the freedom and ease of that we use in common discourse, (provided we keep up the dignity of the subject, and preserve a propriety of expression,) the more just, and natural, and agreeable it will generally be. Above all things, then, study nature; avoid affectation; never use art, if you have not the art to conceal it; for whatever does not appear natural can never be agreeable, still less persuasive.

In the *fourth* place, it is proper that a person should *endeavor to keep his mind collected and composed.* He should constantly guard against that flutter and timidity of spirit which is the common infelicity of young per-

sons, and especially those who are naturally bashful, when they first begin to speak in public. This is a very great hindrance both to their pronunciation and invention; and at once gives both themselves and their hearers unnecessary pain. It will wear off, by constant opposition. The best way to give the mind a good degree of assurance and self-command at such a time, is, for a person,

1. To be entirely master of his subject; with a consciousness that he delivers to his audience nothing but what is worth their hearing: this will furnish him with a proper share of courage.

2. He should endeavor to be wholly engaged in his subject; and, when the mind is intent upon and warmed with it, it will forget that awful deference it before paid to the audience, which was so apt to disconcert it.

3. If the sight of his hearers, or any of them, discompose him, he should keep his eyes from beholding them.

Fifthly, it is proper to observe, that a person should keep up a life, spirit, and energy, in the expression; and let the voice naturally vary according to the variation of the style and subject. Whatever be the subject, it will never be pleasing, if the style be low and flat; nor, if the pronunciation be so, will the beauty of the style be discovered. Cicero observes, there must be a *glow* in our style, if we would warm our readers. The transition of the voice must always correspond with that of the subject, and the passions it was intended to excite.

Sixthly, in order to attain a just and graceful pro-

nunciation, it is proper that a person should accustom himself frequently to hear those who excel in it, whether at the bar or in the pulpit; where he will perceive all the forementioned rules exemplified, and be able to account for all those graces and beauties of pronunciation which always gratified him, though he were unable to tell why. Indeed, the best mode of acquiring the art of pronunciation, like all others, is rather by imitation than by rule; but to be first acquainted with the rules of it, will render the imitation more easy. In fact, beyond all that has been said, or can be described, he will observe a certain agreeableness of manner in some speakers, that is natural to them, not to be reduced to any rule, and to be learned by imitation only; nor even by that, unless it be in some degree natural to himself as the hearer.

Seventhly, a person should frequently exercise himself in reading aloud, according to the foregoing rules. It is practice only that can give him the faculty of an elegant pronunciation. This, like other habits, is only to be acquired by acts often repeated.

Orators, indeed, as well as poets, must be born so, or they will never excel in their respective arts: but that part of oratory which consists in a decent and graceful pronunciation (provided there be no defect in the organs of speech) may be attained by rule, by imitation, and by practice; and, when attained, will give a beauty to a person's speech, a force to his thoughts, and a pleasure to his auditors, which cannot be expressed; and which all will admire, but none can imitate, unless they be first prepared for it by nature and by art. In short,

the great advantage of a just pronunciation is, that it will please all, whether they have no taste, a bad taste, or a good one.

THE INFLECTIONS OF THE VOICE.

Besides the pauses, which indicate a greater or less separation of the parts of a sentence and a conclusion of the whole, there are certain inflections of voice, accompanying these pauses, which are as necessary to the sense of the sentence as the pauses themselves; for, however exactly we may pause between those parts which are separable, if we do not pause with such an inflection of the voice as is suited to the sense, the composition we read will not only want its true meaning, but will have a meaning very different from that intended by the writer.

Whether words are pronounced in a high or low, in a loud or soft tone; whether they are pronounced swiftly or slowly, forcibly or feebly, with the tone of passion or without it; they must necessarily be pronounced either sliding upward or downward, or else go into a monotone or song.

By the rising or falling inflection, is not meant the pitch of the voice in which the whole word is pronounced, or that loudness or softness which may accompany any pitch; but that upward or downward slide which the voice makes when the pronunciation of a word is finishing, and which may, therefore, not improperly, be called the rising and falling inflection.

We must carefully guard against mistaking the low tone at the beginning of the rising inflection for the falling inflection, and the high tone at the beginning of the falling inflection for the rising inflection, as they are not denominated rising or falling from the high or low tone in which they are pronounced, but from the upward or downward slide in which they terminate, whether pronounced in a high or low key.

RULE I.—*The falling inflection takes place at a period*

EXAMPLES.

1. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism

would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona`.

2. The pleasures of the imagination, the pleasure arising from science, from the fine arts, and from the principle of curiosity, are peculiar to the human` species.

When a sentence concludes an antithesis, the first branch of which, being emphatic, requires the falling inflection; the second branch requires the weak emphasis, and rising inflection.

Note.—When there is a succession of periods or loose members in a sentence, though they may all have the falling inflection, yet every one of them ought to be pronounced in a somewhat different pitch of the voice from the other.

EXAMPLES.

1. If we have no regard for our own` character, we ought to have some regard for the character of others´.

2. If content cannot remove` the disquietudes of mankind, it will at least alleviate´ them.

RULE II.—*Negative sentences, or members of sentences, must end with the rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. The region beyond the grave is not a solitary' land. There your fathers are, and thither every other friend shall follow you in due season.

2. True charity is not a meteor, which occasionally glares; but a luminary, which, in its orderly and regular course, dispenses a benignant influence.

RULE III.—*The penultimate member* of a sentence requires the rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. We were now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge′, and the blessings of religion.

2. Mahomet was a native of Mecca, a city of that division of Arabia, which, for the luxury of its soil and happy temperature of its climate, has ever been esteemed the loveliest and sweetest′ region in the world, and distinguished by the epithet of happy.

RULE IV.—*Every direct period, having its two principal constructive parts connected by corresponding conjunctions or adverbs, requires the long pause, with the rising inflection at the end of the first part.*

EXAMPLES.

1. If, when we behold a well-made and well-regulated watch, we infer the operations of a skillful artificer′; then none but a "fool" indeed can contemplate the universe, all whose parts are so admirably formed, and so harmoniously adjusted, and yet say, "There is no God."

2. Whenever you see a people making progress in vice; whenever you see them discovering a growing disregard to the divine law′; there you see proportional advances made to ruin and misery.

Note.—When the emphatical word in the conditional part of the sentence is in direct opposition to another word in the conclusion,

* Penultimate signifies the last but one.

and a concession is implied in the former, in order to strengthen the argument in the latter, the first member has the falling, and the last the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. If we have no regard for religion in youth\, we ought to have some regard for it in age/.

2. If we have no regard for our own\ character, we ought to have some regard for the character of others/.

If these sentences had been formed so as to make the latter member a mere inference from, or consequence of, the former, the general rule would have taken place: thus—

1. If we have no regard for religion in youth/, we have seldom any regard for it in age\.

2. If we have no regard for our own/ character, it can scarcely be expected that we could have any regard for the character of others\.

RULE V.—*Direct periods, commencing with participles of the present and past tense, consist of two parts; between which must be inserted the long pause and rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Having existed from all eternity/, God, through all eternity, must continue to exist.

2. Placed by Providence on the palæstra of life/, every human being is a wrestler, and happiness is that prize for which he is bound to contend.

Note.—When the last word of the first part of these sentences requires the strong emphasis, the falling inflection must be used instead of the rising.

EXAMPLE.

Hannibal being frequently destitute of money and provisions, with no recruits of strength in case of ill fortune, and no encouragement even when successful/; it is not to be wondered at that his affairs began at length to decline.

RULE VI.—*Those parts of a sentence which depend on adjectives require the rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Destitute of the favor of God′, you are in no better situation, with all your supposed abilities, than orphans left to wander in a trackless desert.

2. Full of spirit, and high in hope′, we set out on the journey of life.

RULE VII.—*Every inverted period* requires the rising inflection and long pause between its two principal constructive parts.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Persons of good taste expect to be pleased′, at the same time they are informed.

2. I can desire to perceive those things that God has prepared for those that love′ him, though they be such as eye hath not seen, ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.

Sentences constructed like the following also fall under this rule.

3 Poor were the expectations of the studious, the modest, and the good′, if the reward of their labors were only to be expected from man.

4. Virtue were a kind of misery′, if fame only were all the garland that crowned her.

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* A period is said to be inverted, when the first part forms perfect sense by itself, but is modified or determined in its signification by the latter.

RULE VIII.—*The member that forms perfect sense must be separated from those that follow by a long pause ana the falling inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God`; so that things which are seen were not made of things that do appear.

2. By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed`; and he went out, not knowing whither he went.

Note.—When a sentence consists of several loose members which neither modify nor are modified by one another, they may be considered as a compound series, and pronounced accordingly.

RULE IX.—*The first member of an antithesis must end with the long pause of the rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. The most frightful disorders arose from the state of feudal anarchy. Force decided all things. Europe was one great field of battle, where the weak struggled for freedom′, and the strong for dominion. The king was without power′, and the nobles without principle. They were tyrants at home′, and robbers abroad. Nothing remained to be a check upon ferocity and violence.

2. Between fame and true honor a distinction is to be made. The former is a blind and noisy′ applause; the latter a more silent and internal homage. Fame floats on the breath of the multitude′: honor rests on the judgment of tne thinking. Fame may give praise,

while it withholds esteem′: true honor implies esteem mingled with respect. The one regards particular distinguished′ talents; the other looks up to the whole character.

RULE X.—*At the end of a concession the rising inflection takes place.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Reason, eloquence, and every art which ever has been studied among mankind, may be abused, and may prove dangerous in the hands of bad′ men; but it were perfectly childish to contend, that, upon this account, they ought to be abolished.

2. One may be a speaker, both of much reputation and much influence in the calm argumentative′ manner. To attain the pathetic, and the sublime of oratory, requires those strong sensibilities of mind, and that high power of expression, which are given to few.

RULE XI.—*Questions asked by pronouns or adverbs end with the falling inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Who continually supports and governs this stupendous system‵? Who preserves ten thousand times ten thousand worlds in perpetual harmony‵? Who enables them always to observe such times, and obey such laws, as are most exquisitely adapted for the perfection of the wondrous whole‵? They cannot preserve and direct themselves; for they were created, and must, therefore, be dependent. How, then, can they be so actuated

and directed but by the unceasing energy of the great Supreme`?

2. Ah! why will kings forget that they are men,
And men that they are brethren`? Why delight
In human` sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love`?

Note 1.—Interrogative sentences, consisting of members in a series necessarily depending on each other for sense, must be pronounced according to the rule which relates to the series of which they are composed.

EXAMPLES.

What can be more important and interesting than an inquiry into the existence`, attributes′, providence′, and moral government` of God?

RULE XII.—*Questions asked by verbs require the rising inflection.**

EXAMPLES.

1. Can the soldier, when he girdeth on his armor, boast like him that putteth it off′? Can the merchant predict that the speculation, on which he has entered, will be infallibly crowned with success′? Can even the husbandman, who has the promise of God that seed-time and harvest shall not fail, look forward with assured confidence to the expected increase of his fields′? In these, and in all similar cases, our resolution to act can be founded on probability alone.

2. Avarus has long been ardently endeavoring to fill his chest: and lo! it is now full. Is he happy′? Does

* When the question is very long, however, or concludes a paragraph, the falling instead of the rising inflection takes place.

ne use′ it? Does he gratefully think of the Giver′ of all good things? Does he distribute to the poor′? Alas! these interests have no place in his breast.

RULE XIII.—*When interrogative sentences connected by the disjunctive*, or, *expressed or understood, succeed each other, the first end with the rising and the rest with the falling inflection.**

EXAMPLES

1. Does God, after having made his creatures, take no further′ care of them? Has he left them to blind fate or undirected chance′? Has he forsaken the works of his own hands′? Or does he always graciously preserve, and keep, and guide` them?

2. Should these credulous infidels after all be in the right, and this pretended revelation be all a fable, from believing it what harm` could ensue? Would it render princes more tyrannical, or subjects more ungovernable′? the rich more insolent, or the poor more disorderly′? Would it make worse parents, or children′; husbands, or wives′; masters, or servants′; friends, or neighbors′? *or* would it not make men more virtuous, and, consequently, more happy` in every situation?

Note 2.—An interrogative sentence, consisting of a variety of members depending on each other for sense, may have the inflection common to other sentences, provided the last member has that inflection which distinguishes the species of interrogation to which it belongs.

EXAMPLE.

Can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvement`, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after

* When *or* is used conjunctively, the inflections are not regulated by it.

having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator\, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out\, and in the very beginning′ of her inquiries?

Note 3.—Interrogative sentences, consisting of members in a series, which form perfect sense as they proceed, must have every member terminate with that inflection which distinguishes the species of interrogation of which they consist.

EXAMPLES.

1. Hath death torn from your embrace the friend whom you tenderly loved′—him to whom you were wont to unbosom the secrets of your soul′—him who was your counsellor in perplexity, the sweetener of all your joys, and the assuager of all your sorrows′? You think you do well to mourn; and the tears with which you water his grave, seem to be a tribute due to his virtues. But waste not your affection in fruitless lamentation.

2. Who are the persons that are most apt to fall into peevishness and dejection\—that are continually complaining of the world, and see nothing but wretchedness\ around them? Are they those whom want compels to toil for their daily bread′—who have no treasure but the labor of their hands′—who rise with the rising sun to expose themselves to all the rigors of the seasons, unsheltered from the winter's cold, and unshaded from the summer's heat′? No. The labors of such are the very blessings of their condition.

Note 4.—When questions, asked by verbs, are followed by answers, the rising inflection, in a high tone of voice, takes place at the end of the question, and, after a long pause, the answer must be pronounced in a lower tone.

EXAMPLES.

1. Are you desirous that your talents and abilities may procure you respect′? Display them not ostentatiously to public view. Would you escape the envy which your riches′ might excite? Let them not minister to pride, but adorn them with humility.

2. There is not an evil incident to human nature for which the gospel doth not provide a remedy. Are you ignorant of many things which it highly concerns you to know′? The gospel offers you instruction. Have you deviated from the path of duty′? The gospel

offers you forgiveness. Do temptations′ surround you? The gospel offers you the aid of Heaven. Are you exposed to misery′? It consoles you. Are you subject to death′? It offers you immortality.

RULE XIV.—*The inflections at the note of exclamation are the same as at any other point, in sentences similarly constructed.*

EXAMPLES.

1. The Almighty sustains and conducts the universe. It was he who separated the jarring elements`! It was he who hung up the worlds in empty space`! It was he who preserves them in their circles, and impels them in their course`!

2. How pure, how dignified should they be, whose origin is celestial`! How pure, how dignified should they be, who are taught to look higher than earth; to expect to enjoy the divinest pleasures for evermore, and to "shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father`!"

RULE XV.—*When the exclamation, in form of a question, is the echo of another question of the same kind, or when it proceeds from wonder or admiration, it always requires the rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Will you for ever, Athenians, do nothing but walk up and down the city, asking one another, What news′? What news′! Is there anything more new than to see a man of Macedonia become master of the Athenians, and give laws to all Greece′?

2. What′! might Rome then have been taken, if those men who were at your gates had not wanted courage′

for the attempt?—Rome taken when I′ was consul!—Of honors I had sufficient—of life enough—more than enough.

RULE XVI.—*A parenthesis must be pronounced in a lower tone of voice than the rest of the sentence, and conclude with the same pause and inflection which terminate the member that immediately precedes it.**

EXAMPLES.

1. Though fame, who is always the herald of the great, has seldom deigned to transmit the exploits of the lower ranks to posterity′, (for it is commonly the fate of those whom fortune has placed in the vale of obscurity to have their noble actions buried in oblivion′;) yet, in their verses, the minstrels have preserved many instances of domestic woe and felicity.

2. Uprightness is a habit, and, like all other habits, gains strength by time and exercise. If, then, we exercise′ upright principles, (and we cannot have them unless we exercise′ them,) they must be perpetually on the increase.

Note 1.—The end of a parenthesis must have the falling inflection when it terminates with an emphatical word.

EXAMPLE.

Had I, when speaking in the assembly, been absolute and independent master of affairs, then your other speakers might call me to account. But if ye were ever present, if ye were all in general invited to propose your sentiments, if ye were all agreed that the measures

* A parenthesis must also be pronounced a degree quicker than the rest of the sentence; a pause, too, must be made both before and after it, proportioned in length to the more intimate or remote connection, which it has with the rest of the sentence.

then suggested were really the best; if you, Æschines, in particular, were thus persuaded, (and it was no partial affection for me, that prompted you to give me up the hopes, the applause, the honors, which, attended that course I then advised, but the superior force of truth and your utter inability to point out any more eligible course;) if this was the case, I say, is it not highly cruel and unjust to arraign those measures now, when you could not then propose any better?

Note 2.—When the parenthesis is long, it may be pronounced with a degree of monotone or sameness of voice, in order to distinguish it from the rest of the sentence.

EXAMPLE.

Since, then, every sort of good which is immediately of importance to happiness, must be perceived by some immediate power or sense, antecedent to any opinions or reasoning, (for it is the business of reason to compare the several sorts of good perceived by the several senses, and to find out the proper means for obtaining them,) we must therefore carefully inquire into the several sublimer perceptive powers or senses: since it is by them we best discover what state or course of life best answers the intention of God and nature, and wherein true happiness consists.

Note 3.—The small intervening members, *said I, says he, continued they*, &c., follow the inflection and tone of the member which precedes them, in a higher and feebler tone of voice.

EXAMPLE.

Thus, then, said he, since you are so urgent, it is thus that I conceive it. The sovereign good is that, the possession of which renders us happy. And now, said I, do we possess it? Is it sensual or intellectual? There, you are entering, said he, upon the detail.

HARMONIC INFLECTION.

Besides that variety which necessarily arises from annexing certain inflections to sentences of a particular import or structure, there is still another source of variety, in those parts of a sentence where the sense is not at all concerned, and where the variety is merely to please the ear. There are many members of sentences which may be differently pronounced without greatly affecting their variety and harmony

It is chiefly toward the end of a sentence that the harmonic inflection is necessary in order to form an agreeable cadence.

RULE I.—*When a series of similar sentences, or members of sentences, form a branch of a subject or paragraph, the last sentence or member must fall gradually into a lower tone, and adopt the harmonic inflection, on such words as form the most agreeable cadence.*

EXAMPLE.

Since I have mentioned this unaccountable zeal which appears in atheists and infidels, I must farther observe, that they are likewise in a most particular manner possessed with the spirit of bigotry. They are wedded′ to opinions` full of contradiction` and impossibility′, and at the same′ time` look upon the smallest′ difficulty` in an article` of faith′ as a sufficient reason for rejecting it.

RULE II.—*When the last member of a sentence ends with four accented words, the falling inflection takes place on the first and last, and the rising on the second and third.*

EXAMPLES.

1. The immortality of the soul is the basis of morality, and the source of all the pleasing′ hopes` and secret joys′, that can arise` in the heart′ of a reasonable′ creature`.

2. A brave′ man struggling` in the storms` of fate′,
And greatly` falling′ with a falling′ state`.

RULE III.—*When there are three accented words at the end of the last member, the first has either the rising or falling, the second the rising, and the last the falling inflection.*

EXAMPLE.

Cicero concludes his celebrated books, *De Oratore*, with some precepts for pronunciation and action, without which part he affirms, that the best orator in the world can never succeed, and an indifferent one, who is master of this, shall gain much\ greater′ applause\.

ECHO

Is here used to express that repetition of a word or thought, which immediately arises from a word or thought that preceded it.

RULE.—*The echoing word ought always to be pronounced with the rising inflection in a high tone of voice, and a long pause after it, when it implies any degree of passion.**

EXAMPLE.

1. Augustin became a Christian! *Augustin′!* who had mastered all the learning of his age, and whose subtle mind had anticipated the objections of future unbelievers.

Bossuet was a Christian! *Bossuet′!* whose soaring genius and wonderful intellectual vision are acknowledged and honored by all.

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* The echoing word is printed in *italics* and marked with the rising inflection

THE MONOTONE,

In certain solemn and sublime passages has a wonderful force and dignity; and by the uncommonness of its use, it even adds greatly to that variety with which the ear is so much delighted.*

EXAMPLE.

1. High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Inde,
Or whēre the gōrgeous eāst, with rīchest hānd,
Shōwers, on her kīngs barbāric, pearl` and gold′,
Satan exalted sat.

CIRCUMFLEXES.

The *rising* circumflex begins with the falling inflection and ends with the rising upon the same syllable, and seems as it were to twist the voice upward. This turn of the voice is marked in this manner, (ˇ.)

EXAMPLE.

But it is foolish in us to compare Drusus Africanus and ourselves with Clŏdius; all our other calamities were tolerable; but no one can patiently bear the death of Clòdius.

The *falling* circumflex begins with the rising inflection, and ends with the falling upon the same syllable, and seems to twist the voice downward. This turn of the voice may be marked by the common circumflex: thus, (^.)

EXAMPLE.

Queen. Hamlet, you have your father much offended.
Hamlet. Madam, yoû have my father much offended.

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* This monotone may be defined to be a continuation or sameness of sound upon certain syllables of a word, exactly like that produced by repeatedly striking a bell;—such a stroke may be louder or softer but continues exactly in the same pitch. To express this tone upon paper, a horizontal line may be adopted; such a one as is generally used to express a long syllable in verse: thus (–.)

Both these circumflex inflections may be exemplified in the word *so* in a speech of the Clown in Shakspeare's *As You Like It.*

I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If; as if you said sŏ, then I said sô. O ho! did you sŏ? So they shook hands and were sworn brothers.

CLIMAX,

OR A GRADUAL INCREASE OF SIGNIFICATION,

Requires an increasing swell of the voice on every succeeding particular, and a degree of animation corresponding with the nature of the subject.

EXAMPLE.

1. After we have practised good actions awhile, they become easy, and when they are easy, we begin to take pleasure in them; and when they please us, we do them frequently; and, by frequency of acts, a thing grows into a habit; and a confirmed habit is a second kind of nature; and, so far as anything is natural, so far it is necessary, and we can hardly do otherwise; nay, we do it many times when we do not think of it.

ACCENT.

RULE.—*Emphasis requires a transposition of accent, when two words which have a sameness in part of their formation, are opposed to each other in sense.*

EXAMPLES.

1. What is *done′*, cannot be *un*`done.*

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* The signs (′ and `,) besides denoting the inflections, mark also the accented syllables.

Whatever inflection be adopted, the accented syllable is always

2. There is a material difference between *giv'*ing and *for'*giving.

3. Thought and language *act'* and *re'*act upon each other.

4. He who is good before *in'*visible witnesses, is eminently so before the *vis'*ible.

5. What fellowship hath *right'*eousness with *un'*-righteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?

6. The riches of the prince must *in'*crease or *de'*-crease, in proportion to the number and riches of his subjects.

Note 1.—This transposition of the accent extends itself to all words which have a sameness of termination, though they may not be directly opposite in sense.

EXAMPLES.

1. In this species of composition, *plau'*sibility is much more essential than *prob'*ability.

2. Lucius Catiline was expert in all the arts of *sim'*-ulation and *dis'*simulation; covetous of what belonged to others, lavish of his own.

Note 2.—When the accent is on the last syllable of a word which has no emphasis, it must be pronounced louder and a degree lower than the rest.

EXAMPLE.

Sooner or later virtue must meet with a re*ward'*.

---

louder than the rest; but if the accent be pronounced with the rising inflection, the accented syllable is higher than the preceding, and lower than the succeeding syllable; and if the accent have the falling inflection, the accented syllable is pronounced higher than any other syllable, either preceding or succeeding.

EMPHASIS

Is that stress we lay on words which are in contradi-tinction to other words expressed or understood. And hence will follow this general rule: *Wherever there is contradistinction in the sense of the words, there ought to be emphasis in the pronunciation of them.*

All words are pronounced either with emphatic force, accented force, or unaccented force; this last kind of force may be called by the name of feebleness. When the words are in contradistinction to other words, or to some sense implied, they may be called *emphatic*, where they do not denote contradistinction, and yet are more important than the particles, they may be called *accented*, and the particles and lesser words may be called *unaccented* or *feeble*.

EXAMPLES.

1. *Exercise* and *temperance strengthen* the *constitution*

2. *Exercise* and *temperance strengthen* even an INDIFFERENT constitution.

The word printed in Roman capitals is pronounced with *emphatic* force; those in small Italics are pronounced with *accented* force; the rest with *unaccented* force.

SINGLE EMPHASIS.*

RULE.—*When a sentence is composed of a positive and negative part, the* positive *must have the* falling, *and the* negative *the* rising *inflection.*†

EXAMPLES.

1. We can do nothing *against'* the truth, but *for`* the truth.

2. None more impatiently *suffer'* injuries, than they who are most forward in *doing`* them.

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* When two emphatic words in antithesis with each other are either expressed or implied, the emphasis is said to be single.

† To this rule, however, there are some exceptions, not only in poetry, but also in prose.

3. You were paid to *fight*` against Alexander, and not to *rail'* at him.

DOUBLE EMPHASIS.*

RULE.—*The falling inflection takes place on the first emphatic word, the rising on the second and third, and the falling on the fourth.*†

EXAMPLES.

1. To *err*` is *human'*; to *forgive' divine*`.

2. Custom is the *plague*` of *wise'* men, and the *idol'* of *fools*`.

TREBLE EMPHASIS.‡

RULE.—*The rising inflection takes place on the first and third, and the falling on the second of the first three emphatical words; the first and third of the other three have the falling, and the second has the rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. A *friend'* cannot be *known*` in *prosperity'*; and an *enemy*` cannot be *hidden'* in *adversity*`.

2. Flowers of rhetoric in sermons or serious discourses are like the blue and red flowers in corn, *pleasing'* to *those*` who come only for *amusement'*, but *prejudicial*` to *him'* who would reap the *profit*`.

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* When two words are opposed to each other, and contrasted with two other words, the emphasis on these four words may be called double.

† The pause after the second emphatic word must be considerably longer than that after the first or third.

‡ When three emphatic words are opposed to three other emphatic words in the same sentence, the emphasis is called treble.

THE ANTECEDENT.

RULE —*Personal or adjective pronouns, when antecedents, must be pronounced with an accentual force, to intimate that the relative is in view, and in some measure to anticipate the pronunciation of it.*

EXAMPLES.

1. *He*, that pursues fame with just claims, trusts his happiness to the winds; but *he*, that endeavors after it by false merit, has to fear, not only the violence of the storm, but the leaks of his vessel.

2. The weakest reasoners are always the most positive in debate; and the cause is obvious; for *they* are unavoidably driven to maintain their pretensions by violence, who want arguments and reasons to prove that they are in the right.

RULE II.—*When the relative only is expressed, the antecedent being understood, the accentual force then falls upon the relative.*

EXAMPLES.

1. *What* nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
   The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,
   Is virtue's prize.
2. *Who* noble ends by noble means obtains,
   Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
   Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
   Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

GENERAL EMPHASIS

Is that emphatic force, which, when the composition is very animated, and approaches to a close, we often lay upon several words in

succession. This emphasis is not so much regulated by the sense of the author, as by the taste and feelings of the reader, and therefore does not admit of any certain rule.

EXAMPLES.

1. What men could do
Is done already: heaven and earth will witness,
If′ Rome` must` fall′, that we are innocent.

2. There was a time, then, my fellow-citizens, when the Lacedæmonians were sovereign masters both by sea and land; when their troops and forts surrounded the entire circuit of Attica; when they possessed Eubœa, Tanagra, the whole Bœotian district, Megara, Ægina, Cleone, and the other islands, while this state had not one ship, *not` one′ wall`*.

THE INTERMEDIATE OR ELLIPTICAL MEMBER

Is that part of a sentence which is equally related to both parts of an antithesis, but which is properly only once expressed.

EXAMPLES.

1. Must we, in your person, *crown′* the author of the public calamities, or must we *destroy`* him?

2. A good man will love himself too well to *lose′* an estate by gaming, and his neighbor too well to *win`* one.

RHETORICAL PAUSES.

RULE I.—*Pause after the nominative when it consists of more than one word.**

EXAMPLE.

1. The fashion of this world *passeth* away.

* The place of the pause is immediately before each of the words printed in *italics*.

Note.—A pause may be made after a nominative, even when it consists of only one word, if it be a word of importance, or if we wish it to be particularly observed.

EXAMPLES.

1. Adversity *is* the school of piety.
2. The fool *hath* said in his heart there is no God.

RULE II.—*When any member comes between the nominative case and the verb, it must be separated from both of them by a short pause.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Trials *in* this state of being *are* the lot of man.
2. Such is the constitution of men, that virtue *however* it may be neglected, for a time *will* ultimately be acknowledged and respected.

RULE III.—*When any member comes between the verb and the objective or accusative case, it must be separated from both of them by a short pause.*

EXAMPLE.

I knew a person who possessed the faculty of distinguishing flavors in so great a perfection, that, after having tasted ten different kinds of tea, he would distinguish *without* seeing the color of it *the* particular sort which was offered him.

RULE IV.—*When two verbs come together, and the latter is in the infinitive mood, if any words come between, they must be separated from the latter verb by a pause.*

EXAMPLE.

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind *to* suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune;

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?

Note.—When the verb *to be* is followed by a verb in the infinitive mood, which may serve as a nominative case to it, and the phrases before and after the verb may be transposed, then the pause falls between the verbs.

EXAMPLE.

The greatest misery is *to* be condemned by our own hearts.

RULE V.—*When several substantives become the nominatives to the same verb, a pause must be made between the last substantive and the verb, as well as after each of the other substantives.*

EXAMPLE.

Riches, pleasure, and health *become* evils to those who do not know how to use them.

RULE VI.—*If there are several adjectives belonging to one substantive, or several substantives belonging to one adjective, every adjective coming* after *its substantive, and every adjective coming* before *the substantive except the* last, *must be separated by a short pause.*

EXAMPLE.

1. It was a calculation *accurate* to the last degree.

Note.—This rule applies also to sentences in which several adverbs belong to one verb, or several verbs to one adverb.

EXAMPLES.

1. To love *wisely, rationally, and* prudently, is, in the opinion of lovers, not to love at all.

2. Wisely, *rationally, and* prudently to love, is, in the opinion of lovers, not to love at all.

RULE VII.—*Whatever words are in the ablative absolute, must be separated from the rest by a short pause both before and after them.*

EXAMPLE.

If a man borrow aught of his neighbor, and it be hurt or die, *the* owner thereof not being with it, *he* shall surely make it good.

RULE VIII.—*Nouns in opposition, or words in the same case, where the latter are only explanatory of the former, have a short pause between them, either if both of these nouns consist of many terms, or the latter only.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Hope, *the* balm of life, soothes us under every misfortune.

2. Solomon, *the* son of David, *and* the builder of the temple of Jerusalem, was the richest monarch that reigned over the Jewish people.

RULE IX.—*When two substantives come together, and the latter, which is in the genitive case, consists of several words closely united with each other, a pause is admissible between the two principal substantives.*

EXAMPLE.

I do not know whether I am singular in my opinion, but, for my own part, I would rather look upon a tree in all its luxuriancy, and diffusion *of* boughs and branches, than when it is cut and trimmed into a mathematical figure.

RULE X.—Who, which, *when in the nominative case, and the pronoun* that, *when used for* who *or* which, *require a short pause before them.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Death is the season *which* brings our affections to the test.

2. Nothing is in vain *that* rouses the soul: nothing in vain *that* keeps the ethereal fire alive and glowing.

3. A man can never be obliged to submit to any power, unless he can be satisfied *who* is the person *who* has a right to exercise it.

RULE XI.—*Pause before* that, *when it is used for a conjunction.*

EXAMPLE.

It is in society only *that* we can relish those pure delicious joys which embellish and gladden the life of man.

RULE XII.—*When a pause is necessary at prepositions and conjunctions, it must be* before, *and not* after *them.*

EXAMPLES.

1. We must not conform to the world *in* their amusements and diversions.

2. There is an inseparable connection *between* piety and virtue.

RULE XIII.—*In an elliptical sentence, pause where the ellipsis takes place.*

EXAMPLE.

To our faith we should add virtue; and to virtue *knowledge;* and to knowledge *temperance;* and to tem-

perance *patience;* and to patience *godliness;* and to godliness *brotherly* kindness; and to brotherly kindness *charity.*

RULE XIV.—*Words placed either in opposition to, or in apposition with each other, must be distinguished by a pause.*

EXAMPLE.

The pleasures of the imagination, taken in their full extent, are not so gross *as* those of sense, nor so refined *as* those of the understanding.

RULE XV.—*When prepositions are placed in opposition to each other, and all of them are intimately connected with another word, the pause after the* second *preposition must be shorter than that after the* first, *and the pause after the* third *shorter than that after the* second.

EXAMPLE.

Rank, distinction, pre-eminence, no man despises, unless he is either raised very much *above*, or sunk very much *below*, the ordinary standard of human nature.

RULES FOR READING VERSE.

On the Slides or Inflections of Verse.

1. The first general rule for reading verse is, that we ought to give it that measured harmonious flow of sound which distinguishes it from prose, without falling into a bombastic, chanting pronunciation, which makes it ridiculous.

2. It will not be improper, before we read verse with

its poetical graces, to pronounce it exactly as if it were prose: this will be depriving verse of its beauty, but will tend to preserve it from deformity: the tones of voice will be frequently different, but the inflections will be nearly the same.

3. But though an elegant and harmonious pronunciation of verse will sometimes oblige us to adopt different inflections from those we use in prose, it may still be laid down as a good general rule, that verse requires the same inflections as prose, though less strongly marked, and more approaching to monotones.

4. Wherever a sentence, or member of a sentence, would necessarily require the falling inflection in prose, it ought always to have the same inflection in poetry; for though, if we were to read verse prosaically, we should often place the falling inflection where the style of verse would require the rising, yet in those parts where a portion of perfect sense, or the conclusion of a sentence, necessarily requires the falling inflection, the same inflection must be adopted both in verse and prose.

5. In the same manner, though we frequently suspend the voice by the rising inflection in verse, where, if the composition were prose, we should adopt the falling, yet, wherever in prose the member or sentence would necessarily require the rising inflection, this inflection must necessarily be adopted in verse.

6. It may be observed, indeed, that it is in the frequent use of the rising inflection, where prose would adopt the falling, that the song of poetry consists; familiar, strong, argumentative subjects naturally enforce the language with the falling inflection, as this is

naturally expressive of activity, force, and precision. but grand, beautiful, and plaintive subjects slide naturally into the rising inflection, as this is expressive of awe, admiration, and melancholy, where the mind may be said to be passive; and it is this general tendency of the plaintive tone to assume the rising inflection, which inclines injudicious readers to adopt it at those pauses where the falling inflection is absolutely necessary, and for want of which the pronunciation degenerates into the whine, so much and so justly disliked; for it is very remarkable, that if, where the sense concludes, we are careful to preserve the falling inflection, and let the voice drop into the natural talking tone, the voice may be suspended in the rising inflection on any other part of the verse, with very little danger of falling into the chant of bad readers.

On the Accent and Emphasis of Verse.

In verse, every syllable must have the same accent, and every word the same emphasis, as in prose.

In words of *two* syllables, however, when the poet transposes the accent from the *second* syllable to the *first*, we may comply with him, without occasioning any harshness in the verse;—but when, in such words, he changes the accent from the *first* to the *second* syllable, every reader who has the least delicacy of feeling will certainly preserve the common accent of these words on the *first* syllable.

In misaccented words of *three* syllables, perhaps the least offensive method to the ear of preserving the accent, and not entirely violating the quantity, would be

to place an accent on the syllable immediately preceding that on which the poet has misplaced it, without dropping that which is so misplaced.

The same rule seems to hold good where the poet has placed the accent on the first and last syllable of a word, which ought to have it on the middle syllable.

Where a word admits of some diversity in placing the accent, it is scarcely necessary to observe, that the verse ought in this case to decide.

But when the poet has with great judgment contrived that his numbers shall be harsh and grating, in order to correspond with the ideas they suggest, the common accentuation must be preserved.

How the Vowels e *and* o *are to be pronounced, when apostrophized.*

The vowel *e*, which in poetry is often cut off by an apostrophe in the word *the* and in unaccented syllables before *r*, as *dang'rous*, *gen'rous*, &c., ought always to be preserved in pronunciation, because the syllable it forms is so short as to admit of being sounded with the succeeding syllable, so as not to increase the number of syllables to the ear, or at least to hurt the melody.

The same observations, in every respect, hold good in the pronunciation of the preposition *to*, which ought always to be sounded long, like the adjective *two*, however it may be printed.

On the Pause or Cæsura of Verse.

Almost every verse admits of a pause in or near the middle of the line, which is called the cæsura; this must

be carefully observed in reading verse, or much of the distinctness, and almost all the harmony, will be lost.

Though the most harmonious place for the capital pause is after the fourth syllable, it may, for the sake of expressing the sense strongly and suitably, and even sometimes for the sake of variety, be placed at several other intervals.

The end of a line in verse naturally inclines us to pause; and the words that refuse a pause so seldom occur at the end of a verse, that we often pause between words in verse where we should not in prose, but where a pause would by no means interfere with the sense This, perhaps, may be the reason why a pause at the end of a line in poetry is supposed to be in compliment to the verse, when the very same pause in prose is allowable, and perhaps eligible, but neglected as unnecessary: however this be, certain it is, that if we pronounce many lines in Milton, so as to make the equality of impressions on the ear distinctly perceptible at the end of every line; if, by making this pause, we make the pauses that mark the sense less perceptible, we exchange a solid advantage for a childish rhythm, and, by endeavoring to preserve the name of verse, lose all its meaning and energy.

On the Cadence of Verse.

In order to form a cadence at a period in rhyming verse, we must adopt the falling inflection with considerable force in the cæsura of the last line but one.

How to pronounce a Simile in Poetry.

A simile in poetry ought always to be read in a lower tone of voice than that part of the passage which precedes it.

This rule is one of the greatest embellishments of poetic pronunciation, and is to be observed no less in blank verse than in rhyme.

General Rules.

Where there is no pause in the sense at the end of a verse, the last word must have exactly the same inflection it would have in prose.

Sublime, grand, and magnificent description in poetry requires a lower tone of voice, and a sameness nearly approaching to a monotone.

When the first line of a couplet does not form perfect sense, it is necessary to suspend the voice at the end of the line with the rising slide.

This rule holds good even where the first line forms perfect sense by itself, and is followed by another forming perfect sense likewise, provided the first line does not end with an emphatic word which requires the falling slide.

But if the first line ends with an emphatical word requiring the falling slide, this slide must be given to it, but in a higher tone of voice than the same slide in the last line of the couplet.

When the first line of a couplet does not form sense, and the second line, either from its not forming sense, or from its being a question, requires the rising slide; in this case, the first line must end with such a pause as

the sense requires, but without any alteration in the tone of the voice.

In the same manner, if a question requires the second line of the couplet to adopt the rising slide, the first ought to have a pause at the end; but the voice, without any alteration, ought to carry on the same tone to the second line, and to continue this tone almost to the end.

The same principles of harmony and variety induce us to read a *triplet* with a sameness of voice, or a monotone, on the end of the first line, the rising slide on the end of the second, and the falling on the last.

This rule, however, from the various sense of the triplet, is liable to many exceptions. But, with very few exceptions, it may be laid down as a rule, that a *quatrain* or *stanza* of four lines of alternate verse, may be read with the monotone ending the first line, the rising slide ending the second and third, and the falling the last.

The plaintive tone, so essential to the delivery of elegiac composition, greatly diminishes the slides, and reduces them almost to monotones; nay, a perfect monotone, without any inflection at all, is sometimes very judiciously introduced in reading verse.

On Scanning.

A certain number of syllables connected form a foot. They are called *feet*, because it is by their aid that the voice, as it were, steps along through the verse, in a measured pace.

All feet used in poetry consist either of two or of

three syllables, and are reducible to eight kinds; four of two syllables, and four of three, as follow:—

The hyphen – marks a long, and the breve ⏑ a short syllable.

Dissyllable.		*Trisyllable.*	
A Trochee	– ⏑	A Dactyl	– ⏑ ⏑
An Iambus	⏑ –	An Amphibrach	⏑ – ⏑
A Spondee	– –	An Anapæst	⏑ ⏑ –
A Pyrrhic	⏑ ⏑	A Tribrach	⏑ ⏑ ⏑

THE

FIFTH PROGRESSIVE READER.

PART II.

I.—POPE ST LEO THE GREAT AND ATTILA.

DARRAS.

Rev J. E. Darras is a French writer of eminence. The following is taken from his "General History of the Church," which has been translated into English, and enriched with a learned Introduction and Notes, by the Most Rev. M. J. Spalding, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore. It is a work of great ability and research, and is written in a very clear and captivating style.

1. Whilst this great pontiff thus brought back peace and unity of faith to the Church in the East, he had in the West checked the onward course of the fierce king of the Huns,[1] who was pushing on his victorious hordes over the ruins of the Roman world.

2. Attila, the most formidable *mower of men* who had yet led on the barbarian invaders, seemed born for the terror of the world. He had come originally from the forests of Tartary,[2] and his destiny appeared to be attended by something inexplicably[3] terrific, which made a fearful impression upon the generality

of men. His gait and carriage were full of pride and haughtiness; the movements of his body and the rolling of his eyes spoke his conscious power. His short stature, broad chest, and still larger head, thin beard, and swarthy features, plainly told his origin. His capital was a camp in the fields by the Danube.[4] The kings he had conquered kept guard by turns at the door of his tent. His own table was set with wooden platters and coarse food, whilst his soldiers sported with gold and silver vases.

3. Enthroned upon a low stool, the Tartar chief received the ambassadors of Valentinian III. and Theodosius the Younger, whose credulity he deceived in a manner that would have done credit to the most practiced courtier of Constantinople or of Rome. He said of himself with savage energy: "The star falls, the earth trembles; I am the hammer of the universe. The grass never grows again where Attila's horse has once trod." He claimed the official title of *Scourge of God.*

4. The two emperors of Ravenna[5] and of Constantinople[6] thought to stop the barbarian at their gates, by allowing him the title of *General of the Empire*, and allowing him a tribute which they regarded as his pay. The Hun remarked on this subject: "The generals of emperors are servants; Attila's servants are emperors." He one day sent two Goths, one to Theodosius II., the other to Valentinian III., with this message: "Attila,

my master and yours, orders you to prepare him a palace." This meant an invasion.

5. Dragging along with him a train of tributary princes and five hundred thousand barbarians, he crossed the Rhine and pushed on through the provinces of Gaul (A. D. 451). Several of its cities were given up to pillage and to the violence of an unbridled soldiery.

6. Metz had provoked a redder vengeance by a longer resistance, and saw its streets flowing with the blood of the greater part of its inhabitants. The survivors, with their bishop, were led away captives, and the city, given up to the flames, was soon but a heap of ashes. Troyes was threatened with the same fate. Its holy bishop, Lupus, importuned the mercy of God by his ceaseless prayers, tears, fasts, and good works. At length, inspired with a supernatural confidence, he goes forth in full pontifical attire, to meet the barbarian, and asks him: "Who art thou that dost overcome so many kings and nations, ruin so many cities, and subdue the world?" Attila replied: "*I am King of the Huns, the Scourge of God!*" "If thou art the scourge of my God," returned the bishop, "remember to do only what is allowed thee by the hand that moves and governs thee." Attila, astonished at the boldness of this address, and awed by the majesty of the holy prelate, promised to spare the city, and passed through it without doing it any harm.

7. In Paris, such was the dismay that the inhabitants were preparing to leave the city, with their wives and children, to seek the protection of some more strongly fortified place. St. Genevieve, the humble virgin of Nanterre, became the patroness and mother of the city. She restored the failing courage, provided for every want, procured means of subsistence for the affrighted multitude, and promised, in the name of Heaven, that Attila should not approach the walls of Paris.

8. In effect, Attila, suddenly changing the direction of his march, fell with his savage hordes, upon the city of Orleans. This city, which seemed marked out for miraculous deliverances, was then governed by the holy Bishop St. Aignan, to whom it owed its safety He had been able to go to Arles and solicit help from Ætius, the Roman general. Just as Orleans was on the point of opening its gates to the besiegers, the combined armies of Ætius and Theodoric, king of the Visigoths, came within sight of its walls. Attila, foaming with rage, raised the siege, and in the plain of Chalons sought a field in which he could display his forces and meet his opponents.

9. The confederates counted a body of Franks commanded by their Prince Meroveus. The two armies, now encamped face to face, numbered about a million warriors. They met and then ensued one of the bloodiest battles that crimson the pages of history.

Three hundred thousand slain encumbered the field; a little neighboring stream was swelled like a torrent by the quantity of blood that flowed into its channel. Theodoric fell, but his valor had won the victory for the allies. Attila was utterly defeated, and recrossed the Rhine in hasty flight.

10. In the following year (A.D. 452) he reappeared, more formidable than ever, on the borders of Italy, leaving Pannonia[7] and Noricum[8] wasted by fire and sword. Valentinian III. made a precipitate retreat from Ravenna, and hastened to seek shelter within the walls of Rome. Attila besieged and destroyed the cities of Aquileia, Padua, Verona, Vicenza, Brescia, and Bergamo; Milan and Pavia* were given up to pillage.

11. The Hun pushed on amid the smoking ruins of the conquered cities, and halted near Mantua, on the banks of the Mincio[9]; the terrified inhabitants fled at his approach, and sought, in the marshes where Venice now stands, a refuge from the violence of the victorious barbarians. The last hour of the Roman Empire seemed at hand; St. Leo succeeded in warding off the threatened ruin. He appeared before Attila as the ambassador of Heaven, as a herald of peace.

12. The two great sovereignties of the Word and the Sword stood face to face; and the Sword bowed

* Cities of Italy.

before the majesty of the Gospel. Attila was awed by the bearing of the great pontiff whose fame had reached the remote borders of Tartary, and he lent a favorable ear to his propositions; quitting the soil of Italy, he withdrew across the Danube, where death suddenly snatched him from the midst of his plans of destruction (A D 453). On his return from the successful embassy, the pope was received in triumph, and the enthusiastic people bestowed upon him the title of Great.

[1] HUNS, a people of Northern Asia, who had conquered and taken possession of the German provinces north of the Danube.

[2] TAR'-TA-RY, a vast extent of country in Asia, bordering on the Asiatic Provinces of Russia, on Persia, Thibet and the Chinese Empire.

[3] IN-EX-PLIC'-A-BLY, in a manner not to be explained.

DAN-UBE, a large river of Southern Europe.

[4] RAVEN'-NA, a city of Italy, formerly the residence of the Roman Emperors.

[6] CON-STAN-TI-NO-PLE, the present capital of Turkey, was formerly the capital and residence of the Emperors of the East.

[7] PAN-NO-NIA', the ancient Pannonia was a considerable territory in the southern part of Europe.

[8] NOR'-I-CUM, that part of South Germany between the Save and the Danube.

[9] MIN-CI-O, a river of Italy.

II.—THE TYRANT AND THE CAPTIVE.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

1. It was midnight when I listened,
And I heard two Voices speak
One was harsh, and stern, and cruel,
And the other soft and weak:

Yet I saw no Vision enter,
And I heard no steps depart,
Of this tyrant and his captive—
Fate it might be and a *Heart.*

2. Thus the stern Voice spake in triumph
"I have shut your life away
From the radiant world of nature,
And the perfumed light of day.
You, who loved to steep your spirit
In the charm of Earth's delight,
See no glory of the daytime,
And no sweetness of the night."

3. But the soft Voice answered calmly:
"Nay, for when the March winds bring
Just a whisper to my window,
I can dream the rest of Spring;
And to-day I saw a swallow
Flitting past my prison bars,
And my cell has just one corner
Whence at night I see the stars."

4. But its bitter taunt repeating,
Cried the harsh Voice: "Where are they
All the friends of former hours,
Who forget your name to-day?
All the links of love are shattered,
Which you thought so strong before;
And your very heart is lonely,
And alone, since loved no more."

5. But the low Voice spoke still lower:
"Nay, I know the golden chain
Of my love is purer, stronger,
For the cruel fire of pain:
They remember me no longer,
But I, grieving here alone,
Bind their souls to me forever
By the love within my own."

6. But the Voice cried: "Once remember
You devoted soul and mind
To the welfare of your brethren,
And the service of your kind.
Now, what sorrow can you comfort?
You, who lie in helpless pain,
With an impotent compassion
Fretting out your life in vain."

7. "Nay;" and then the gentle answer
Rose more loud and full and clear;
"For the sake of all my brethren,
I thank God that I am here!
Poor had been my Life's best efforts,
Now I waste no thought or breath—
For the prayer of those who suffer
Has the strength of Love and Death."

III.—ALFRED THE GREAT.

COLLIER.

1. There was a race of men, commonly called the Danes, but more correctly known as the Norsemen, who affected the history of all Western Europe, and especially the history of England, to an immense extent. They were something of the Saxon type—fierce, fair-haired warriors, whose eyes darted blue lightning, and whose chief weapons were the ax and the war-hammer. Their favorite plan was to push up the rivers in their light vessels, which were painted and gilt to represent dragons, and so to penetrate a land very deeply and ravage it very cruelly. When they came to a town, they killed the people, carried off the wealth, and burned the houses to the ground. They carried a banner, on which the image of a huge raven was displayed in dark and terrible colors. They had a particular grudge against the Saxons, because the latter, for the most part, had abandoned heathenism and become Christians.

2. The man who most bravely and successfully fought against the Danes, was born about sixty years after they began to plunder the English shore. This was Alfred, the son of Ethulwulf and Osberga, and is celebrated in history as Alfred the Great Few kings, who have borne that additional name, have deserved it so well. From his earliest days Alfred showed signs of ability far beyond what is common. A story is told

of his childhood, which, though not certainly true, may find a place in this book.

3. One day his mother, or rather his stepmother, showed Alfred and his brothers a book of Saxon poetry, bordered and adorned with very beautiful paintings or illuminations, as they were then called, and promised to give the precious manuscript to whichever of the boys would repeat the poetry best. Alfred, aged about six, won the prize with some help from his tutor. But when Alfred came to the throne in his twenty-second year, he ran the risk at first of souring and displeasing his subjects by ruling them too harshly, and forcing new laws too violently upon them.

4. For this reason it was, that when the Danes made an attack by sea upon the southern shore, there were very few men who cared to help Alfred in beating them back; and so the young monarch was driven from his throne to hide himself among the woods and marshes of Somersetshire. This piece of temporary bad fortune did good both to him and to his people. It softened the sternness of his nature, and allowed them time to forget his early harshness. His hiding-place was the Island of Athelney, a little patch of ground covered with alder-trees. A bridge was built over the stream, and here the king lay, hidden but not forgotten, for a whole winter.

5. It was while he lived in this miserable condition that he found his way one day into the cabin of a man

that herded oxen. The man was out, but his wife welcomed the wanderer, and invited him to sit down and warm himself at the fire of logs that crackled in the center of the clay floor. Alfred, who was dressed in the common clothes of a peasant, took out his knife and began to shape a part of his bow that needed trimming. The woman asked him to see that the cakes which were baking on the fire did not burn; but he was either too tired, or too much wrapped in thought, or too much devoted to the shaping of his bow; for, when she turned again to look, the bread was black and smoking. Little dreaming that she was scolding her king, the herdsman's wife poured out a torrent of shrill abuse, and told the culprit that, although he was lazy in watching the cakes, she was sure he would eat them greedily enough when they were baked.

6. When the news spread quietly among the Saxons of Wessex, that Alfred was living in the swamp of Athelney, the young men gathered secretly around him; and, when the white blossoms of the hawthorn came out, he left the island with a little army of brave men. Before engaging in battle, he is said to have taken the very dangerous step of going in a minstrel's dress into the camp of the Danes and playing there, until he was invited to feast with the chief. All the evening he played and sang most skillfully, and the unsuspicious Danes talked in the pauses of the music about their plans and their contempt of the conquered Saxons.

7. His ear, though he did not seem to listen, caught every word of the boastful talk, which was all the truer and less guarded, when the mead began to affect the soldiers' brains. When the revel was over, the minstrel stole away to the little Saxon *bivouac*[1] in the forest of Selwood, and there made his arangements for a dash upon the Danes. Next day he managed to place his men between the Northmen and their camp which was a round or oval inclosure high upon a hill It was sunset before the battle was decided. The Danes ran away up the sides of the hill and hid themselves in their camp, where for a fortnight, but no longer, they held out against the assaults of a Saxon army, which grew larger every day. By the battle of Ethandune, as the first encounter is called, Alfred regained the throne of Wessex.*

8. Alfred though tortured by an internal illness, was a most active man. Having invented time-candles which burned down one inch every twenty minutes, and having then made lanterns of horn to keep the draughts from blowing out the lights, he divided his day into three equal parts, one allotted to business, a second to study and worship, and the third to rest and recreation. After a short sleep under a goatskin quilt

* Egbert and his immediate successors styled themselves 'Kings of Wessex;" since it was that kingdom which absorbed into itself all the smaller States in the South, and finally succeeded in making tributary to itself the larger kingdoms of Mercia, East Anglia, and Northumbria.

he rose with the earliest dawn of summer to his work. A short prayer and a scanty breakfast were his first concerns. After spending some hours in the business of the state, he would mount his horse, and gallop off into the forest after a wild boar or a red deer. Then came dinner and a sleep, after which some more official work was done. The evening was given to study, dictation, or literary conversation.

9. We have seen how Alfred suffered in Athelney and triumphed in Ethandune. He inflicted another great defeat upon the Danes before he died. There came to the shore of Kent a fleet that seemed numberless, consisting of more than two hundred ships, and its chief was the great Hastings, the best-known pirate of his day. The Danes landed, and, by forming great intrenched camps, succeeded in holding their ground for a long time. Their principal station, and their last one, was at Ware upon the Lea, whence they threatened London on the north.

10. Alfred came on them at a time when they were just preparing to reap a field of corn, which some Saxon farmer had sown, but upon which, all the summer, they had been casting covetous eyes. We can faintly imagine their rage when they saw one-half of Alfred's force lay down their spears and set to work with sickles on the grain. The reaping, the binding, the carting, were calmly and securely done, while the Danes looked on in helpless rage from their strong

entrenchments, which were utterly useless in this case. Alfred knew well that the Danes depended chiefly on their ships, and that to render them useless would be like robbing Samson of his hair.

11. Secretly, therefore, but ceaselessly, he set diggers to work upon the banks of the stream, who trenched the land in two long channels, parallel to the natural bed, in whose waters the Danish fleet was floating. When all was ready he cut a way for the river to flow into these artificial troughs, and thus render the stream so shallow that the ships ran aground and fell on their sides, useless, and incapable of being stirred by wind or oar. It was a fatal blow to the pirates, who abandoned their works, and, scattering over the country, got home with difficulty next year, in some leaky ships which they managed to borrow from the Danes of the eastern coast. Five years after this skillful achievement Alfred died (901).

• Biv'-ouac, (biv'-uak) to watch or be on guard as a whole army.

IV.—THE STORY OF KING ALFRED AND SAINT CUTHBERHT.

FREEMAN.

From Old English History for Children, by Edward A. Freeman, M.A

1. Now King Alfred was driven from his kingdom by the Danes, and he lay hid for three years in the Isle of Glastonbury. And it came to pass on a day that all

his folk were gone out to fish, save only Alfred himself, and his wife, and one servant whom he loved. And there came a pilgrim to the king, and begged for food. And the king said to his servant, "What food have we in the house?"' And his servant answered, "My lord, we have but one loaf and a little wine." Then the king gave thanks to God, and said, "Give half of the loaf and half of the wine to this poor pilgrim."

So the servant did as his lord commanded him, and gave to the pilgrim half of the loaf and half of the wine, and the pilgrim gave great thanks to the king. And when the servant returned he found the loaf whole, and the wine as much as there had been aforetime. And he wondered also how the pilgrim came into the isle, for that no man could come there save by water, and the pilgrim had no boat. And the king greatly wondered also. And at the ninth hour came back the folk who had gone to fish; and they had three boats full of fish. And they said, "Lo, we have caught more fish this day than in all the three years that we have tarried in this island."

3. And the king was glad, and he and his folk were merry; yet he pondered much upon that which had come to pass. And when night came, the king went to his bed with Elizabeth, his wife. And the lady slept, but the king lay awake and thought of all that had come to pass that day. And presently he saw a great light, like the brightness of the sun, and he saw an old

man with black hair, clothed in priest's garments, and with a mitre on his head, and holding in his right hand a book of the Gospels, adorned with gold and gems.

4. And the old man blessed the king, and the king said unto him, "Who art thou?" And he answered, "Alfred, my son, rejoice; for I am he to whom thou didst this day give thine alms, and I am called Cuthberht, the soldier of Christ. Now be strong and very courageous, and be of joyful heart, and hearken diligently to the things which I say unto thee; for hence forth I will be thy shield and thy friend, and I will watch over thee and over thy sons after thee.

5. "And now I will tell thee what thou must do. Rise up early in the morning, and blow thine horn thrice, that thine enemies may hear it and fear, and by the ninth hour thou shalt have around thee five hundred men harnessed for the battle. And this shall be a sign unto thee that thou mayest believe. And after seven days thou shalt have, by God's gift and my help, all the folk of this land gathered unto thee upon the mount that is called Assandun. And thus shalt thou fight against thine enemies, and doubt not that thou shalt overcome them.

6. "Be thou therefore glad of heart, and be strong and very courageous, and fear not, for God hath given thine enemies into thine hand. And He hath given thee, also, all this land and the kingdom of thy fathers to thee and to thy sons and to thy sons' sons after

thee. Be thou faithful to me and to my folk, because that unto thee is given all the land of Albion. Be thou righteous, because thou art chosen to be the king of all Britain. So may God be merciful unto thee, and I will be thy friend, and none of thine enemies shall ever be able to overcome thee."

7. Then was king Alfred glad at heart; and he was strong and very courageous, for that he knew that he would overcome his enemies by the help of God and Saint Cuthberht, his patron. So in the morning he arose, sailed to the land, and blew his horn three times, and when his friends heard it they rejoiced, and when his enemies heard it they feared. And by the ninth hour, according to the word of the Lord, there were gathered unto him five hundred of the bravest and dearest of his friends.

8. And he spake unto them and told them all that God had said unto him by the mouth of his servant Cuthberht, and he told them that, by the gift of God and by the help of Saint Cuthberht, they would overcome their enemies and win back their own land. And he bade them, as Saint Cuthberht had taught him, to be pious toward God and righteous toward men. And he bade his son Edward, who was by him, to be faithful to God and Saint Cuthberht, and so he should always have the victory over his enemies. So they went forth to battle and smote their enemies, and overcame them; then king Alfred took the kingdom of all

Britain, and he ruled well and wisely over the just and the unjust for the rest of his days.

V.—THE IVORY CRUCIFIX.

G. H. MILES.

George H. Miles, recently deceased (1871), was born in Baltimore. He was a writer of rare talent and high culture, and will always rank high among the poets and prose writers of America.

1. Within an attic old at Genoa,
   Full many a year, I ween,
   Had lain a block of ivory,
   The largest ever seen.

2. Though wooing centuries had wiled
   Its purity away,
   Gaunt Time had made her slender meal,
   So well it braved decay.

3. If we must trust Tradition's tongue,
   Some mastodon[1] before
   The wave kissed Ararat's tall peak,
   The splendid trophy wore.

4. Certes, no elephant e'er held
   Aloft so rich a prize,
   Not India's proudest jungle boasts
   A tusk of half the size.

5. A Monk obtained and to his cell
   The relic rare conveyed,
   And bending o'er the uncouth block
   This Monk, communing,[2] said:

6. "Be mine the happy task by day
And through the midnight's gloom,
To toil, and still toil on, until
This shapeless mass assume.

7. "The form of HIM who on the Cross
For us poured forth his blood:
Thus man shall ever venerate
This relic of the flood.

8. "Though now a witness to the wrath
Of the dread God above,
Changed by my chisel, it shall be
The emblem[3] of His love."

9. That night when on his pallet stretched,
As slumber o'er him stole,
A glorious vision brightly broke
Upon his ravished[4] soul.

10. He sees his dear Redeemer stand
On Calvary's sacred hight,
The Crucifixion is renewed
Before his awe-struck sight.

11. He sees his Saviour's pallid cheek
With pitying tears impearled,
He hears his dying accents bless
A persecuting world:

12. Sees the last look of love supreme
Conquering each aching sense,
Superior to agony
Its deep benevolence.

13. The matin has pealed—the Monk
Starts from his brief repose,
But still before his waking eye
The vivid dream arose.

14. His morning orisons[5] are paid,
His hand the chisel wields,
Slowly before the eager steel
The stubborn ivory yields.

15. The ancient block is crusted o'er
With a coating hard and gray,
But soon the busy chisel doffs
This mantle of decay.

16. And now, from every blemish freed,
Upon his kindling eye,
In all its pristine[6] beauty, dawns
The milk-white ivory.

[1] MAS'-TO-DON, a huge quadruped, now extinct.
[2] COM-MUN'-ING, holding conversation with.
[3] EM-BLEM, a picture or representation imaging forth a truth.
[4] RAV'-ISH-ED, transported with delight.
[5] OR'-I-SONS, prayers.
[6] PRIS'-TINE, original.

VI.—THE IVORY CRUCIFIX.

CONTINUED.

1. The sun arose, the sun went down,
   Arose, and set again,
   But still the Monk his chisel plies—
   Oh, must he toil in vain?

2. Not his the highly cultured touch
   That bade the marble glow,
   And with a hundred statues linked
   The name of Angelo.

3. Perchance some tiny image he
   Had fashioned oft before,
   But art had ne'er to him unveiled
   Her closely hoarded lore.

4. A faithful hand, an eye possessed
   Of genius' inborn beam,
   Or inspiration's loftier light,
   Must body forth his dream.

5. The moon has filled her fickle orb,
   The moon is on the wane,
   A crescent now she sails the sky,
   And now is full again.

6. But bending o'er that Ivory block
   The Monk is kneeling there,
   Full half his time to toil is given,
   And half is spent in prayer.

7. Four years elapsed before the Monk
Threw his worn chisel by;
Complete at last before him lies
The living ivory.

8. His dream at last is bodied forth,
And to the world is given
A sight that well may wean the soul
From earth awhile in heaven.

9. The dying look of love supreme
Conquering each aching sense,
Unquenched by burning pain, reveals
Its vast benevolence.

10. Behold that violated cheek
With pitying tears impearled,
The parting lips that seem to bless
A persecuting world.

11. Has not the light of page inspired
A true reflection here,
Does not the sacrifice of love
In ivory reappear?

12 Is not the Evangel's sacred page
Translated here as well
As any human alphabet
Its glorious truths can tell?

13. Ye who would fain my gaze prevent,
Conceal the Gospel too:
The mystery recorded there
Is here but told anew.

VII.—THE CHURCH.

MACAULAY.

Lord Macaulay was a gifted essayist, and a poet of no mean pretensions. He is best known, however, as the author of a History of England, which he did not live to complete, and which betrays, frequently, strong Anti-Catholic prejudices.

1. There is not, and there never was, on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Slavian amphitheater.

2. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series from the Pope who crowned Napoleon, in the nineteenth century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the re-

public of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor.

3. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farther ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustin; and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated her for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendency extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of Missouri and Cape Horn; countries which, a century hence, may not improbably, contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe.

4. The members of her community are certainly not fewer than one hundred and fifty millions: and it will be difficult to show that all the other Christian sects united amount to a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching.

5. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on

Britain—before the Frank had passed the Rhine—when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch—when idols were still worshiped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Pauls'.

VIII.—THE CHURCH.—Continued.

MACAULAY.

1. Is it not strange that in the year 1799 even sagacious observers should have thought that at length the hour of the Church of Rome had come? An infidel power ascendant—the Pope dying in captivity—the most illustrious prelates of France living in a foreign country on Protestant alms—the noblest edifices which the munificence of former ages had consecrated to the worship of God turned into temples of victory, or into banquetting-houses for political societies, or into Theophilanthropic[1] chapels—such signs might well be supposed to indicate the approaching end of that long domination.

2. But the end was not yet. Again doomed to death, the milk-white hind was fated not to die. Even before the funeral rites had been performed over the ashes of Pius the Sixth, a great reaction had commenced, which, after the lapse of more than forty years

appears to be still in progress. Anarchy had its day A new order of things rose out of confusion—new dynasties, new laws, new titles; and amidst them emerged the ancient religion. The Arabs had a fable that the great pyramid was built by the antediluvian kings, and alone of all the works of men, bore the weight of the flood.

3. Such was the fall of the Papacy. It had been buried under the great inundation, but its deep foundations had remained unshaken; and when the waters abated, it appeared alone amidst the ruins of a world which had passed away. The republic of Holland was gone, and the empire of Germany, and the Great Council of Venice, and the old Helvetian League, and the House of Bourbon, and the Parliaments and aristocracy of France.

4. Europe was full of young creations—a French empire, a kingdom of Italy, a Confederation of the Rhine. Nor had the late events affected only the territorial limits and political institutions. The distribution of property, the composition and spirit of society, had, through a great part of Catholic Europe, undergone a complete change. But the unchangeable Church was still there.

[1] THE-O-PHI-LAN-THROP'-IC, a title assumed by some persons in France during the French Revolution. Their object was to establish infidelity in the place of Christianity.

IX.—ON CONVERSATION.

COWPER.

William Cowper, a distinguished English Poet, was born in 1731, and died in 1800. His first volume of poems, published when he was over fifty years old, did not attract much attention. But his "Task," published two years later, attained a wide popularity, and established his position as a poet.

Though Nature weigh our talents, and dispense
To every man his modicum of sense,
And conversation, in his better part,
May be esteemed a gift, and not an art,
Yet much depends, as in the tiller's toil,
On culture and the sowing of the soil.
Words learned by rote a parrot may rehearse,
But talking is not always to converse;
Not more distinct from harmony divine,
The constant creaking of a country sign.

Ye powers, who rule the tongue,—if such there are,—
And make colloquial happiness your care,
Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate,
A duel in the form of a debate.
Vociferated logic kills me quite;
A noisy man is always in the right;
I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,
Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare,
And, when I hope his blunders are all out,
Reply discreetly, "To be sure, no doubt!"

Dubius is such a scrupulous, good man;
Yes, you may catch him tripping if you can.
He would not, with a peremptory tone,
Assert the nose upon his face his own;
With hesitation admirably slow,
He humbly *hopes*, *presumes*, it *may* be so.
His evidence, if he were called by law
To swear to some enormity he saw,
For want of prominence and just relief,
Would hang an honest man, and save a thief.
Through constant dread of giving truth offense,
He ties up all his hearers in suspense;
Knows what he knows as if he knew it not
What he remembers seems to have forgot;
His sole opinion, whatsoe'er befall,
Centering, at last, in having none at all.

A story, in which native humor reigns,
Is often useful, always entertains:
A graver fact, enlisted on your side,
May furnish illustration, well applied:
But sedentary weavers of long tales
Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails.
'Tis the most asinine employ on earth,
To hear them tell of parentage and birth,
And echo coversations, dull and dry,
Embellished with, "He said," and "So said I."

At every interview their route the same,
The repetition makes attention lame:
We bustle up, with unsuccessful speed,
And, in the saddest part, cry, "Droll indeed!"

I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
Of fancied scorn and undeserved disdain,
And bear the marks, upon a blushing face,
Of needless shame, and self-imposed disgrace.
Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute.
True modesty is a discerning grace,
And only blushes in the proper place;
But counterfeit is blind, and skulks through fear,
Where 'tis a shame to be ashamed t' appear;
Humility the parent of the first,
The last by vanity produced and nursed.

The circle formed, we sit in state,
Like figures drawn upon a dial-plate;
"Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," uttered softly show,
Every five minutes, how the minutes go;
Each individual, suffering a constraint
Poetry may, but colors cannot paint,
As if in close committee on the sky,
Reports it hot or cold, or wet or dry;
And finds a changing clime a happy source
Of wise reflection and well-timed discourse.

We next inquire, but softly, and by stealth,
Like conservators of the public health,
Of epidemic throats, if such there are,
And coughs, and rheums, and phthisics, and catarrh.
That theme exhausted, a wide gap ensues,
Filled up, at last, with interesting news.

And now, let no man charge me that I mean
To clothe in sable every social scene;
To find a medium asks some share of wit,
And therefore 'tis a mark fools never hit.

X.—THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

JANE TAYLOR.

1. An old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped.

2. Upon this the dial-plate, (if we may credit the fable,) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a

formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation; when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice, protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard below, from the pendulum, who thus spoke:

3. "I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage, and am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was on the point of striking.

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands.

4. "Very good," replied the pendulum; "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness; you, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen. Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backwards and forwards, year after year, as I do."

5. "As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?"

"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am really weary of my way of life; and if you please, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment.

This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours: perhaps some of you, above there, can give me the exact sum."

6. The minute-hand, being quick at figures, instantly replied, "eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum. "Well, I appeal to you all if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one. And when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect: so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I'll stop."

7. The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied:

"Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that so useful and industrious a person as you are should have been overcome by this sudden suggestion. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time. So have we all, and are likely to do; and, although this may fatigue us to think of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to do. Would you, now, do me the favor to give about half-a-dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?"

8. The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace.

"Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to in-

quire, if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?'

"Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions."

9. "Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect that although you may think of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum.

"Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed till noon if we stand idling thus."

10. Upon this, the weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to wag, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; and a beam of the rising sun that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

11. When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

12. MORAL.—It is said by a celebrated modern writer, "Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves." This is an admirable hint, and might be very seasonably recollected when we begin to be "weary in well-doing," from the thought of having a great deal to do. The present is all we have to manage: the past is irrecoverable; the future is uncertain; nor is it fair to burden one moment with the weight of the next. Sufficient unto the moment is the trouble thereof. If we had to walk a hundred miles, we still need set but one step at a time, and this process, continued, would infallibly bring us to our journey's end. Fatigue generally begins, and is always increased, by calculating in a minute the exertion of hours.

13. Thus, in looking forward to future life, let us recollect that we have not to sustain all its toil, to endure all its sufferings, or encounter all its crosses, at once. One moment comes laden with its own little burden, then flies, and is succeeded by another no heavier than the last: if one could be sustained, so can another, and another.

14. Even in looking forward to a single day, the spirit may sometimes faint from an anticipation of the duties, the labors, the trials to temper and patience, that may be expected. Now, this is unjustly laying the burden of many thousand moments upon one. Let any one resolve to do right now, leaving then to

do as it can, and if he were to live to the age of Methuselah, he would never err. But the common error is, to resolve to act right to-morrow, or next time; but now, just this once, we must go on the same as ever.

15. It seems easier to do right to-morrow than to-day, merely because we forget that when to-morrow comes, then will be now. Thus life passes, with many, in resolutions for the future which the present never fulfills.

16. It is not thus with those who, "by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, honor, and immortality." Day by day, minute by minute, they execute the appointed task to which the requisite measure of time and strength is proportioned: and thus, having worked while it was called day, they at length rest from their labors, and their works "follow them."

17. Let us, then, "whatever our hands find to do, do it with all our might," recollecting that now is the proper and accepted time.

XI.—THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

LONGFELLOW.

1. Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat;
Across its antique portico,
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;

And from its station in the hall,
An ancient timepiece says to all,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

2. Halfway up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all that pass,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

3. By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber door,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever.'

4. Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

5. In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared:
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

6. There groups of merry children played;
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed.
O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

7. From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed prayer,
Was heard that old clock on the stair,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

8. All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"

As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

9. Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain and care,
And death and time shall disappear,—
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

XII.—RIP VAN WINKLE.

IRVING.

The following extract is from "Rip Van Winkle," one of the papers in "The Sketch Book." Rip is an indolent, good-humored fellow, living in a village on the Hudson River. While shooting among the Catskill Mountains, he meets with a mysterious party engaged in rolling ninepins, drinks deeply of the liquor they furnish him, and falls into a sleep which lasts twenty years, during which our Revolutionary War takes place. After waking, he returns to the village, which he finds busied with an election.

1. He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was

painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle.' Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible.

2. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

3. There was, as usual, a crowd about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity.

4. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van-Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper In place of these, a lean, bilious looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently, about rights of citizens—elections—members of congress—

liberty—Bunker's hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

5. The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?"

6. Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded, in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

7. "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the by-standers--"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking.

8. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

9. There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he's dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the church-yard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

10. "Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

11. Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony Point;—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

12. Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain, apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

13. "God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end: "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

14. The by-standers began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about se-

curing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation.

15. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name; but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since.—His dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

16. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he,—"young Rip Van Winkle once, old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

17. All stood amazed, until an old woman, trotting out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow,

and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

18. Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him as but one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks: and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shak- of the head throughout the assemblage.

19. It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of that province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood.

20. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-

moon; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

21. To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

22. Rip now resumed his old walks and habits: he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

23. Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war."

24. It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip. or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician: the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him.

25. He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood, but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit.

26. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all hen-pecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy

on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

XIII.—TO A WATER-FOWL.

BRYANT.

1. Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

2. Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

3. Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

4. There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

5. All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

6. And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

7. Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

8. He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

XIV.—TRUE FRATERNITY PRODUCED ONLY BY CATHOLIC FAITH OR TEACHING.

LACORDAIRE.

Catholic doctrine is the only doctrine which has produced, and which produces, the charity of apostleship. This I proved in my last Conference. I add, that Catholic doctrine alone produces the charity of fraternity. Fraternity is the reciprocal[1] sharing of the heart, of labor, and of possessions; and it seems, gentlemen, that that virtue should flow in us by a source as simple and as natural as our life. For, in fact, what are we? Are we not members of one and the same family; the children of one and the same father, and of one single

home? In vain should we desire to destroy the pages of our genealogy;[2] all, without exception, all of us come from the same place; and, whilst pride, without regarding the human race, makes up for itself illustrious and particular antiquities, the blood of Adam speaks in us louder than any titles, and prostrates us all at the feet of the same patriarch as at the feet of the same God.

2. Yet, notwithstanding that evident community of origin, and that fraternity which nature has placed in us, what a scene does history present to us, if we consider it without reference to Catholic doctrine? Races, enemies to each other; families withdrawing themselves as far as possible the one from the other by rank, power, and tradition; men, greedy of this world's possessions, and seizing upon the land, not as the real patrimony of all, but as the privileged patrimony of the strongest, the most skillful and the most fortunate; on every side war, jealousy, envy, spoliation, the elevation of a few, and the misery of many.

3. However, gentlemen, it is not the same with regard to fraternity as to humility, chastity, and apostleship. The world, which rejects these even after the revelation which has been made of them, does not equally reject the other; a great number appreciate[3] it now, even without the pale of Catholic doctrine; and if there be a dream cherished by elevated souls, if there be an idea which agitates opinion, which inspires brilliant

pages and consecrates great labors, it is assuredly the idea of fraternity.

4. Whilst the world insults humility as a virtue which harasses it; rejects chastity as an intolerable burden; stigmatizes the apostleship as an invasion of truth, or of that which calls itself truth; fraternity finds there warm and generous friends, who even exaggerate[4] its rights; who err as to the means of establishing it; but who proclaim it as the last object and end of all history, and of all the movements of mankind. The spectacle to which we invite you will be still more curious and instructive. It will be grand to see, on the one hand, the world pursuing the same idea as ourselves, powerless to realize it, notwithstanding its efforts; and, on the other, Catholic doctrine daily attaining its fraternal objects by the simple effusion of its teaching, and of its ordinary efficacy.

5. In the year of Rome 680, under the consulship of Marcus Terentius Varro Lucullus, and facing the sea of Naples, two or three hundred men were assembled. They bore strongly-marked traces of our common dignity; and yet it was not necessary to look long upon them to discover also in their whole being the marks, too visible, of a painful degradation[5]. In the midst of the general silence, one of them stood up and addressed his discourse to those who were assembled:

6. "Dear and miserable companions in misfortune, have we determined to bear even to the end the injuries

of the lot which has been made for us? Humanity exists not for us; outcasts from the world, grasped from our earliest days by the iron hand of destiny, we have up to this time only served to amuse our masters by barbarous spectacles, or by our labors to feed their ostentatious[6] pomp, their effeminacy, or their voluptuousness.[7] It is true we have fled—we are free—but you feel that that liberty is still only servitude; the whole empire, the whole world is against us; we have no friends, no country, no home. But do we want other friends, another country, another home than ourselves? Let us consider who we are, and first count our strength. Are we not the greater number? What are our masters? A handful of patricians, whose houses we people, who breathe only because we have not the courage to put our hands upon their breasts to stifle them. And if it be as I say, if we have the power of the greater number, if nearly the whole of mankind be enslaved to a horde enjoying all and abusing everything, what hinders us from at once standing up and stretching out our hand in the world, and from asking the gods to decide between us and our oppressors? We have not only numbers, we have intelligence also; many of us have taught their masters, or teach their children, human learning; we know what they know, and that which they know they derive from us; it is we who are their grammarians, their philosophers, and who have taught them that eloquence which they bear

to the *forum*, in order to oppress the whole world. In fine, we have more than number and intelligence; we have right on our side, for who has made us slaves?—Where is the title of our servitude and of their sovereignty?[8] If it be war, let us make war in our turn; let us for once try destiny, and let us merit by our courage, that destiny may decide in our favor."

7. Having thus spoken, Spartacus stretched out his hand toward heaven and toward the sea; his action completed his discourse; the crowd who had listened to him rose up, felt that they had a captain, and eight days after, forty thousand slaves ranged in battle array made the Roman generals turn their backs, stirred up from one end to the other, and saw themselves, like Hannibal, on the point of seeing the smoke of Rome as victors.

8. They were vanquished, however, notwithstanding their numbers and their courage; and Pompey coming to put the seal upon their defeat, had but to write a few lines to the Senate, to inform it that the vile slaves, in the moment of terror, had returned to their legitimate nothingness.

9. Such was the state of the world some years before the coming of Jesus Christ. A large portion of mankind had neither country, nor family, nor rights; they were inscribed in the law under the rubric[9] of things, and not of men. They were treated as a more intelligent, stronger race of animals, but who had no

other distinction than being more apt to a profitable servitude. I could, for my subject, limit myself to the fact, and say to you: See what man had made of man in four thousand years; see what fraternity was before Jesus Christ. But it will not be unprofitable, if after having seen the fact we seek to discover its cause, in order better to comprehend the grandeur and the difficulty of the revolution operated in the world in this regard by Catholic doctrine.

10. It is then, gentlemen, since you desire to know the cause of servitude, it is because man does not love man; because he does not love labor; because he does not like to share his goods; because, in fine, he likes nothing of that which constitutes fraternity. * * * *

11. What does man see around himself? Men not only deprived of the grace and the majesty of their nature, but disfigured by toil, degraded by numberless evils, in whom the eye no longer perceives anything but a kind of machine which moves. And if we leave the body and penetrate even to the soul, misery and shame become disclosed there under still more profound appearances, which no longer keep back scorn by pity. Pride without cause, ambition, selfishness, hatred, sensuality—all the vices contend for that interior visage of man, and aspire to dishonor it. What is there left for love? To what vestige of beauty will man attach himself in order to love man and share

with him like a brother the pains of toil and the joy of possessions?

12. Man does not love labor. He loves only the activity which flatters pride and cheats weariness. Pascal remarked this: "A man," said he, "considers himself unfortunate because a misfortune has thrown him into a magnificent chateau, where, surrounded by all kinds of enjoyments and distinctions, nothing is wanting to him but a crowd of solicitors who hinder him from thinking of himself." This is true; we love activity, but a kind of activity which is easy and honored, which, according to the expression of Madame de Stael, adds an interest to repose, and, without fatiguing us, gives us the satisfaction of holding and affecting the threads of this world. It is the indolent activity of command which seduces us: but as soon as there is any real fatigue of mind or body, we strive to throw it upon others as mnch as we can. Labor is a penalty. It was imposed upon man when God drove him from the terrestrial paradise with this sentence: "*In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread.*" In rejecting it we do but reject a punishment, and in order to accept it when love is wanting to us, nothing less than the full power of necessity must be exercised upon us. Now, man wants love with regard to man, and the dislike to labor, combined with its necessity, unceasingly inspires him with the idea and the temptation of imposing servitude on others. How far, then,

is he from the fraternity which is the reciprocal sharing of the heart, of labor, and of possessions?

[1] RE-CIP'-RO-CAL, mutually interchangeable; acting in return.
[2] GEN'-E-AL'-O-GY, history of descents; pedigree; lineage.
[3] AP-PRE'-CI-ATE, to estimate properly.
[4] EX-AG'-GER-ATE, to overstate.
[5] DEG'-RA-DA'-TION, debasement; degeneracy.
[6] OS-TEN-TA'-TIOUS, gaudy; showy. pretentious.
[7] VO-LUPT'-U-OUS-NESS, sensuality; luxuriousness.
[8] SOV'-ER EIGNTY, exercise of supreme power.
[9] RU'-BRIC, a printed direction; (here it means) a classification.

XV.—CONTROL OF THE TEMPER.

HENRY GILES.

1. Who is he that says he cannot help being angry, or sullen, or peevish? I tell him he deceives himself. We constantly avoid being so, when our interest or decorum requires it, when we feel near those whom we know are not bound to bear our whims, or who will resent them to our injury; but what strangers will not endure, we cast upon our friends. That temper can be corrected, the world proves by thousands of instances. There have been those who set out in life with being violent, peevish, discontented, irritable, and capricious, whom thought, reflection, effort, not to speak of piety, have rendered, as they become mature meek, peaceful, loving, generous, forbearing, tranquil and consistent. It is a glorious achievement, and blessed is he who attains it.

2. But taking the argument to lower ground, which I do unwillingly, you continually see men controlling their emotions when their interest commands it. Observe the man who wants assistance, who looks for patronage; how well, as he perceives coldness or hesitation, does he crush the vexation that rises in his throat, and stifles the indignation that burns for expression! How will the most proud and lofty descend from their high position, and lay aside their ordinary bearing, to earn a suffrage from the meanest kind! And surely those who hang around us in life, those who lean on us, or on whom we lean through our pilgrimage, to whom our accents and our deeds are words, to whom a word may shoot a pang worse than the stroke of death; surely, I say, if we can do so much for interest, we can do something for goodness and for gratitude.

3. And in all civilized intercourse, how perfectly do we see it ourselves to be the recognized law of decorum; and if we have not universally good feelings, we have generally, at least, good manners. This may be hypocrisy, but it ought to be sincerity, and we trust it is. If, then, we can make our faces to shine on strangers, why darken them on those who should be dear to us? Is it that we have so squandered our smiles abroad, that we have only frowns to carry home? Is it that while out in the world we have been so prodigal of good temper, that we have but our ill

humors with which to cloud our firesides? Is it that it requires often but a mere passing guest to enter, while we are speaking daggers to beings who are nearest to us in life, to change our tone, to give us perfect self-command, that we cannot do for love what we do for appearance?

XVI.—RESIGNATION.

LONGFELLOW.

1. There is no flock, however watched and tended,
   But one dead lamb is there!
   There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
   But has one vacant chair!

2. The air is full of farewells to the dying,
   And mournings for the dead;
   The heart of Rachel for her children crying
   Will not be comforted!

3. Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
   Not from the ground arise,
   But oftentimes celestial benedictions
   Assume this dark disguise.

4. We see but dimly through the mists and vapors
   Amid these earthly damps
   What seem to us but dim funereal tapers,
   May be Heaven's distant lamps.

5. There is no Death! what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian.
Whose portals we call Death.

6. She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

7. In that great Cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

8. Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

9. Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which Nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, tho' unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

10. Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again infold her,
She will not be a child;

11. But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

12. And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean
That can not be at rest—

13. We will be patient! and assuage the feeling
We can not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

XVII.—DESCRIPTION OF VIRGINIA.

BANCROFT.

From the "History of the United States."

1. The genial climate and transparent atmosphere delighted those who had come from the denser atmosphere of England. Every object in nature was new and wonderful. The loud and frequent thunder-storms were phenomena that had been rarely witnessed in the colder summers of the north; the forests, majestic in their growth, and free from underwood, deserved admiration for their unrivalled magnificence. The purling streams and the frequent rivers flowing between alluvial banks, quickened the ever-pregnant soil into an unwearied fertility.

2. The strongest and the most delicate flowers grew familiarly in the fields; the woods were replenished with sweet-barks and odors; the gardens matured the fruits of Europe, of which the growth was invigorated and the flavor improved by the activity of the virgin mould. Especially the birds, with their gay plumage and varied melodies, inspired delight; every traveller expressed his pleasure in listening to the mocking-bird, which carolled a thousand several tunes, in imitating and excelling the notes of all its rivals.

3. The humming-bird, so brilliant in its plumage, and so delicate in its form, quick in motion, yet not fearing the presence of man, haunting about the flowers like the bee, gathering honey, rebounding from the blossoms into which it dips its bill, and as soon returning "to renew its many addresses to its delightful objects," was ever admired as the smallest and the most beautiful of the feathered race.

4. The rattlesnake, with the terrors of its alarms and the power of its venom; the opossum, soon to become as celebrated for the care of its offspring as the fabled pelican; the noisy frog, booming from the shallows like the English bittern; the flying squirrel; the myriads of pigeons, darkening the air with the immensity of their flocks, and, as men believed, breaking with their weight the boughs of trees on which they alighted,—were all honored with frequent communication, and became the subjects of the strangest tales.

5. The concurrent relation of all the Indians justified the belief that, within ten days' journey toward the setting of the sun, there was a country where gold might be washed from the sand, and where the natives themselves had learned the use of the crucible; but definite and accurate as were the accounts, inquiry was always baffled; and the regions of gold remained for two centuries an undiscovered land.

XVIII.—THE DISCOVERY OF THE HUDSON RIVER.

IRVING.

The following humorous account of this event is extracted from Washington Irving's amusing "History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker." The reader must be careful not to confound the historical with the humorous parts of the narrative.

1. In the ever memorable year of our Lord, 1609, on a Saturday morning, the five-and-twentieth day of March, old style,* did that "worthy and irreproachable discoverer (as he has justly been called), Master Henry Hudson," set sail from Holland in a stout vessel called the *Half Moon*, being employed by the Dutch East India Company, to seek a northwest passage to China.

2. Henry (or, as the Dutch historians call him, Hendrick) Hudson, was a sea-faring man of renown, who

* By *old style* is meant the mode of reckoning dates previous to the correction of the calendar in England, in 1752. The derangement then amounted to eleven days; and, by Act of Parliament, the 3d of September of that year became the 14th.

had learned to smoke tobacco under Sir Walter Raleigh, and is said to have been the first to introduce it into Holland, which gained him much popularity in that country, and caused him to find great favor in the eyes of their high mightinesses, the lords states-general, and also of the honorable West India Company. He was a short, square, brawny old gentleman, with a double chin, a mastiff mouth, and a broad copper nose, which was supposed in those days to have acquired its fiery hue from the constant neighborhood of his tobacco-pipe.

3. He wore a true Andrea Ferrara, tucked in a leathern belt, and a commodore's cocked hat on one side of his head. Such was Hendrick Hudson, of whom we have heard so much, and know as little: and I have been thus particular in his description for the benefit of modern painters and statuaries, that they may represent him as he was; and not, according to their common custom with modern heroes, make him look like Cæsar, or Marcus Aurelius, or the Apollo of Belvidere.

4. From all that I can learn, few incidents worthy of remark happened in the voyage; and it mortifies me exceedingly that I have to admit so noted an expedition into my work, without making any more of it. Suffice it to say, the voyage was prosperous and tranquil—the crew, being a patient people, much given to slumber and vacuity, and but little troubled with the

disease of thinking—a malady of the mind, which is the sure breeder of discontent. Hudson had lain in abundance of gin and sourcrout, and every man was allowed to sleep quietly at his post unless the wind blew.

5. True it is, some slight disaffection was shown on two or three occasions, at certain unreasonable conduct of Commodore Hudson. Thus, for instance, he forbore to shorten sail when the wind was light, and the weather serene, which was considered among the most experienced Dutch seamen, as certain weather-breeders, or prognostics that the weather would change for the worse. He acted, moreover, in direct contradiction to that ancient and sage rule of the Dutch navigators, who always took in sail at night—put the helm a-port, and turned in—by which precaution they had a good night's rest—were sure of knowing where they were next morning, and stood but little chance of running down a continent in the dark.

6. He likewise prohibited the seamen from wearing more than five jackets and six pair of breeches, under pretense of rendering them more alert; and no man was permitted to go aloft, and hand in sails with a pipe in his mouth, as is the invariable Dutch custom at the present day. All these grievances, though they might ruffle for a moment the constitutional tranquillity of the honest Dutch tars, made but transient impression; they eat hugely, drank profusely, and slept im-

measurably, and being under the especial guidance of Providence, the ship was safely conducted to the coast of America; where, after sundry unimportant touchings and standings off and on, she at length, on the 4th day of September, entered that majestic bay, which at this day expands its ample bosom before the city of New York, and which had never before been visited by any European.*

7. It has been traditionary in our family, that when the great navigator was first blessed with a view of this enchanting island. he was observed, for the first and only time in his life, to exhibit strong symptoms of astonishment and admiration. He is said to have turned to Master Juet (his mate), and uttered these remarkable words, while he pointed toward this paradise of the New World—"See! there!"—and thereupon, as was always his way when he was uncommonly pleased, he did puff out such clouds of smoke, that in one minute the vessel was out of sight of land, and Master Juet was fain to wait until the winds dispersed this impenetrable fog.

8. It was indeed—as my great-grandfather used to say—though in truth I never heard him, for he died, as might be expected, before I was born—"It was indeed a spot on which the eye might have reveled forever, in ever new and never-ending beauties." The

* It is, however, thought by some that Verazzani, the Florentine navigator, entered the harbor and landed on the island of Manhattan, in 1524.

island of Mannahata spread wide before them, like some sweet vision of fancy, or some fair creation of industrious magic. Its hills of smiling green swelled gently one above another, crowned with lofty trees of luxuriant growth; some pointing their tapering foliage toward the clouds, which were gloriously transparent; and others loaded with a verdant burden of clambering vines, bowing their branches to the earth, that was covered with flowers.

9. On the gentle declivities of the hills were scattered in gay profusion, the dog-wood, the sumach, and the wild-brier, whose scarlet berries and white blossoms glowed brightly among the deep green of the surrounding foliage; and here and there a curling column of smoke rising from the little glens that opened along the shore, seemed to promise the weary voyagers a welcome at the hands of their fellow-creatures. As they stood gazing with entranced attention on the scene before them, a red man crowned with feathers, issued from one of these glens, and after contemplating in silent wonder the gallant ship, as she sat like a stately swan on a silver lake, sounded the war-whoop, and bounded into the woods like a wild deer, to the utter astonishment of the phlegmatic Dutchmen, who had never heard such a noise, or witnessed such a caper, in their whole lives.

10. Of the transactions of our adventurers with the savages, and how the latter smoked copper pipes, and

ate dried currants; how they brought great store of tobacco and oysters; how they shot one of the ship's crew, and how he was buried, I shall say nothing; being that I consider them unimportant to my history. After tarrying a few days in the bay, in order to refresh themselves after their sea-faring, our voyagers weighed anchor, to explore a mighty river which empties into the bay. This river, it is said, was known among the savages by the name of *Shat'emuck;* though we are assured [by some] that it was called the *Mohegan.* Be this as it may, up this river did the adventurous Hendrick proceed, little doubting but it would turn out to be the much-looked-for passage to China.

11. After sailing above a hundred miles up the river, he found the watery world around him began to grow more shallow and confined, the current more rapid and perfectly fresh—phenomena not uncommon in the ascent of rivers, but which puzzled the honest Dutchman prodigiously. A consultation was therefore called, and having deliberated full six hours, they were brought to a determination by the ship's running aground—whereupon they unanimously concluded, that there was but little chance of getting to China in this direction. A boat, however, was dispatched to explore higher up the river, which, on its return, confirmed the opinion. Upon this the ship was warped off and put about; and the adventurous Hudson returned down the river —with a prodigious flea in his ear.

XIX.—LAST VOYAGE OF HENRY HUDSON.

ANON.

1. Happy, indeed, would it have been for Hudson if he could have closed his career on the banks of the river whose beauty he was the first to witness and describe, and thus have escaped the sorrowful and mysterious catastrophe[1] which awaited him the next year. On his fourth and last voyage he set sail in a small vessel, of only fifty-five tons' burden, manned by twenty-three men, and victualed for six months (1610).

2. After touching at the Orkney Islands, he steered his course to Iceland, where he witnessed one of nature's grandest spectacles—Mount Hecla in the blaze of a violent eruption, surrounded by perpetual snows. The crew landed, and, having killed a number of wild fowl, cooked them in one of the hot springs of this wonderful island. Again weighing anchor, Hudson passed the south of Greenland till he reached the strait which now bears his name.

3. Here, in addition to the ordinary difficulties and dangers of navigation among the ice, he had to struggle against a mutiny among his crew; but, in spite of all, this intrepid explorer boldly pushed on till his vessel plowed the waters of that great inland sea, now known as Hudson's Bay. He did not know for a long time that it was a bay, but indulged the hope that he had discovered what he had so long sought—a passage by the northwest to China. Indeed, the ex-

tent of the surface amply justified this expectation, since, with the exception of the Mediterranean, it is the largest inland sea in the world.

4. Being obliged to pass the winter in these frost-bound regions, on the 1st of November, after seeking winter-quarters, his men found a suitable spot for beaching their vessel. Ten days afterward they were frozen in, with so scanty a stock of provisions, that, on the most stinted allowance, it was hardly sufficient to last till, by the return of spring, they could expect a release from the ice.

5. It is impossible to describe the hardships of that winter, during which, notwithstanding all the birds, fishes, and animals serviceable for food, which they could succeed in catching, they were always suffering from want and starvation. When we are told that they were finally compelled to live upon moss and frogs, we may form some faint conception of their awful privations.

6. When the ice broke up, Hudson prepared for the homeward voyage. The last ration of bread was dealt out to the crew on the day of their setting sail. As, with a long and perilous voyage before them, they had not other provisions for the entire crew for more than ten days, a report that their commander had concealed a quantity of bread for his own use was readily believed by the famishing men; and a mutiny, headed by a man named Green, broke out on the 21st of June.

Hudson was seized, and his hands bound, on the deck of his own vessel, where his word should have been law.

7. The mutineers, not satisfied with this cruel indignity, followed it up by an act of inhumanity which it is dreadful to think that British seamen could have perpetrated:—they put the captain, together with the sick and those whom the frost had deprived of the use of their limbs, into the shallop. The conduct of the carpenter, however, forms a striking contrast to the base heartlessness of the mutineers. Refusing to remain in the ship, he nobly prepared to share the fate of Hudson and his disabled shipmates.

8. Soon afterward the crew cast the boat adrift, with its hapless freight, and stood out to sea. Doubtless, in the great inland sea which they had discovered, Hudson and his miserable companions found a grave; for the boat was never seen or heard of more. Two days after the mutineers had sailed, they encountered a violent storm, and for fourteen days were in the greatest danger from the ice.

9. That storm was doubtless fatal to their intrepid commander and his forlorn party, who may have thus escaped a still more terrible death from want and exposure. We contemplate with very different feelings the just retribution which overtook the guilty mutineers. They made the best of their way home in the ship which they had thus foully obtained; but not one

of the ringleaders lived to reach the land. The rest, after suffering the most awful extremities of famine, finally gained the shore. None of them were ever brought to trial for their misdeeds ;—probably because those who were deepest in guilt had already paid the penalty of their crimes.

10. The melancholy end of Hudson is more affecting than the death even of Columbus, Cortez, and Pizarro, in the preceding century. His talents, courage, and perseverance, rank him among the first navigators of any age. In the comparative infancy of discovery in the northern regions, he deserves to take the lead. Though treacherously abandoned in the great inland sea which he had discovered, he has not, like many of his contemporaries, been ungenerously forgotten by posterity. His skill and daring awakened the highest admiration, while the mystery of his fate causes his name even yet to be mentioned with pity.

[1] CA-TAS'-TRO-PHE, disaster ; calamity.

XX.—WHAT IS GLORY?

MOTHERWELL.

1. "What is glory? What is fame?
The echo of a long-lost name;
A breath—an idle hour's brief talk,
The shadow of an arrant naught;

A flower that blossoms for a day,
Dying next morrow;
A stream that hurries on its way,
Singing of sorrow;
The last drop of bootless shower,
Shed on a sear and leafless flower;
A rose stuck in a dead man's breast—
This is the world's fame, at the best!

2. "What is fame? and what is glory?
A dream—a jester's lying story,
To tickle fools withal, or be
A theme for second infancy;
A joke scrawled on an epitaph,
A grin at death's own ghastly laugh;
A visioning that tempts the eye,
But mocks the touch—nonentity;
A rainbow, substanceless as bright,
Flitting forever,
O'er hill-top to more distant hight,
Nearing us never;
A bubble blown by fond conceit,
In very sooth itself to cheat;
The witch-fire of a frenzied brain,
A fortune that to lose were gain;
A word of praise, perchance of blame,
The wreck of a time-bandied name—
Ah! this is Glory! this is Fame!"

— —

XXI.—THE SPANISH CONQUESTS IN AMERICA.

From a poem entitled the "West Indies," by James Montgomery.

The winds were prosperous, and the billows bore
The brave adventurer to the promised shore;
Far in the West, arrayed in purple light,
Dawned the new world on his enraptured sight:
Not Adam loosened from the encumbering earth,
Waked by the breath of God to instant birth,
With sweeter, wilder wonder gazed around,
When life within and light without he found;
When, all creation rushing o'er his soul,
He seemed to live and breathe throughout the whole.

So felt Columbus, when, divinely fair,
At the last look of resolute despair,
The Hesperian isles, from distance dimly blue,
With gradual beauty opened on his view.
In that proud moment, his transported mind
The morning and the evening worlds combined,
And made the sea, that sundered them before,
A bond of peace, uniting shore to shore.

Vain, visionary hope! rapacious Spain
Followed her hero's triumph o'er the main,
Her hardy sons in fields of battle tried,
Where Moor and Christian desperately died.
A rabid race, fanatically bold,
And steeled to cruelty by lust of gold,
Traversed the waves, the unknown world explored,
The cross their standard, but their faith the sword,

Their steps were graves; o'er prostrate realms they trod.
They worshiped Mammon, while they vowed to God

Let nobler bards in loftier numbers tell
How Cortez conquered, Montezuma fell;
How fierce Pizarro's ruffian arm o'erthrew
The sun's resplendent empire in Peru;
How, like a prophet, old Las Casas stood,
And raised his voice against a sea of blood,
Whose chilling waves recoiled while he foretold
His country's ruin by avenging gold.
That gold, for which unpitied Indians fell,
That gold, at once the snare and scourge of hell,
Thenceforth by righteous heaven was doomed to shed
Unmingled curses on the spoiler's head;
For gold the spaniard cast his soul away,—
His gold and he were every nation's prey.

XXII. -THE DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

BANCROFT.

Twenty years after Columbus's first discovery, Ponce de Laon *(pon'-tha da la-on')*, an aged Spaniard, accidently discovered Florida, which received its name from the abundance of flowers with which its forests were adorned. The belief soon afterward became quite general among the Spaniards that this region abounded in riches; and, accordingly, De Soto *(da so'-to)*, who had acquired wealth and distinction as an associate of Pizarro, fitted out an expedition to explore and conquer the country. In 1539, he landed on its shores, and penetrated into

the interior; and during his wanderings, which asted nearly three years, he discovered the Mississippi River (1541). In the following extract from Bancroft's "History of the United States," an account is given of this event and of the death of the great explorer.

1. All the disasters which had been encountered, far from diminishing the boldness of De Soto, served only to confirm his obstinacy by wounding his pride. Should he, who had promised greater booty than Mexico or Peru had yielded, now return as a defeated fugitive, so naked that his troops were clad only in skins and mats of ivy? The search for some wealthy region was renewed; the caravan marched still further to the west.

2. For seven days it struggled through a wilderness of forests and marshes, and at length came to Indian settlements in the vicinity of the Mississippi. The lapse of nearly three centuries has not changed the character of the stream. It was then described as more than a mile broad, flowing with a strong current, and, by the weight of its waters, forming a channel of great depth. The water was always muddy; trees and timber were continually floating down the stream.

3. The Spaniards were guided to the Mississippi by the natives; and were directed to one of the usual crossing-places, probably to the lowest, Chickasa *(Chick'a-saw)* Bluff, not far from the thirty-fifth parallel of latitude. The arrival of the strangers awakened curiosity and fear. A multitude of people from

the western banks of the river, painted and gayly decorated with great plumes of white feathers, the warriors standing in rows with bow and arrows in their hands, the chieftains sitting under awnings as magnificent as the artless manufactures of the natives could weave, came rowing down the stream in a fleet of two hundred canoes, seeming to the admiring Spaniards "like a fair army of galleys."

4. They brought gifts of fish, and loaves made of the fruit of the persimmon. At first they showed some desire to offer resistance; but, soon becoming conscious of their relative weakness, they ceased to defy an enemy who could not be overcome, and suffered injury without attempting open retaliation. The boats of the natives were too weak to transport horses; almost a month expired before barges, large enough to hold three horsemen each, were constructed for crossing the river. At length the Spaniards embarked upon the Mississippi, and were borne to its western bank.

5. The Dahcota tribes, doubtless, then occupied the country southwest of the Missouri; Soto had heard its praises; he believed in its vicinity to mineral wealth; and he determined to visit its towns. In ascending the Mississippi, the party was often obliged to wade through morasses: at length they came, as it would seem, upon the district of Little Prairie, and the dry and elevated lands which extend toward New Madrid.

6. Here the religions of the invaders and the natives

came in contrast. The Spaniards were adored as children of the sun, and the blind were brought into their presence, to be healed by the sons of light. "Pray only to God, who is in heaven, for whatsoever ye need," said Soto in reply; and the sublime doctrine which, thousands of years before, had been proclaimed in the deserts of Arabia, now first found its way into the prairies of the Far West.

7. The wild fruits of that region were abundant; the pecan nut, the mulberry, and the two kinds of wild plums, furnished the natives with articles of food. At Pacaha *(pa-caw'haw)*, the northernmost point which Soto reached near the Mississippi, he remained forty days. The spot cannot be identified; but the accounts of the amusements of the Spaniards confirm the truth of the narrative of their ramblings. Fish were taken, such as are now found in the fresh waters of that region; one of them, the spade fish,—the strangest and most whimsical production of the muddy streams of the West, so rare, that, even now, it is hardly to be found in any museum,—is accurately described by the best historian of the expedition.

8. An exploring party which was sent to examine the regions of the North, reported that they were almost a desert. The country still nearer the Missouri was said by the Indians to be thinly inhabited; the bison abounded there so much, that no maize could be cultivated; and the few inhabitants were hunters,

Soto turned, therefore, to the west and northwest, and plunged still more deeply into the interior of the continent. The highlands of White River, more than two hundred miles from the Mississippi, were probably the limit of his ramble in this direction.

9. The mountains offered neither gems nor gold; and the disappointed adventurers marched to the south. They passed through a succession of towns, of which the position cannot be fixed; till, at length, we find them among the Tunicas, near the hot springs and saline tributaries of the Washita *(wash-i-taw!)*. It was at Autiamque, a town on the same river, that they passed the winter; they had arrived at the settlement through the country of the Kappaws.

10. The native tribes, everywhere on the route, were found in a state of civilization beyond that of nomadic hordes. They were an agricultural people, with fixed places of abode, and subsisted upon the produce of the fields more than upon the chase. Ignorant of the arts of life, they could offer no resistance to their unwelcome visitors; the bow and arrow were the most effective weapons with which they were acquainted. They seem not to have been turbulent or quarrelsome; but as the population was moderate, and the earth fruitful, the tribes were not accustomed to contend with each other for the possession of territories.

11. Their dress was, in part, mats wrought of ivy and bulrushes, or of the bark and lint of trees; in cold

weather they wore mantles woven of feathers. The settlements were by tribes,—each tribe occupied what the Spaniards called a province; their villages were generally near together, but were composed of few habitations. The Spaniards treated them with no other forbearance than their own selfishness demanded, and enslaved such as offended, employing them as porters and guides.

12. On a slight suspicion, they would cut off the hands of numbers of the natives, for punishment or intimidation; while the young cavaliers, from desire of seeming valiant, ceased to be merciful, and exulted in cruelties and carnage. The guide who was unsuccessful, or who purposely led them away from the settlements of his tribe, would be seized and thrown to the flames. Any trifling consideration of safety would induce the governor to set fire to a hamlet. He did not delight in cruelty; but the happiness, the life, and the rights of the Indians, were held of no account. The approach of the Spaniards was heard with dismay; and their departure hastened by the suggestion of wealthier lands at a distance.

13. In the spring of the following year, Soto determined to descend the Washita to its junction, and to get tidings of the sea. As he advanced, he was soon lost amidst the bayous and marshes which are found along the Red River and its tributaries. Near the Mississippi he came upon the country of Nilco, which

was well peopled. The river was there larger than the Guadalquiver *(gwah-dal-ke-veer')* at Seville. At last he arrived at the province where the Washita, already united with the Red River, enters the Mississippi. The province was called Guachoya *(gwah-tcho'-yah.)*

14. Soto anxiously inquired the distance to the sea; the chieftain of Guachoya could not tell. Were there settlements extending along the river to its mouth? It was answered that its lower banks were an uninhabited waste. Unwilling to believe so disheartening a tale, Soto sent one of his men with eight horsemen to descend the banks of the Mississippi, and explore the country. They traveled eight days, and were able to advance not much more than thirty miles, they were so delayed by the frequent bayous, the impassable cane-brakes, and the dense woods.

15. The governor received the intelligence with concern; he suffered from anxiety and gloom. His horses and men were dying around him, so that the natives were becoming dangerous enemies. He attempted to overawe a tribe of Indians near Natchez by claiming a supernatural birth, and demanding obedience and tribute. "You say you are the child of the sun," replied the undaunted chief; "dry up the river, and I will believe you. Do you desire to see me? Visit the town where I dwell. If you come in peace, I will receive

you with special good-will; if in war, I will not shrink one foot back."

16. But Soto was no longer able to abate the confidence or punish the temerity of the natives. His stubborn pride was changed by long disappointments into a wasting melancholy; and his health sunk rapidly and entirely under a conflict of emotions. A malignant fever ensued, during which he had little comfort, and was neither visited nor attended as the last hours of life demand. Believing his death near at hand, he held the last solemn interview with his faithful followers; and, yielding to the wishes of his companions, who obeyed him to the end, he named a successor. On the next day he died.

XXIII.—PROSPECT OF ARTS AND LEARNING IN AMERICA.

BERKELEY.

The following verses were written about one hundred and fifty years ago, by Bishop Berkeley, as prophetic of the future greatness of America. If the prophecy be not fulfilled, it shall be because the voice of religion is despised and her teaching neglected.

1. The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
   Barren of every glorious theme,
   In distant lands now waits a better time,
   Producing subjects worthy fame.

2. In happy climes, where from the genial sun
   And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
   The force of art by nature seems outdone,
   And fancied beauties by the true:

3. In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
The pedantry of courts and schools :

4. There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

5. Not such as Europe needs in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

6. Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
TIME'S NOBLEST OFFSPRING IS THE LAST!

XXIV.—PRESS ON.

BENJAMIN.

1. Press on! surmount the rocky steeps,
Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch;
He fails alone who feebly creeps,
He wins who dares the hero's march.
Be thou a hero! let thy might
Tramp on eternal snows its way,
And, through the ebon walls of night,
Hew down a passage unto day.

2. Press on if once and twice thy feet
Slip back and stumble, harder try;
From him who never dreads to meet
Danger and death, they're sure to fly.
To coward ranks the bullet speeds,
While on their breasts who never quail,
Gleams, guardian of chivalric deeds,
Bright courage, like a coat of mail.

3. Press on! if Fortune play thee false
To-day, to-morrow she'll be true;
Whom now she sinks, she now exalts,
Taking old gifts and granting new.
The wisdom of the present hour
Makes up for follies past and gone:
To weakness, strength succeeds, and power
From frailty springs—Press on! press on!

4. Therefore, press on! and reach the goal,
And gain the prize, and wear the crown:
Faint not! for to the steadfast soul
Come wealth, and honor, and renown.
To thine own self be true, and keep
Thy mind from sloth, thy heart from soil;
Press on! and thou shalt surely reap
A heavenly harvest for thy toil!

XXV.—EXECUTION OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

LINGARD.

1. Mary heard the announcement of her sentence with a serenity of countenance and dignity of manner, which awed and affected the beholders; but her attendants burst into tears and lamentations. After long and fervent prayer, the queen was called to supper. She ate sparingly; and before she rose from table, drank to all her servants; asking, at the same time, forgiveness of them, if she had ever spoken or acted toward them unkindly.

2. The last night of Mary's life was spent in the arrangement of her domestic affairs, the writing of her will and of three letters, and in exercises of devotion. In the retirement of her closet, with her two maids, she prayed and read alternately; and sought for support and comfort in reading the passion of Christ. About four she retired to rest; but it was observed that she did not sleep. Her lips were in constant motion, and her mind seemed absorbed in prayer. At the first break of day her household assembled around her. She read to them her will, distributed among them her clothes and money, and bade them adieu, kissing the women and giving her hand to kiss to the men. Weeping, they followed her into her oratory, where she took her place in front of the altar; they knelt down and prayed behind her.

3. In the midst of the great hall of the castle had

been raised a scaffold covered with black serge, and surrounded with a low railing. Before eight, a message was sent to the queen, who replied that she would be ready in half an hour. At that time the sheriff entered the oratory, and Mary arose, taking the crucifix from the altar in her right, and carrying her prayer-book in her left hand. Her servants were forbidden to follow; they insisted: but the queen bade them be content; and turning, gave them her blessing. They received it on their knees, some kissing her hands, others her mantle. The door closed; and the burst of lamentation from those within resounded through the hall.

4. Mary was now joined by the earls and her keepers, and descending the staircase, found at the foot, Melville, the steward of her household, who, for several weeks had been excluded from her presence. "Good Melville," said Mary, "I pray thee report that I die a true woman to my religion, to Scotland, and to France. May God forgive them that have long thirsted for my blood as the hart doth for the brook of water. Commend me to my son; and tell him that I have done nothing prejudicial to the dignity or independence of his crown." She made a last request, that her servants might be present at her death; but the Earl of Kent objected. When asked with vehemence, "Am I not the cousin to your queen, a descendant of the blood

royal of Henry VII., a named queen of France, and the anointed Queen of Scotland ?"

5. It was then resolved to admit four of the men and two of her woman servants. She selected her steward, physician, apothecary, and surgeon, with her two maids. Mary wore the richest of her dresses, that which was appropriate to the rank of a queen-dowager. Her step was firm, and her countenance cheerful. She bore without shrinking the gaze of the spectators, and the sight of the scaffold, the block, and the executioner; and advanced into the hall with that grace and majesty which she had so often displayed in her happier days and in the palace of her fathers. To aid her, as she mounted the scaffold, Paulet offered his arm. "I thank you, sir," said Mary; "it is the last trouble I shall give you, and the most acceptable service you have ever rendered me."

6. The queen seated herself on a stool which was prepared for her; and in an audible voice addressed the assembly. She said that she pardoned from her heart all her enemies. She then repeated with a loud voice, and in the Latin language, passages from the Book of Psalms; and a prayer in French, in which she begged of God to pardon her sins, declared that she forgave her enemies, and protested that she was ignorant of ever consenting in wish or deed to the death of her English sister. She then prayed in English for Christ's afflicted church, for her son James, and for

Queen Elizabeth, and in conclusion, holding up the crucifix, exclaimed, "As thy arms, O God, were stretched out upon the cross, so receive me unto the arms of Thy mercy, and forgive my sins."

7. "Madam," said the Earl of Kent, "you had better leave such popish trumperies, and bear Him in your heart." She replied, "I cannot hold in my hand the representation of His sufferings, but I must at the same time bear Him in my heart." When her maids, bathed in tears, began to disrobe their mistress, the executioners, fearing the loss of their usual perquisites, hastily interfered. The queen remonstrated; but instantly submitted to their rudeness, observing to the earls, with a smile, that she was not accustomed to employ such grooms, or to undress in the presence of so numerous a company. Her servants, at the sight of their sovereign in this lamentable state, could not suppress their feelings; but Mary, putting her finger to her lips, commanded silence, gave them her blessing, and solicited their prayers.

8. One of her maids, taking from her a handkerchief edged with gold, pinned it over her eyes; the executioners, holding her by the arms, led her to the block; and the queen, kneeling down, said repeatedly, with a firm voice, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." But the sobs and groans of the spectators disconcerted the headsman. He trembled, missed his aim, and inflicted a deep wound in the lower part of

the skull. The queen remained motionless; and at the third stroke her head was severed from her body. The executioner held it up, and cried as usual, "God save Queen Elizabeth." "So perish all her enemies!" subjoined the Dean of Peterborough. "So perish all the enemies of the gospel!" exclaimed, in a still louder tone, the fanatical Earl of Kent. Not a voice was heard to cry Amen. Party feeling was absorbed in pity.

XXVI.—MARY STUART AND HER MOURNER.

BULWER.

Mary Stuart perished at the age of forty-four years and two months. Her remains were taken from her weeping servants, and a green cloth, torn in haste from an old billiard-table, was flung over her once beautiful form, Thus it remained unwatched and unattended, except by a poor little lap-dog, which could not be induced to quit the body of its mistress. This faithful little animal was found dead two days afterward; and the circumstances made such an impression even on the hard-hearted minister of Elizabeth, that it was mentioned in the official dispatches.—*Mrs. Jamieson's "Female Sovereigns."*

1. The ax its bloody work had done;
   The corpse neglected lay;
   This peopled world could spare not one
   To watch beside the clay.

2. The fairest work from nature's hand
   That e'er on mortals shone,—
   A sunbeam strayed from fairy land
   To fade upon a throne;—

3. The Venus of the Tomb whose form
Was destiny and death;
The Siren's voice that stirred a storm
In each melodious breath;

4. Such was, what now by fate is hurled
To rot, unwept, away.
A star has vanished from the world;
And none to miss the ray!

5. Stern Knox, that loneliness forlorn
A harsher truth might teach
To royal pomps, than priestly scorn
To royal sins can preach!

6. No victims now that lip can make!
That hand, how powerless now!
O God! and what a king—but take
A bauble from the brow?

7. The world is full of life and love;
The world, methinks, might spare
From millions, one to watch above
The dust of monarchs there.

8. And not one human eye!—yet lo!
What stirs the funeral pall?
What sound—it is not human woe—
Wails moaning through the hall?

10. Close by the form mankind desert,
One thing a vigil keeps;
More near and near to that still heart
It wistful, wondering creeps.

11. It gazes on those glazed eyes,
It hearkens for a breath—
It does not know that kindness dies,
And love departs from death.

12. It fawns as fondly as before
Upon that icy hand;
And hears from lips that speak no more
The voice that can command.

13. To that poor fool, alone on earth,
No matter what had been
The pomp, the fall, the guilt, the worth,
The Dead was still a Queen.

14. With eyes that horror could not scare,
It watch'd the senseless clay;
Crouch'd on the breast of Death, and there
Moaned its fond life away.

15. And when the bolts discordant clashed,
And human steps drew nigh,
The human pity shrunk abashed
Before that faithful eye;

16. It seemed to gaze with such rebuke
On those who could forsake;
Then turned to watch once more the look,
And strive the sleep to wake.

17. They raised the pall—they touched the dead,
A cry, and *both* were stilled—
Alike the soul that Hate had sped,
The life that Love had killed.

18. Semiramis of England, hail!
Thy crime secures thy sway;
But when thine eyes shall scan the tale
Those hireling scribes convey.

19. When thou shalt read, with late remorse
How one poor slave was found
Beside thy butchered rival's corse,
The headless and discrowned;

20. Shall not thy soul foretell thine own
Unloved, expiring hour,
When those who kneel around the throne
Shall fly the falling tower!

21. When thy great heart shall silent break,
When thy sad eyes shall strain
Through vacant space, one thing to seek—
One thing that loved—in vain?

22. Though round thy parting pangs of pride
Shall priest and noble crowd;
More worth the grief, that mourned beside
Thy victim's gory shroud!

XXVII.—JOAN OF ARC.

LINGARD.

1. This interesting female was born about the year 1412. Her education did not differ from that of the other poor girls in the neighborhood; but she was distinguished above them all by her diligence, modesty, and piety.

2. Near Domremy was a solitary chapel, called the Hermitage of the Virgin. Joan was accustomed to visit this hermitage every Saturday, and to hang up a garland of flowers, or burn a taper of wax in honor of the mother of Christ. These, her early habits, are worthy of notice, as they probably served to impress on her mind that romantic character which it afterward exhibited. The child was fond of solitude; whatever interested her became the subject of long and serious thought; and in these day-dreams the young enthusiast learned to invest with visible forms the creations of her own fancy.

3. Besides religion, there was another sentiment which sprang up in the breast of Joan. Young as she was, she had heard enough of the calamities which oppressed her country, to bewail the hard fate of her sovereign, driven from the throne of his fathers. It chanced that in May, 1428, a marauding party of Burgundians compelled the inhabitants of Domremy to seek an asylum in Neufchâteau. The village was plundered, and the church reduced to a heap of ruins

4. On their departure the fugitives returned, and the sight wound up the enthusiasm of Joan to the highest pitch. She escaped from her parents, prevailed on an uncle to accompany her, and announced her mission to Baudricourt, one of the French generals, who, though he treated her with ridicule, deemed it his duty to communicate her history to the dauphin, and received an order to forward her to the French court. To travel a distance of one hundred and fifty leagues, through a long tract of country, of which one portion was possessed by hostile garrisons, and the other perpetually infested by parties of plunderers, was a perilous and almost hopeless attempt.

5. But Joan was confident of success; on horseback, and in male attire, with an escort of seven persons, she passed without meeting an enemy; and on the tenth day at Fierbois *(feer-bwah')*, a few miles from Chinon *(she-nong')*, announced to Charles her arrival and object. An hour was fixed for her admission to the royal presence; and the poor maiden of Domremy was ushered into a spacious hall, lighted up with fifty torches, and filled with some hundreds of knights, among whom Charles himself had mixed unnoted, and in plain attire.

6. Joan entered without embarrassment; the glare of the lights, the gaze of the spectators did not disconcert her. Singling out the dauphin at the first glance, she walked up to him with a firm step, bent her

knee, and said, "God give you good life, gentle king.' He was surprised, but replied, "I am not the king, he is there," pointing at the same time to a different part of the hall. "In the name of God," she exclaimed, "it is not they, but you are the king. Most noble lord dauphin, I am Joan the maid, sent on the part of God to aid you and the kingdom; and by His order I announce to you that you will be crowned in the city of Rheims (*ranz*)."

7. The following day she made her appearance in public, and on horseback. From her look, she was thought to be in her sixteenth or seventeenth year; her figure was slender and graceful, and her long black locks fell in ringlets on her shoulders. She ran a course with the lance, and managed her horse with ease and dexterity. The crowd burst into shouts of admiration; they saw in her something more than human; she was, they thought, a knight descended from heaven, for the salvation of France. Men of every rank caught the enthusiasm, and thousands offered their services to follow her to battle.

8. Sixty bastiles or forts, erected in a circle round Orleans, had effectually intercepted the communication with the country; and the horrors of famine were already felt within the walls, when it was resolved by the French cabinet to make a desperate effort to throw a supply of provisions into the city. A strong body of men, under some of the bravest officers in France,

assembled at Blois *(blwah)*, and Joan solicited and obtained permission not only to join, but also to direct, the expedition.

9. To the English commanders she sent orders, in the name of God, to withdraw from France, and return to their native country. Dunois *(doo-nwah')*, the Governor of Orleans, led her secretly into that city, where she was received by the citizens, with lighted torches and acclamations of joy. Her presence created in the soldiers a spirit of daring, and a confidence of success. Day after day sallies were made, and the strongest of the English forts successively fell into the hands of the assailants.

10. One day, while she was in the act of planting a ladder, an arrow passed through an opening in her corslet, and fixed itself between the chest and the shoulder. Her companions conveyed her out of the crowd, the wound was dressed, and the heroine, after a few minutes spent in prayer, rejoined the combatants. At her appearance the assailants redoubled their efforts and the fort was soon won.

11. Suffolk, disconcerted by repeated losses, determined to raise the siege; and the soldiers, with feelings of shame and regret, turned their backs to the city. The Earl of Suffolk was soon besieged in a neighboring town, and the place was carried by storm. More than three hundred of the garrison perished; and Suffolk, with the remainder, fell into the hands of the enemy.

XXVIII.—JOAN OF ARC.—CONTINUED.

1. Joan had always declared that the object of her mission was twofold: the liberation of Orleans, and the coronation of the king at Rheims. Of these the first had been accomplished; and she vehemently urged the execution of the second. Though to penetrate as far as Rheims was an enterprise of difficulty and danger, for every intermediate fortress was in the possession of the enemy, Charles determined to trust to his own fortune and the predictions of his inspired deliverer.

2. Having sent a strong division of troops to alarm the frontiers of Normandy, and another to insult those of Guienne, he commenced his march with an army of ten thousand cavalry. The citizens of Rheims having expelled the Burgundian garrison, received him with the most flattering testimonies of joy. The coronation was performed in the usual manner; but as none of the peers of France attended, Charles appointed proxies to perform their duties. During the ceremony, Joan, with her banner unfurled, stood by the king's side; as soon as it was over, she threw herself on her knees, embraced his feet, declared her mission accomplished, and with tears solicited his leave to return to her former station.

3 But the king was unwilling to lose the services of one who had hitherto proved so useful; and at his earnest request she consented to remain with the

army, and to strengthen that throne which she had in a great measure established. Bedford obtained fresh assurances of fidelity from the Duke of Burgundy, withdrew five thousand men from his Norman garrisons, and received an equal number from his uncle Beaufort. With these he went in pursuit of Charles, who was unwilling to stake his crown on the uncertain event of a battle.

4. In the neighborhood of Senlis, however, the two armies undesignedly came in sight of each other. The English, inferior in numbers, prepared for the fight after their usual manner; the French officers, flushed with success, impatiently demanded the signal for battle. But the defeats of Agincourt and Verneuil led Charles not to rely on mere superiority of number. The armies separated as if it had been by mutual consent. The regent hastened into Normandy, and Charles, at the solicitation of his female companion, took advantage of the duke's absence to make an attempt on the capital. Soisson, Senlis, Beauvais, and St. Denis opened their gates. He advanced to Montmartre, published an amnesty, and directed assault on the Fauxbourg of St. Honoré.

5. The action lasted four hours. At its very commencement Joan received a dangerous wound, was thrown into the ditch, and lay there unnoticed till she was discovered in the evening, and carried off by a party sent in search after her. Charles, mortified by

the obstinate resistance of the Parisians, retired to Bourges; while the maid, looking on her wound as an admonition from heaven that her commission had ceased with the coronation at Rheims, consecrated her armor to God in the church at St. Denis. Her services, however, were still wanted. At the solicitation of her sovereign, she consented to resume the profession of arms, and accepted a patent of nobility for herself and her family, accompanied with a grant of income equal to that of an earl.

6. At the commencement of spring, the Duke of Burgundy undertook to reduce the city of Compeigne *(com-pe-nin')*; and the maid was selected to raise the siege. Her troops were defeated, however; she was taken prisoner, and was handed over to the regent, Bedford. The unfortunate maid was treated with neglect by her friends, with cruelty by her enemies. If ever prince had been indebted to a subject, Charles VII. was indebted to Joan d'Arc; yet from the moment of her captivity she appears to have been forgotten. We read not of any sum offered for her ransom, or attempt made to alleviate the rigor of her confinement, or notice taken of her trial and execution.

7. The Bishop of Beauvias *(bo-va')*, in whose diocese she had been taken, claimed the right of trying her in his court on an accusation of sorcery and imposture. It is generally supposed that this claim was made at the suggestion of the Duke of Bedford. The

inquiry was opened at Rouen *(roo'äng)*; on sixteen different days she was brought to the bar; the questions, with her answers, were laid before the University of Paris; and the opinion of that body concurred with the judgment of the court. Still the sentence way delayed from day to day; and repeated attempts were made to save her from the punishment of death, by inducing her to make a frank and explicit confession.

8. But the spirit of the heroine continued undaunted; she proudly maintained that she had been the inspired minister of the Almighty. The fatal day, however, arrived; and the captive was placed at the bar; but when the judge had prepared to pronounce sentence, she yielded to a sudden impulse of terror, subscribed an act of abjuration, and, having promised upon oath never more to wear male attire, was remanded to her former place of confinement.

9. Her enthusiasm, however, revived in the solitude of a prison, and her judges condemned her, on the charge of having relapsed into her former errors. She was led sobbing and struggling to the stake; but the expectation of a heavenly deliverer did not forsake her though she saw the fire kindled at her feet. She then burst into loud exclamations, protesting her innocence, and invoking the aid of the Almighty; and just before the flames enveloped her, was seen embracing a crucifix, and calling on Christ for mercy. This cruel

and unjustifiable tragedy was enacted in the market-place of Rouen, before an immense concourse of spectators, about twelve months after her capture (1431).

Nothing was gained by this ruthless execution of the "Maid of Orleans." The Duke of Bedford died (1435), and Charles was enabled to re-enter his capital, after having been excluded from it for twenty years (1437). The English continued to suffer defeat, until, finally, this long war was interrupted by a truce (1447); and subsequently the French gained all their possessions except Calais (1451).

XXIX.—WORK AND REST.

ANON.

1. Home! Is this home, where she sits cold, and lonely,
   Working, still working, morning till night?
   Life! Is this life, which is pain and pain only—
   Only dark shadows, not one gleam of light?

2. Pale, haggard cheeks, frozen, comfortless fingers;
   Eyes wild with watching, head yearning for rest.
   Working, still working, each moment she lingers
   Takes bread from the baby she warms at her breast.

3. Gazing at palaces through the dim casement,
   (Palace so splendid through casement so mean!)
   Nothing but work in the garret and basement—
   Nothing but rest and enjoyment between!

4. O ye rich happy ones, give her your pity,
Working, still working, so wearily on;
Look at her withered face—once it was pretty;
Youth is still hers, but its semblance is gone.

5. Could *you* be patient, and good, and enduring,
If your high station was bound to her doom?
Earth is so sweet for you—fair and alluring;
Earth is so hard for her—shrouded in gloom.

6. Open your hearts to her, open your purses,
From your abundance give money and love;
Let not your happy homes prove to you curses,
Dragging you down from the heaven above.

7. What! Were you sent to this earth for your pleasure?
Stewards of His riches, awake and bestir;
You shall be judged by the measure for measure
Happy, perhaps, to change places with her!

XXX.—BLIGHT AND BLOOM.

GEORGE H. MILES.

1. Did we not bury them?
All those dead years of ours,
All those poor tears of ours,
All those pale pleading flowers—
Did we not bury them?

2. Yet, in the gloom there,
See how they stare at us,
Hurling despair at us,
Rising to glare at us
Out of the tomb there!

3. Curse every one of them!
Kiss, clasp and token,
Vows vainly spoken,
Hearts bruised and broken—
Have we not done with them?

4. Are we such slaves to them?—
Down where the river leaps,
Down where the willow weeps,
Down where the lily sleeps,
Dig deeper graves for them.

5. Must we still stir amid
Ghosts of our buried youth,
Gleams of life's morning truth,
Spices and myrrh, forsooth . . ?
Seal up the pyramid!

6. Be still, my heart, beneath the rod,
And murmur not;
He too was Man—the Son of God—
And shared thy lot.

7. Shared all that we can suffer here,
The gain, the loss,
The bloody sweat, the scourge, the sneer
The Crown, the Cross,

8. The final terror of the Tomb.—
His guiltless head
Self-dedicated to the doom
We merited.

9 Then sigh not for earth's Edens lost,
Time's vanished bliss;
The heart that suffers most, the most
Resembles His.

XXXI.—A DESCRIPTION OF THE BANISHMENT OF THE ACADIANS

FROM THEIR RURAL HOMES IN NOVA SCOTIA.

BANCROFT.

1. By a general proclamation, on one and the same day, the scarcely conscious victims, "both old and young men, as well as all the lads of ten years of age," were peremptorily ordered to assemble at their respective posts. On the appointed fifth of September, they obeyed. At Grand Pré, for example, four hundred and eighteen unarmed men came together. They were marched into the church and its avenues were closed, when Winslow, the English commander, placed himself in their center, and spoke:

2. "You are convened together to manifest to you His Majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his province. Your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds, and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the crown, and you yourselves are to be re-

moved from this his province. I am, through His Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can, without discommoding the vessels you go in." And he then declared them the King's prisoners. Their wives and families shared their lot; their sons, five hundred and twenty-seven in number, their daughters, five hundred and seventy-six; in the whole, women and babes and old men and children all included, nineteen hundred and twenty-three souls. The blow was sudden; they had left home but for the morning, and they never were to return. Their cattle were to stay unfed in the stalls, their fires to die out on their hearths. They had for that first day even no food for themselves or their children, and were compelled to beg for bread.

3. The 10th of September was the day for the embarcation of a part of the exiles. They were drawn up six deep, and the young men, one hundred and sixty-one in number, were ordered to march first on board the vessel. They could leave their farms and cottages, the shady rocks on which they had reclined, their herds and their garners; but nature yearned within them, and they would not be separated from their parents. Yet of what avail was the frenzied despair of the unarmed youth? They had not one weapon; the bayonet drove them to obey; and they marched slowly and heavily from the chapel to the

shore, between women and children, who, kneeling, prayed for blessings on their heads, they themselves weeping, and praying, and singing hymns. The seniors were next; the wives and children must wait till other transport vessels arrive.

4. The delay had its horrors. The wretched people left behind, were kept together near the sea, without proper food, or raiment, or shelter, till other ships came to take them away; and December, with its appalling cold, had struck the shivering, half-clad, broken-hearted sufferers, before the last of them were removed. "The embarcation of the inhabitants goes on but slowly," wrote Monckton, from Fort Cumberland, near which he had burned three hamlets; "the most part of the wives of the men we have prisoners are gone off with their children, in hopes I would not send off their husbands without them." Their hope was vain. Near Annapolis, a hundred heads of families fled to the woods, and a party was detached on the hunt to bring them in. "Our soldiers hate them," wrote an officer on this occasion, "and if they can but find a pretext to kill them, they will." Did a prisoner seek to escape? He was shot down by the sentinel!

5. Yet some fled to Quebec; more than three thousand had withdrawn to Miramichi, and the region south of the Ristigouche; some found rest on the banks of the St. John's and its branches; some found a lair in their native forests; some were charitably

sheltered from the English in the wigwams of the savages. But seven thousand of these banished people were driven on board ships, and scattered among the English Colonies, from New Hampshire to Georgia alone, one thousand and twenty to South Carolina alone. They were cast ashore without resources; hating the poor-house as a shelter for their offspring, and abhorring the thought of selling themselves as laborers. Households too were separated; the colonial newspapers contained advertisements of members of families seeking their companions, of sons anxious to reach and relieve their parents, of mothers mourning for their children.

6. The wanderers sighed for their native country: but, to prevent their return, their villages, from Annapolis to the isthmus, were laid waste. Their old homes were but ruins. In the district of Maine, for instance, two hundred and fifty of their houses, and more than as many barns, were consumed. The live stock which belonged to them, consisting of great numbers of horned cattle, hogs, sheep, and horses, were seized as spoils and disposed of by the English officials. A beautiful and fertile tract of country was reduced to a solitude. There was none left round the ashes of the cottages of the Acadians but the faithful watch-dog, vainly seeking the hands that fed him. Thickets of forest-trees choked their orchards: the ocean broke over their neglected dykes, and desolated their meadows.

XXXII.—EVANGELINE.

LONGFELLOW.

The events related in the preceding lesson have been made by Longfellow the subject of the following charming poem.

1. This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

2. This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers,—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?

3. Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!

Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

4. Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest.

* * * * *

XXXIII.—EVANGELINE.—CONTINUED.

1. In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay, in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dykes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates

Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er
the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards
and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away
to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the
mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty
Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their
station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian
village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and
chestnut,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign
of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and
gables projecting
Over the basement below, protected and shaded the
doorway.
There, in the tranquil evenings of summer, when
brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the
chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in
kirtles

Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from

Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

2. Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lives, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed, beneath the brown shade of her tresses!

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

3. Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,
Such as the traveler sees in regions remote by the roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard,
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique plows and the harrows;
There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio,
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the self-same

Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent
Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village.
In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a
staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-
loft.
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and inno-
cent inmates
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant
breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of
mutation.
Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of
Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed
his household.

XXXIII (*a*).—EVANGELINE.—CONTINUED.

* * Young Gabriel only was welcome;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men:
For, since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters
Out of the self-same book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.

There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to
behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a
plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire
of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cin-
ders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering
darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every
cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring
bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in
the ashes,
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into
the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the
eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the
meadow.
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on
the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which
the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight
of its fledglings:

Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for that was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples;
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance.

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XXXIV.—EVANGELINE.—Continued.

1. Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound,
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.

Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun

Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

2. Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
Proud of her snow-white, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the seaside,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,

Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector,
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves howled.
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.

Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard,
Echoed back by the barns. And they sank into stillness;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

3. In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies in the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him

Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

4. Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.
Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.
"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the threshold,

"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;
Never so much thyself art thou as when, through the curling
Smoke of the pipe or the forge, thy friendly and jovial face gleams
Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes."
Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,
Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside:
"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!
Ever in cheerfulest mood art thou, when others are filled with
Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."
Pausing a moment to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,
And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued:

"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors
Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.
What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded
On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate
Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the mean time
Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."
Then made answer the farmer: "Perhaps some friendlier purpose
Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England
By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children."
"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said, warmly, the blacksmith,
Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued:
"Louisburg is not forgotton, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.
Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.

Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds;
Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower."
Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer:
"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,
Safer within these peaceful dykes, besieged by the ocean,
Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow
Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract.
Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village
Strongly have built them and well: and, breaking the glebe round about them,
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth.
René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.
Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?"

XXXV.—EVANGELINE.—CONTINUED.

1. Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.
Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.

He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children,
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
And the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand;
"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."
Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public—
"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;

And what their errand may be I know not better than others.
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?"
"God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith;
"Must we in all things look to the how, and the why, and the wherefore?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!"
But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public—
"Man is unjust, but God is just; but finally justice
Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal."
This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it
When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.
"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,

And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended.
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,

And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

2. Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pré;
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.

Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.
Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful maneuver,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.

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Silently one by one, in the infinite meadow's of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

3. Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the doorstep
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearth-stone,
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.
Up the stair-case moved a luminous space in the darkness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.
Silent she passed the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
Linen and woolen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.

This was the precious dower she would bring to her
husband in marriage,
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill
as a housewife.
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and
radiant moonlight
Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room,
till the heart of the maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides
of the ocean.

XXXVI.—EVANGELINE.—Continued.

1. Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,
Where the ships, with their waving shadows, were riding at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and neighboring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were silenced.

Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant:
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

2. Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,

Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of the fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzy dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!

3. So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum-beat.

Thronged erelong was the church with men. Without, in the church-yard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the head-stones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of the brazen drums from ceiling and casement,—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
Then up rose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,

And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted,—
"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

4. In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence

All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarm, distinctly the clock strikes:
'What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you.
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,

Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'"
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,
While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"
Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar.
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

5. Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing from house to house, the women and children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor and roofed each

Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild-flowers;
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy;
And, at the head of the board, the great arm-chair of the farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended,—
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!
Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

6. Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, till, overcome by emotion,
"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the supper untasted,
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.

Keenly the lightning flashed: and the voice of the echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world He created!
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of Heaven;
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

XXXVII.—EVANGELINE.—CONTINUED.

1. Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm house.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,

While in their hands they clasped some fragments of
playthings.

2. Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried
and there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the
peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the
boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the
village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his
setting,
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from
the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a
sudden the church-doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in
gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian
farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes
and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary
and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants
descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives
and their daughters.

Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,
Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:—
"Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

3. Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,—
Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered,—
"Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another,

Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!"
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father
Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep
Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

4. There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down and the twilight

Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and slippery sea-weed.
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;
Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders;
Lowing they waited, and, at the well-known bars of the farm-yard,—
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid,

Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded,
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.

5. But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,
Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth, in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-shore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,

Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,
But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-light.
"*Benedicite!*" murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.
More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.
Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,
Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above them
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.
Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

6. Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.

Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-tops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flames intermingled.

7. These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!"
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-yards,
Thinking the day had dawned: and anon the lowing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments

Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the
Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the
speed of the whirlwind,
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the
river.
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the
herds and the horses
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly
rushed o'er the meadows.
8. Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the
priest and the maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and
widened before them;
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent
companion,
Lo! from his seat he had fallen. and stretched abroad
on the sea-shore
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had de-
parted.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the
maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her
terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on
his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious
slumber

And when sne woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,
Pallid with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people,—
"Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard."
Such were the words of the priest, And there in haste by the seaside,
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,

Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.
'T was the returning tide, that afar from ths waste of the ocean,
With the first dawn of day, came heaving and hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed ont of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

XXXVIII.—EVANGELINE.—CONTINUED.

1. Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story,
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the northeast

Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas[1],—
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her

Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" they said; "O yes! we have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;
Coureurs-des-Bois[2] are they, and famous hunters and trappers."
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "O yes! we have seen him.
He is a Voyageur[3] in the lowlands of Louisiana."
Then would they say, "Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?
Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others
Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?
Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee
Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!
Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."
Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, "I cannot!
Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand and not elsewhere.

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."
Thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,
Said with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!
Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"
Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.
Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,

But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, "Despair not!"
Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,
Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.
Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps;—
Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence;
But as a traveler follows a streamlet's course through the valley:
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water
Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur;
Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outlet.

[1] SA-VAN'-NA, an extensive open plain; a meadow.
COUREUR-DES-BOIS, ramblers of the woods.

[3] VOYAGEUR, a traveler; the name given to a class of men employed in transporting goods by the rivers and across the land.

XXXIX.—EVANGELINE.—CONTINUED.

1. It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.
It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or hearsay,
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
Night after night, by the blazing fires, encamped on its borders.
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike

Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins and dove-cots.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress

Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness—
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,[2]
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,

Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom
has attained it.
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that
faintly
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through
the moonlight.
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape
of a phantom.
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered
before her,
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer
and nearer.

2. Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose
one of the oarsmen,
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a
blast on his bugle.
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy
the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the
forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred
to the music.
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant
branches:
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the
darkness;

And, when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain
was the silence.
Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed
through the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-
songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,
While through the night were heard the mysterious
sounds of the desert,
Far off,—indistinct,—as of wave or wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the
grim alligator.

3. Thus ere another noon they emerged from the
shades; and before them
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undula-
tions
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty,
the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the
boatmen.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia
blossoms,
And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan
islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming
hedges of roses,

Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,
Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the greensward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travelers slumbered.
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grape-vine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

4. Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,

Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver,
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos,
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows,
All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers,
Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.

After the sound of their oars on the tholes[1] had died in the distance,
As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father Felician!
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.
5. Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?"
Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous fancy!
Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered,—
"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning.
Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions;
Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,

On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.
There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,
There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.
Beautiful is the land, with prairies and forests of fruit-trees;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

6. With these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together,
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.

Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.
Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,

Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through
the green Opelousas,
And, through the amber air, above the crest of the
woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling;—
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing
of cattle.

[1] TEN'-E-BROUS, dark, gloomy.
[2] MI-MO'-SA, the sensitive plant so called from its imitating the sensibility of animal life.
[3] THOLE, a pin inserted into the gunwale of a boat to keep the oar in the row-lock when used in rowing.

XL.—EVANGELINE.—CONTINUED.

1. Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by
oaks, from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe
flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at
Yule-tide,
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman,
—a garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant
blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was
of timbers
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted
together.

Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas

Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-vines.

2. Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero[1]
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.
Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were grazing
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle

Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the garden
Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.
Suddenly down frown his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward
Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;
When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the blacksmith.
Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
There in an arbor of roses with endless question and answer
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.
Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and misgivings
Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,

Broke the silence and said, "if you came by the Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,
"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.
Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe as he said it,—
"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.
Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him

Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.
Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover;
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.
Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning
We will follow him fast and bring him back to his prison."

3. Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.
Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.
Far renowned was he, for his silver locks and his fiddle.
"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"
As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straightway

Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil enraptured,
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.
Much they marveled to see the wealth of the ci-devant blacksmith,
All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor;
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them;
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the breezy veranda,
Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil
Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

* * * *

4. Bright rose the sun next day and all the flowers of the garden

Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.
"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;
"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,
And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was coming."
"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and smiling, with Basil descended
Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.
Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness,
Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,
Blown by the blast of fate, like a dead leaf over the desert.
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,
Found they trace of his course, in lake, or forest, or river,
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country;

Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous landlord,
That on the day before, with horses, and guides, and companions.
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

SOM-BRE'-RO, a hat.

XLI.—EVANGELINE.—CONTINUED.

1. Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee.
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska:
And to the south, from Fontaine-que-bout and the Spanish sierras,

Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck:
Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,
Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders;

Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brookside,
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

2. Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains.
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke at his camp-fire
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at nightfall,
When they had reached the place, they found only embers and ashes.
And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were weary,
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before them.

3. Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches.
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois, had been murdered.
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest welcome
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering fire-light
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their blankets.

XLI (*a*).—EVANGELINE.—CONTINUED.

1. Early upon the morrow the march was resumed; and the Shawnee
Said, as they journeyed along, "On the western slope of these mountains
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus;
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him."
Then with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered,
"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!"
Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountains,
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the banks of a river,
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,

Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape-vines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus[1] and sighs of the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travelers, nearer approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions
But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,
And, with words of kindness, conducted them into his wigwam.

There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-ear
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.
Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:
"Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!"
Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness;
But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snow-flakes
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.
"Far to the north he has gone," continued the priest; "but in autumn,
When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission."
Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive."
"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."

So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,
Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline staid at the Mission,

2. Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other,—
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were springing
Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving above her,
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.

[1] **SU'-SUR-RUS**, a gentle humming sound; a whisper

XLI (*b*).—EVANGELINE.—Continued.

1. "Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith and thy prayer will be answered!
Look at this delicate plant that lifts its head from the meadow,
See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true to the magnet;
This is the compass flower that the finger of God has planted
Here in the household wild, to direct the traveler's journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of nepenthe."

2. So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter yet Gabriel came not;

Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and bluebird
Sounded sweet upon wold[1] and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruins!

3. Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden;—
Now in the tents of Grace of the meek Moravian Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,

Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in dissappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole somethiug from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

[1] WOLD, a plain or lawn.

XLII.—EVANGELINE.—CONTINUED.

1. In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,

Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he
founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem
of beauty,
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of
the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose
haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed,
an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a
country.
There old René Leblanc had died; and when he
departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descend-
ants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of
the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no
longer a stranger;
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of
the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and
and sisters.
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed en-
deavor,

Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned upon her thoughts and her footsteps.
As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.

XLII (*a*).—EVANGELINE.—Continued.

1. Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,

This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had
taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous
spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with
aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to
follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her
Saviour.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy;
frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the
city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from
the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished
neglected.
Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the
watchman repeated
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in
the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her
taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow
through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for
the market,

Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watch

2. Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,

Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,

Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an acorn.

And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,

Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,

So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,

Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.

Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor;

But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger;—

Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,

Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.

Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands;—

Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket

Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord :—"The poor ye always have with you."
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter.

3. Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden;
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.

Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east-wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church.
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;
Something within her said, "At length thy trials are ended";
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.

XLII (*b*).—GLORY OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

LEIBNITZ.

Leibnitz was born in Leipsic in 1646; died in 1716. He was an eminent mathematician and philosopher.

Since the glory of God and the happiness of our fellow-creatures may be promoted by various means, by command or by example, according to the condition and disposition of each, the advantages of that institution are manifest, by which, besides those who are engaged in active and every-day life, there are also found in the Church ascetic and contemplative men, who, abandoning the cares of life, and trampling its pleasures under foot, devote their whole being to the contemplation of the Deity, and the admiration of his works; or who freed from personal concerns, apply themselves exclusively to watch and relieve the necessities of others; some by instructing the ignorant or erring; some by assisting the needy and afflicted.

2. Nor is it the least amongst those marks which commend to us that Church, which alone has preserved the name and the badges of Catholicity, that we see her alone produce and cherish these illustrious examples of the eminent virtues and of the ascetic life.

Wherefore, I confess, that I have ardently admired the religious orders, and the pious confraternities, and the other similar admirable institutions; for they are a sort of celestial soldiery upon earth, provided, corruptions and abuses being removed, they are governed according to the institutes of the founders, and regulated by the supreme Pontiff for the use of the universal Church.

3. For what can be more glorious than to carry the light of truth to distant nations, through seas and fires and swords—to traffic in the salvation of souls alone, —to forego the allurements of pleasure, and even the enjoyment of conversation and of social intercourse, in order to pursue, undisturbed, the contemplation of abstruse truths and divine meditation—to dedicate one's self to the education of youth in science and in virtue, —to assist and console the wretched, the despairing, the lost, the captive, the condemned, the sick—in squalor, in chains, in distant lands,—undeterred even by the fear of pestilence from the lavish exercise of these heavenly offices of charity!

4. The man who knows not, or despises these things, has but a vulgar and plebeian conception of virtue: he foolishly measures the obligations of men towards their God by the perfunctory discharge of ordinary duties, and by that frozen habit of life, devoid of zeal, and even of soul, which prevails commonly among men. For it is not a counsel, as some persuade themselves, but a strict precept, to labor with every power of soul and body, no matter in what condition of life we may be, for the attainment of Christian perfection, with which neither wedlock, nor children, nor public office are incompatible (although they throw difficulties in the way); but it is only a counsel to select that state of life which is more free from earthly obstacles, upon which selection our Lord congratulated Magdalen.

[1] PER-FUNC'-TO-RY, slight, careless; done only for the sake of getting rid of the duty.

To the Religious orders we are indebted f r the preservation of ancient literature, and for the culture and elevation of the Fine Arts, especially Christian Architecture, Music, and Painting.

XLIII.—SETTLEMENT OF MARYLAND.

GRAHAME.

Influenced by a desire to provide an asylum for Catholics, then persecuted in England, Sir George Calvert, a Roman Catholic nobleman, whose title was Lord Baltimore, applied for a charter to establish a colony in America. King Charles readily agreed to make the grant, but before the document received the royal seal, Calvert died. It was then issued to Cecil Calvert, son of Sir George, who by the death of his father, inherited the title of Lord Baltimore. The province was called Maryland, in honor of Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I. The following is extracted from Grahame's "Colonial History of the United States."

1. The first band of emigrants, consisting of about two hundred gentlemen of considerable rank and fortune, professing the Roman Catholic faith, with a number of inferior adherents, in a vessel called *The Ark and the Dove*, sailed from England under the command of Leonard Calvert, in November, 1633; and, after a prosperous voyage, reached the coast of Maryland, near the mouth of the river Potomac, in the beginning of the following year [1634]. The governor, as soon as he landed, erected a cross on the shore, and took possession of the country "for our Saviour and for our sovereign lord the King of England."

2. Aware that the first settlement of Virginia had given umbrage[1] to the Indians by occupying their territory without demanding their permission, he determined to imitate the wiser and juster policy that was pursued by the colonists of New England, and to unite the new with the ancient race of inhabitants by the ties of equity, good-will, and mutual advantage

The Indian chief, to whom he addressed his proposition of occupying a portion of the country, answered at first with a sullen affectation of indifference,--the result most probably of aversion to the measure and of conscious inability to resist it,—that he would not bid the English go, neither would he bid them stay, but that he left them to their own discretion.

3. The liberality and courtesy, however, of the governor's demeanor succeeded at length in conciliating the Indian's regard so powerfully, that he not only established a friendly league between the colonists and his own people, but persuaded the other neighboring tribes to accede to the treaty, and warmly declared, "I love the English so well, that, if they should go about to kill me, if I had so much breath as to ask to speak, I would command my people not to revenge my death; for I know they would not do such a thing, except it were through my own fault."

4. Having purchased the rights of the aborigines at a price which gave them perfect satisfaction, the colonists obtained possession of a large district, including an Indian town, which they forthwith occupied, and distinguished by the name of St. Mary's. It was not till their numbers had undergone a considerable increase that they judged it necessary to frame a code of laws and establish their political constitution. They lived for some time in a social union, resembling the domestic regimen of a patriarchal family; and con-

fined their attention to the providing of food and habitations for themselves and the associates by whom they expected to be reinforced.

5. The lands which were ceded to them yielded a ready increase, because they had already undergone the discipline of Indian villages; and this circumstance, as well as the proximity of Virginia, which now afforded an abundant supply of the necessaries of life, enabled the colonists of Maryland to escape the ravages of that calamity which had afflicted the infancy of, and nearly proved fatal to, the other settlements of the English in America. So luxuriant were their crops, that, within two years after their arrival in the province, they exported ten thousand bushels of Indian corn to New England, for the purchase of salted fish and other provisions.

6. The tidings of their safe and comfortable establishment, conspiring with the uneasiness experienced by the Roman Catholics in England, induced considerable numbers of the professors of this faith to follow the original emigrants to Maryland; and no efforts of wisdom or generosity were spared by Lord Baltimore to promote the population and the happiness of the colony. The transportation of people and of necessary stores and provisions, during the first two years, cost him upward of forty thousand pounds.

7. To every emigrant he assigned fifty acres of land in absolute fee; and with a liberality unparalleled in

that age, he united a general recognition of Christianity as the established faith of the land, with an exclusion of the political predominance or superiority of any one particular sect or denomination of Christians. This wise administration soon converted a desolate wilderness into a flourishing commonwealth,[2] enlivened by industry and adorned by civilization. It is a proof at once of the success of his policy, and of the prosperity and happiness of the colonists, that, a very few years after the first occupation of the province, they granted to their proprietary a large subsidy[3] of tobacco, in grateful acknowledgment of his liberality and beneficence. Similar tributes continued, from time to time, to attest the merit of the proprietary, and the attachment of the people. . . . . .

8. In the Assembly a magnanimous attempt was made to preserve the peace of the colony, by extinguishing within its limits one of the most fertile sources of human strife and animosity. It had been proclaimed from the very beginning by the proprietary that religious toleration should constitute one of the fundamental principles of the social union over which he presided; and the Assembly of the province composed chiefly of Roman Catholics, now proceeded, by a memorable *Act concerning Religion*, to interweave this noble principle into its legislative constitutions (1649).

9. The statute commenced with a preamble, declaring that the enforcement of the conscience had been of

dangerous consequence in those countries wherein it had been practiced; and ordained that, thereafter, no persons professing to believe in Jesus Christ should be molested on account of their faith, or denied the free exercise of their particular modes of worship; that persons molesting any individual, on account of his religious tenets or ecclesiastical[4] practices, should pay treble damages to the party aggrieved, and twenty shillings to the proprietary; that those who should reproach their neighbors with opprobrious[5] names or epithets,[6] inferring religious distinctions, should forfeit ten shilling to the persons so insulted; that any one speaking reproachfully against the blessed Virgin or the apostles should forfeit five pounds; and that blasphemy against God should be punished with death.

10. By the enactment of this statute, the Catholic planters of Maryland procured to their adopted country the distinguished praise of being the first of the American States in which toleration was established by law; and graced their peculiar faith with the signal and unwonted merit of protecting those rights of conscience which no other Christian association in the world was yet sufficiently humane and enlightened to recognize. It is a striking and instructive spectacle to behold at this period the Puritans persecuting their Protestant brethren in New England; the Protestant Episcopalians inflicting similar rigor and injustice on

the Puritans in Virginia; and the Catholics, against whom all the others were combined, forming in Maryland a sanctuary where Christians of every denomination might worship, yet none might oppress, and where even Protestants sought refuge from Protestant intolerance.

[1] UM'-BRAGE, offense.

[2] COM'-MON-WEALTH, the common good or happiness; that form of government best suited to procure the public good.

[3] SUB'-SI-DY, supply given to aid the proprietary, by which name the government of Maryland was formerly known.

[4] EC-CLE-SI'-AS-TI-CAL, pertaining to the Church.

[5] OP-PRO'-BRI-OUS, contemptuous; scurrilous.

[6] EP'-I-THETS, words used in reproach.

XLIV.—THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

NEALE.

1. Oh! the good old times of England, ere in her evil day,
From their Holy Faith, and her ancient rites, her people fell away;
When her gentlemen had hands to give, and her yeomen hearts to feel;
And they raised full many a bead-house, but never a bastile;
And the poor they honored, for they knew that He who for us bled,
Had seldom, when He came on earth, whereon to lay His head;

And by the poor man's dying bed the holy pastor stood,
To fortify the parting soul with that celestial Food.

2. And in the mortal agony the priest ye might behold,
Commending to his Father's hands a sheep of his own fold;
And, when the soul was fled from earth, the Church could do yet more;
For the chanting priests came slow in front, and the Cross went on before,
And o'er the poor man's pall they bade the sacred banner wave,
To teach her sons that Holy Church hath victory o'er the grave;
But times and things are altered now, and Englishmen begin
To class the beggar with the knave, and poverty with sin.

3. We shut them up from tree and flower, and from the blesséd sun;
We tear in twain the hearts that God in wedlock had made one—
The hearts that beat so faithfully, reposing side by side,
For fifty years of weal and woe, from eve till morning-tide;
No gentle nun with her comfort sweet, no friar standeth nigh,

With ghostly strength and holy love, to close the poor man's eye;
But the corpse is thrown into the ground, when the prayers are hurried o'er,
To rest in peace a little while, and then make way for more!

4. We mourn not for abbey lands, e'en pass they as they may!
But we mourn because the tyrant found a richer spoil than they;
He cast away, as a thing defiled, the remembrance of the just,
And the relics of the martyrs he scattered to the dust;
Yet two, at least, in their holy shrines, escaped the spoiler's hand;
And St. Cuthbert and St. Edward might alone redeem a land!
And still our litanies ascend, like incense, as before;
And still we hold the one full faith Nicæa taught of yore.

5. And still our children, duly plunged in the baptismal flood
Of water and the Holy Ghost, are made the Sons of God;
And still our solemn festivals from age to age endure,
And wedded troth[1] remains as firm, and wedded love as pure.

And many an earnest prayer ascends from many a hidden spot;
And England's Church is Catholic, though England's self be not!
England of Saints! the hour is come—for nigher it may be
Than yet I deem, albeit that day I may not live to see,

6. When all thy commerce, all thy arts, and wealth, and power, and fame,
Shall melt away at thy most need, like wax before the flame;
Then shalt thou find thy truest strength, thy martyrs' prayers above:
Then shalt thou find thy truest wealth, their holy deeds of love;
And thy Church, awaking from her sleep, come glorious forth at length,
And in sight of angels and of men, display her hidden strength,
Again shall long processions sweep through Lincoln's Minster pile;
Again shall banner, cross, and cone,[2] gleam through the incensed aisle.

7. And the faithful dead shall claim their part in the Church's thoughtful prayer,
And the daily sacrifice to God be duly offered there;

And tierce, and nones, and matins, shall have each
their holy lay;
And the Angelus at Compline shall sweetly close the
day.
England of Saints, the peace will dawn, but not without
the fight;
So, come the contest, when it may, and God defend the
right!

[1] TROTH, faith; fidelity.
[2] CONE, a spire, or figure, whose top terminates in a point like a sugar-loaf.

XLV.—MARYLAND.

W. G. REED.

1. The land of Mary, so named at the instance of Henrietta Maria, was to receive, in its sheltered seclusion, the suffering brethren in the faith of the youthful queen. But the exactions of the Penal Code so impoverished the Catholics of England and Ireland, from among whom the first emigrants were collected, that it was only at an immense expense, out of his private fortune, which had, as yet, through causes already alluded to, remained intact, that the proprietary was enabled to equip, under the conduct of his brother, who seems to have been eminently fitted for the trust, an expedition of about two hundred gentlemen, including their domestics.

2. With equal piety and taste, he denominates "The

Ark," the stout ship that was to bear this family from the devastation of the ancient world, with the sacred traditions of primeval times, to the green bosom of a new earth. Her light consort is named "The Dove," and the voyagers prepare to leave their home.

3. Their home! What a tale of sorrow is concentrated in that single word! a sensual utilitarianism[1] had not then subdued the best feelings of the heart and philosophized the expatriation of a family, down to the cold calculations of expediency that direct the migration of a commercial firm. The country had trampled and spurned them, but it was reserved for modern times to hear, that "to make us love our country, our country must be lovely." Oh no! such is not the language of truth and nature.

4. We love our country, because it is our country, mauger the malice or misrule of man! God has, for wise purposes, implanted in our bosoms the principle of attachment. We love through the blest necessity of loving, ere we can well distinguish good from evil. Like the climbing plants, our affections must cling to something, and they twine around the objects of our early associations with a tenacity that no violence can ever tear away. They may wither through neglect; they may be blighted by unkindness; but the tender grasp of their first luxuriance only stiffens in death.

5. And the Pilgrims of Maryland, what had they to leave? They were mostly, as I have stated, of the

well-born of the land, honorable through long descent, and the constancy with which themselves had adhered to the faith of their fathers. They and their progenitors had sealed their devotion to it, not always, perhaps, in that physical martyrdom which rouses manhood, which is sustained by the countenance and prayers of admiring and sympathizing friends, or the proud consciousness that its firmness animates some fainting brother; no! like those unheeded and unpitied martyrs, who bleed and burn in the secret cells of the heart, cut off from all earthly sources of sympathy and consolation, they had endured in poverty and distress, in contempt and obscurity; but still they failed not—

> —"Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
> Their constancy they kept, their love, their zeal;
> Nor number nor example with them wrought,
> To swerve from truth, or change their constant mind."

And dear to them was the fair land they were to leave, with its hallowed associations, its old family recollections, its memorials of the friendship strong as death, that had suffered with them, often in spite of temptation or prejudice.

6. Above all, it was England with her white cliffs, her verdant meads, her "mossed trees that had outlived the eagle;" her ocean breezes, vocal with the language of Chaucer and Spenser, of Dryden and Shakespeare, and "all-accomplished Surrey;" the "royal throne of Alfred," and the sainted Edward; the nursing land of chivalry; of a third Edward

of a Black Prince, of the men of Crecy, Poictiers, and Agincourt, the Nevilles, the Chandos, the Staffords, the Cliffords, the Spencers, the Talbots—the men who sought the shock of nations as they did the fierce pastime of the tourney—who bowed in confession, and knelt at Mass, and received their incarnate God, sheathed in the armor that might coffin their corpses ere the sun went down; England, rich in monuments of the free jurisprudence of her early Catholic times—the work of her Bractons, her Britons, her Fortescues; rich in the monuments of her old Catholic charity—her churches, before which modern imitation sits down abashed and despairing; her cities of colleges, whose scholars once were armies; richer in the virtue of her saints, her Beckets, her Mores, her Fishers, and the countless array whose names, though unhonored on earth, are registered in the Book of Life, and whose blood pleads louder to heaven than the prayers of her Sibthorpes and her Spencers, for the return to Christian unity of the beautiful land it has made holy!

[1] UTIL-I-TA'-RI-AN-ISM, the doctrine that every thing is right which appears to be useful, irrespective of the teachings the Church.

XLVI.—THE FEMALE MARTYR.

WHITTIER.

Mary Gibson, aged eighteen, a "Sister of Charity," died in one of our Atlantic cities during the prevalence of the Asiatic cholera, while in voluntary attendance on the sick.

1. For thou wast one in whom the light
Of Heaven's own love was kindled well,
Enduring with a martyr's might,
Through every day and wakeful night,
Far more than words may tell:
Gentle, and meek, and lowly, and unknown—
Thy mercies measured by thy God alone!

2. Where many hearts were failing,—where
The throngful street grew foul with death,
O, high-souled martyr!—thou wast there
Inhaling from the loathsome air
Poison with every breath,
Yet shrinking not from offices of dread
For the wrung dying, and the unconscious dead.

3. And, where the sickly taper shed
Its light through vapors, damp, confined,
A new Electra by the bed
Of suffering human-kind!
Pointing the spirit, in its dark dismay,
To that pure hope which fadeth not away.

4. Innocent teacher of the high
And holy mysteries of Heaven!

In mute and awful sympathy,
As thy low prayers were given;
And the o'erhovering Spoiler wore, the while
An angel's features—a deliverer's smile!

5. A blessed task! and worthy one
Who turning from the world, as thou,
Before life's pathway had begun
To leave its spring-time flower and sun,
Had sealed her early vow;
Giving to God her beauty and her youth,
Her pure affections and her guileless truth.

6. Earth may not claim thee. Nothing here
Could be for thee a meet reward;
Thine is a treasure far more dear—
Eye hath not seen it, nor the ear
Of living mortal heard,—
The joys prepared—the promised bliss above—
The holy presence of Eternal Love!

7. Sleep on in peace. The earth has not
A nobler name than thine shall be.
The deeds by martial manhood wrought,
The lofty energies of thought,
The fire of poesy—
These have but frail and fading honors;—thine
Shall Time unto Eternity consign.

8. Yea, and when thrones shall crumble down,
And human pride and grandeur fall,—
The herald's line of long renown
The miter and the kingly crown—
Perishing glories all!
The pure devotion of thy generous heart
Shall live in Heaven, of which it was a part.

XLVII.—MOUNTAINS.

WILLIAM HOWIT.

1. Thanks be to God for mountains! The variety which they impart to the glorious bosom of our planet were no small advantage; the beauty which they spread out to our vision in their woods and waters; their crags and slopes, their clouds and atmospheric hues, were a splended gift; the sublimity which they pour into our deepest souls from their majestic aspects; the poetry which breathes from their streams, and dells, and airy hights, from the sweet abodes, the garbs and manners of their inhabitants, the songs and legends which have awoke in them, were a proud heritage to imaginative minds; but what are all these when the thought comes, that without mountains the spirit of man must have bowed to the brutal and the base, and probably have sunk to the monotonous level of the unvaried plain?

2. When I turn my eyes upon the map of the world,

and behold how wonderfully the countries where our faith was nurtured, where our liberties were generated, where our philosophy and literature, the fountains of our intellectual grace and beauty, sprang up, were as distinctly walled out by God's hand with mountain ramparts, from the eruptions and interuptions of barbarism, as if at the especial prayer of the early fathers of man's destinies, I am lost in an exalting admiration.

3. Look at the bold barriers of Palestine! see how the infant liberties of Greece were sheltered from the vast tribes of the uncivilized north by the hights of Hæmus and Rhodope! behold how the Alps describe their magnificent crescent, inclining their opposite extremities to the Adriatic and Tyrrhine Seas, locking up Italy from the Gallic and Teutonian hordes till the power and spirit of Rome had reached their maturity, and she had opened the wide forest of Europe to the light, spread far her laws and language, and planted the seeds of many mighty nations!

4. Thanks to God for mountains! Their colossal firmness seems almost to break the current of time itself; the geologist in them searches for traces of the earlier world; and it is there, too, that man, resisting the revolutions of lower regions, retains through innumerable years, his habits and his rights. While a multitude of changes have remolded the people of Europe; while languages, and laws, and dynasties, and creeds, have passed over it like shadows over the land-

scape, the children of the Celt and the Goth, who had fled to the mountains a thousand years ago, are found there now, and show us in face and figure, in language and garb, what their fathers were; show us a fine contrast with the modern tribes dwelling below and around them; and show us, moreover, how adverse is the spirit of the mountain to mutability, and that there the fiery heart of freedom is found for ever.

XLVIII.—IRELAND.

C. E. LESTER.

Ireland still has an existence as a nation. She has her universities and her literature. She is still the "Emerald Isle of the Ocean." An air of romance and chivalry is around her. The traditionary tales that live in her literature invest her history with heroic beauty. But she has no need of these. Real heroes, the O'Neils, the O'Briens, and the Emmets, will be remembered as long as self-denying patriotism and unconquerable valor are honored among men.

2. In every department of literature she will take her place. Where is the wreath her shamrock does not adorn? Where the muse that has not visited her hills? Her harp has ever kindled the soul of the warrior and soothed the sorrows of the broken-hearted. It has sounded every strain that can move the human heart to greatness or to love. Whatever vices may

stain her people, they are free from the crime of voluntary servitude. The Irishman is the man last to be subdued. Possessing an elasticity of character that will rise under the heaviest oppression, he wants only a favorable opportunity and a single spark to set him in a blaze.

3. The records of religious persecutions in all countries have nothing more hideous to offer to our notice than the Protestant persecutions of the Irish Catholics. On them, all the devices of cruelty were exhausted. Ingenuity was taxed to devise new plans of persecution, till the machinery of penal iniquity might almost be pronounced perfect. The great Irish chieftains and landlords were purposely goaded into rebellion, that they might be branded as traitors and their lands confiscated for the benefit of English adventurers. Such was the course adopted towards Earl Desmond, a powerful chief of Munster; such also was the treatment of O'Neil. When Queen Elizabeth heard of the revolt of the latter, she remarked to her courtiers: "It would be better for her servants, as there would be estates enough for them all."

4. This single expression of Elizabeth reveals the entire policy of the English Government towards Ireland. That injured country was the great repast at which every monarch bade his lords sit down and eat. After they had gorged their fill, the remains were left for those who came after Tranquillity succeeded these

massacres, but it was the tranquillity of the graveyard. The proud and patriotic Irishmen were folded in the sleep of death, and the silence and repose around their lifeless corpses were called *peace.*

> "They made a solitude,
> And called it peace."

5. Often a great chief, possessed of large estates, was purposely driven by the most flagrant injustice and insults into open rebellion, that he might be branded as a traitor, and his rich possessions, by confiscation, revert to the English vampyres that so infested the land. Every cruelty and outrage that can dishonor our nature was perpetrated in these unjust wars by English soldiers. Cities were sacked, villages burned, and the helpless and the young slaughtered by thousands. A record of these scenes of crime and blood we cannot furnish. It is written, however, on every foot of Irish soil, and in the still living memories of many an Irish heart.

XLIX.—THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

GOLDSMITH.

The locality of this poem is supposed to be Lissoy, near Ballymahan, County Longford, Ireland, where the poet's brother Henry had his living. As usual in such cases, the place afterwards became the fashionable resort of poetical pilgrims, and paid the customary penalty of furnishing relics for the curious. The *hawthorn bush* has been converted into snuff-boxes, and now adorns the cabinets of poetical virtuosi. The social and political truths embodied in this beautiful Poem, have been signally vindicated by time, and were never more

applicable than they are to the luxury and extravagance of our own times. In the dedication of "The Deserted Village," Goldsmith says: "In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries, and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages, and all the wisdom of antiquity, in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone."

1. Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;

And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports, like these
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

2. Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green;
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more the grassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries:

Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

3. Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

4. A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man:
For him light Labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
But times are altered: trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldly wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green,—
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

5. Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

6. In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return and die at home at last.

7. O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from cares, that never must be mine!
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!

For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep.
No surly porter stands in guilty state, 105
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way; 110
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

8. Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I past with careless steps and slow, 115
The evening notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school; 120
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail; 125
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread.
But all the blooming flush of life is fled;
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring; 130

She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

L.—THE DESERTED VILLAGE.—Continued.

1. Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year:
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
Unskillful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were
won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe:
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

2. Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

3. Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

4. At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff, remained to pray.

The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile,
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

LI.—THE DESERTED VILLAGE.—Continued.

1. Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze, unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned:

2. Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage, 205
And e'en the story ran—that he could guage:
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around; 210
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.

3. Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high, 215
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired
Where graybeard mirth, and smiling toil, retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round. 220
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place:
The white-washed wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay, 225
A bed by night, a chest of draws by day;

The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay
While broken tea cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

4. Vain, transitory splendors! Could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart:
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and learn to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

5. Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined:

But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,—
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy?

6. Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'T is yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards, even beyond the miser's wish, abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains: this wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss: the man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds,
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth
His seat where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies
For all the luxuries the world supplies:
While thus the land, adorned for pleasure all,
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

7. As some fair female, unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past—for charms are
frail—
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress:
Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed;
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed:
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

LII.—THE DESERTED VILLAGE.—Concluded.

1. Where, then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To escape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.

2. If to the city sped, what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;

To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creatures' wo.
Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies his sickly trade;
Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies:
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest:

* * * *

3. Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!
Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex-world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama * murmurs to their wo.

* The Altama (or Altamaha) is a river in the state of Georgia.

Far different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men, more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

4. Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day
That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep!

The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' wo;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave:
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms:
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear,
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

5. O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own:
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy wo;
Till, sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

6. E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural Virtues leave the land.

Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore and darken all the strand.
Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
And kind connubial Tenderness, are there;
And Piety with wishes placed above,
And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That foundest me poor at first, and keepest me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell; and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possest,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;

That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away ; - - - 416
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky. 417.

LIII.—THE TAKING OF BABYLON BY CYRUS.

HERODOTUS.

1. Assyria possesses a vast number of great cities, whereof the most renowned and the strongest at this time* was Babylon, whither, after the fall of Nineveh, the seat of government had been removed. The following is a description of the place:—The city stands on a broad plain, and is an exact square, a hundred and twenty furlongs in length each way, so that the entire circuit is four hundred and eighty furlongs. While such is its size, in magnificence there is no other city that approaches it. It is surrounded, in the first place, by a broad and deep moat, full of water, behind which rises a wall fifty royal cubits in width, and two hundred in height.†

* During the time of the conquests of Cyrus the Great,—in the latter part of the sixth century, B. C.

† There is some doubt as to the precise length of the royal, as well as the common, cubit. According to the most reliable estimate, the former was about one foot ten and one-half inches ; and, consequently, the walls of Babylon must have been about (three hundred and seventy-five feet high, and nearly ninety-four feet in width. This appears like a very great exaggeration on the part of Herodotus, especially as other ancient writers give the dimensions as only one-fourth as great. If we substitute *hands* for cubits, the statement will

2. And here I may not omit to tell the use to which the mold dug out of the great moat was turned, nor the manner wherein the wall was wrought. As fast as they dug the moat, the soil which they got from the cutting was made into bricks; and when a sufficient number was completed, they baked the bricks in kilns. Then they set to building, and began with bricking the borders of the moat, after which they proceeded to construct the wall itself, using throughout for their cement hot bitumen, and interposing a layer of wattled reeds at every thirtieth course of the bricks. On the top, along the edges of the wall, they constructed buildings of a single chamber facing one another, leaving between them room for a four-horse chariot to turn. In the circuit of the wall are a hundred gates, all of brass, with brazen lintels and side-posts. The bitumen used in the work was brought to Babylon from the Is, a small stream which flows into the Euphrates, at the point where the city of the same name stands, eight days' journey from Babylon. Lumps of bitumen are found in great abundance in this river.

3. The city is divided into two portions by the river which runs through the midst of it. This river is the Euphrates, a broad, deep, swift stream, which rises in Armenia, and empties itself into the Erythræan Sea.

be plausible; and this, probably, is what Herodotus meant, since it has been found that in his description of objects which he had seen he was studiously accurate

The city wall is brought down on both sides to the edge of the stream; thence from the corners of the wall there is carried along each bank of the river a fence of burnt bricks. The houses are mostly three and four stories high; the streets all run in straight lines, not only those parallel to the river, but also the cross-streets which lead down to the water side. At the river end of these cross-streets are low gates in the fence that skirts the stream, which are, like the great gates in the outer wall, of brass, and open on the water.

4. The outer wall is the main defense of the city. There is, however, a second inner wall, of less thickness than the first, but very little inferior to it in strength. The center of each division of the town was occupied by a fortress. In the one stood the palace of the kings, surrounded by a wall of great strength and size; in the other was the sacred precinct of Jupiter Belus, a square inclosure, two furlongs each way, with gates of solid brass, which was also remaining in my time. In the middle of the precinct there was a tower of solid masonry, a furlong in length and breadth, upon which was raised a second tower, and on that a third, and so on up to eight.

5. The ascent to the top is on the outside, by a path which winds round all the towers. When one is about half-way up, one finds a resting place and seats, where persons are wont to sit sometimes on their way to the

summit. On the topmost tower there is a spacious temple, and inside the temple stands a couch of unusual size, richly adorned, with a golden table by its side. There is no statue of any kind set up in the place, nor is the chamber occupied of nights by any one save a single native woman, who as the Chaldeans,* the priests of this god, affirm, is chosen for himself by the Deity out of all the women of the land. . . . .

6. Below, in the same precinct, there is a second temple, in which is a sitting figure of Jupiter, all of gold. Before the figure stands a large golden table, and the throne whereon it sits, and the base on which the throne is placed, are likewise of gold. The Chaldeans told me that all the gold together was eight hundred talents' weight.† Outside the temples are two solid altars, one of solid gold, on which it is only lawful to offer sucklings; the other, a common altar, but of great size, on which the full-grown animals are sacrificed. It is also on the great altar that the Chaldeans burn the frankincence, which is offered to the amount of a thousand talents' weight, every year, at the festival of the god.

7. In the time of Cyrus there was likewise in this

* The Chaldeans were a branch of the race which inhabited Babylonia from the earliest times. With this race originated the art of writing, the building of cities, the institution of religious systems, and the cultivation of science, particularly astronomy.

† The smaller talent, used in weighing gold, was a little more than three-quarters of an ounce. Hence there must have been more than six hundredweight of gold used in these articles.

temple the figure of a man, twelve cubits high, entirely of solid gold. I myself did not see this figure, but I relate what the Chaldeans report concerning it. Darius, the son of Hystaspes, plotted to carry the statue off, but had not the hardihood to lay his hands upon it. Xerxes, however, the son of Darius, killed the priest who forbade him to move the statue, and took it away. Besides the ornaments which I have mentioned there are a large number of private offerings in this holy precinct.

LIV.—THE TAKING OF BABYLON BY CYRUS.—CONTINUED.

1. Many sovereigns have ruled over this city of Babylon and lent their aid to the building of its walls and the adornment of its temples, of whom I shall make mention in my Assyrian history. Among them were two women. Of these the earlier, called Semiramis, held the throne five generations before the later princess. She raised certain embankments well worthy of inspection, in the plain near Babylon, to control the river, which till then used to overflow and flood the whole country round about.

2. The later of the two queens, whose name was Nitocris, a wiser princess than her predecessor, not only left behind her, as memorials of her occupancy of the throne, the works which I shall presently describe, but also, observing the great power and restless enterprise of the Medes, who had taken so large a number

of cities, and among them Nineveh,* and expecting to be attacked in her turn, made all possible exertions to increase the defenses of her empire. And first, whereas the river Euphrates, which traverses the city, ran formerly with a straight course to Babylon, she, by certain excavations, which she made at some distance up the stream, rendered it so winding that it comes three several times in sight of the same village, a village in Assyria, which is called Ardericca; and to this day, they who would go from over sea to Babylon, on descending the river touch three times, and on three different days, at this very place.

3. She also made an embankment along each side of the Euphrates, wonderful both for breadth and height, and dug a basin for a lake a great way above Babylon, close alongside of the stream, which was sunk everywhere to the point where they came to water, and was of such breadth that the whole circuit measured four hundred and twenty furlongs. The soil dug out of this basin was made use of in the embankments along the water-side. When the excavation was finished she had stones brought, and bordered with them the entire margin of the reservoir. These two things were done, the river made to wind, and the lake excavated, that the stream might be slacker by reason

* Nineveh, situated on the Tigris River, was at one time perhaps the most splended city in the world. It was taken and destroyed by the Medes under their king, Cyax'ares (606 B.C). In the time of Herodotus, therefore, it had ceased to exist.

of the number of curves, and the voyage be rendered circuitous; and that at the end of the voyage it might be necessary to skirt the lake and so make a long round. All these works were on that side of Babylon where the passes lay, and the roads into Media were the straitest; and the aim of the queen in making them was to prevent the Medes from holding intercourse with the Babylonians, and so to keep them in ignorance of her affairs. . . . .

4. The expedition of Cyrus was undertaken against the son of this princess, who bore the same name as her father Labynetus, and was King of the Assyrians. The Great King when he goes to the wars, is always supplied with provisions carefully prepared at home, and with cattle of his own. Water too from the river *(ko-as'pees)*, which flows by Susa, is taken with him for his drink, as that is the only water which the kings of Persia taste. Wherever he travels he is attended by a number of four-wheeled cars drawn by mules, in which the Choaspes water, ready boiled for use, and stored in flagons of silver, is moved with him from place to place.

5. Cyrus, on his way to Babylon came to the banks of the Gyndes *(jin-deez')*, a stream which, rising in the Matienian *(ma-she-e'ne-an)* Mountains, runs through the country of the Dardanians, and empties itself into the river Tigris. The Tigris, after receiving the Gyndes, flows on by the city of Opis, and discharges

its waters into the Erythæan Sea. When Cyrus reached this stream, which could only be passed in boats, one of the sacred white horses accompanying his march, full of spirit and high mettle, walked into the water and tried to cross by himself; but the current seized him, swept him along with it, and drowned him in its depths.

6. Cyrus enraged at the insolence of the river, threatened so to break its strength that in future even women should cross it easily without wetting their knees. Accordingly he put off for a time his attack on Babylon, and dividing his army into two parts, he marked out by ropes one hundred and eighty trenches on each side of the Gyndes, leading off from it in all directions, and setting his army to dig, some on one side of the river, some on the other, he accomplished his threat by the aid of so great a number of hands, but not without losing thereby the whole summer season.

7. Having, however, thus wreaked his vengeance on the Gyndes, by dispersing it through three hundred and sixty channels, Cyrus, with the first approach of the ensuing spring, marched forward against Babylon. The Babylonians, encamped without their walls, awaited his coming. A battle was fought at a short distance from the city, in which the Babylonians were defeated by the Persian king; whereupon they withdrew within their defenses. Here they shut themselves

up, and made light of his siege, having laid in a store of provisions for many years in preparation against this attack; for when they saw Cyrus conquering nation after nation, they were convinced that he would never stop, and that their time would come at last.

8. Cyrus was now reduced to great perplexity, as time went on, and he made no progress against the place. In this distress either some one made the suggestion to him, or he bethought himself of a plan which he proceeded to put in execution, He placed a portion of his army at the point where the river enters the city, and another body at the back of the place where it issues forth, with orders to march into the town by the bed of the stream, as soon as the waters became shallow enough. He then himself drew off with the unwarlike portion of his host, and made for the place where Nitocris dug the basin for the river, where he did exactly what she had done formerly; he turned the Euphrates by a canal into a basin, which was then a marsh, on which the river sank to such an extent that the natural bed of the stream became fordable.

9. Hereupon the Persians, who had been left for the purpose at Babylon by the river-side, entered the stream, which had now sunk so as to reach about midway up a man's thigh, and thus got into the town. Had the Babylonians been apprised of what Cyrus

was about, or had they noticed their danger, they would not have allowed the entrance of the Persians within the city, which was what ruined them utterly; but would have made fast all the street-gates which gave upon the river, and mounting upon the walls along both sides of the stream, would so have caught the enemy as it were in a trap. But, as it was, the Persians came upon them by surprise, and so took the city. Owing to the vast size of the place, the inhabitants of the central part (as the residents at Babylon declare), long after the outer portions of the town were taken, knew nothing of what had chanced; but as they were engaged in a festival, continued dancing and reveling until they learned the capture but too certainly.

In the account given in the Book of Daniel of this event, the king is called Belshazzar; and we are told that, neglecting the duty of watching the enemy, he gave himself up to feasting and revelry. The incident which produced so startling an interruption to his festivity, and foretold the doom of the city and the king, is familiar to all. The following lines of Lord Byron afford a poetic description of the event.

LV.—VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

BYRON.

1. The king was on his throne,
   The satraps thronged the hall;
   A thousand bright lamps shone
   O'er that high festival.

A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deemed divine--
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless heathen's wine.

2. In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand
The fingers of a man;—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

3. The monarch saw and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless waxed his look,
And tremulous his voice.
"Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear
Which mar our royal mirth."

4. Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage,
They saw—but knew no more

5 A captive* in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth.
The lamps around were bright
The prophecy in view;
He read it on that night,—
The morrow proved it true.

6. "Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom passed away,
He, in the balance weighed,
Is light and worthless clay.
The shroud his robe of state,
His canopy the stone;
The Mede is at his gate!
The Persian on his throne!"

* Daniel had been taken to Babylon after the capture of Jerusalem by Nebuchodonozer. Like Joseph in earlier times, he gained the favor of the king; and demonstrated his divine endowment by interpreting the dream of Nebuchodonozer. He had been trained in the mysteries of the Chaldeans, and placed at the head of the Magi.

Babylon subsequently revolted, and was again taken by Darius Hystapses, after a siege of two years. The Persian kings afterward made Babylon their place of residence, until the kingdom was overturned by Alexander the Great, who entered the city as a conqueror 331 B. C. The great temple of Belus had been plundered and partly demolished by Xerxes, and Alexander undertook to restore it: but although he kept ten thousand men upon it for two months, he was unable to clear away the rubbish. The Macedonian conqueror died in the palace of Nebuchodonozer. After the foundation of Selucia, on the Tigris River by Selucus, Babylon fell into decay; and now it is difficult even to identify its site.

LVI.—MEMORY AND HOPE.

PAULDING.

1. Hope is the leading-string of youth; memory the staff of age. Yet, for a long time they were at variance, and scarcely ever associated together. Memory was almost always grave, nay, sad and melancholy. She delighted in silence and repose, amid rocks and waterfalls; and whenever she raised her eyes from the ground, it was only to look back over her shoulder. Hope was a smiling, dancing, rosy boy, with sparkling eyes, and it was impossible to look upon him without being inspired by his gay and sprightly buoyancy. Wherever he went, he diffused gladness and joy around him; the eyes of the young sparkled brighter than ever at his approach; old age, as it cast its dim glances at the blue vault of heaven, seemed inspired with new vigor; the flowers looked more gay, the grass more green, the birds sung more cheerily, and all nature seemed to sympathize in his gladness. Memory was of mortal birth, bur Hope partook of immortality.

2. One day they chanced to meet, and Memory reproached Hope with being a deceiver. She charged him with deluding manking with visionary, impracticable schemes, and exciting expectations that led only to disappointment and regret; with being the *ignis fatuus* of youth, and the scourge of old age. But Hope cast back upon her the charge of deceit, and maintained that the pictures of the past were as much ex-

aggerated by Memory, as were the anticipations of Hope. He declared that she looked at objects at a great distance in the past, he in the future, and that this distance magnified every thing, "Let us make the circuit of the world," said he, "and try the experiment." Memory reluctantly consented, and they went their way together.

3. The first person they met was a school-boy, lounging lazily along, and stopping every moment to gaze around, as if unwilling to proceed on his way. By and by, he sat down, and burst into tears. "Whither so *fast*, my good lad?" asked Hope, jeeringly. "I am going to school," replied the lad, "to study, when I would rather, a thousand times, be at play; and sit on a bench with a book in my hand, while I long to be sporting in the fields. But never mind, I shall be a man soon, and then I shall be as free as the air. Saying this, he skipped away merrily in the hope of soon being a man. "It is thus you play upon the inexperience of youth," said Memory, reproachfully.

4. Passing onward, they met a beautiful girl, pacing slowly and with a melancholy air, behind a party of gay young men and maidens, who walked arm in arm with each other, and were flirting and exchanging all those little harmless courtesies which nature prompts on such occasions. They were all gayly dressed in silks and ribbons; but the little girl had on a simple frock, a homely apron, and clumsy, thick-soled shoes

"Why do you not join yonder group," asked Hope "and partake in their gayety, my pretty little girl?" "Alas!" replied she, "they take no notice of me. They call me a child. But I shall soon be a woman, and then I shall be so happy!" Inspired by this hope, she quickened her pace, and soon was seen dancing along merrily with the rest.

5. In this manner they wended their way from nation to nation, and clime to clime, until they had made the circuit of the universe. Wherever they came they found the human race, who, at this time, were all young (it being not many years since the first creation of mankind), repining at the present, and looking forward to a riper age for happiness. All anticipated some future good, and Memory had scarce any thing to do but cast looks of reproach at her young companion.

6. "Let us return home," said she, "to that delightful spot where I first drew my breath. I long to repose among its beautiful bowers; to listen to the brooks that murmured a thousand times more musically; to the birds that sang a thousand times more sweetly; and to the echoes that were softer than any I have since heard. Ah! there is nothing on earth so enchanting as the scenes of my early youth!" Hope indulged himself in a sly, significant smile, and they proceeded on their return home.

7. As they journeyed but slowly, many years elapsed

ere they approached the spot from which they had departed. It so happened one day, that they met an old man, bending under the weight of years, and walking with trembling steps, leaning on his staff. Memory at once recognized him as the youth they had seen going to school, on their first onset in the tour of the world. As they came nearer, the old man reclined on his staff, and looking at Hope, who, being immortal, was still a blithe young boy, sighed, as if his heart was breaking. "What aileth thee, old man?" asked the youth. "What should ail me, but old age? I have outlived my health and strength; I have survived all that was near and dear; I have seen all that I loved, or that loved me, struck down to the earth like dead leaves in autumn; and now I stand like an old tree, withering, alone in the world, without roots, without branches, and without verdure. I have only just enough of sensation to know that I am miserable, and the recollection of the happiness of my youthful days, when, careless and full of blissful anticipations, I was a laughing, merry boy, only adds to the miseries I now endure."

8. "Behold!" said Memory, "the consequence of thy deceptions," and she looked reproachfully at her companion. "Behold!" replied Hope, "the deception practiced by thyself. Thou persuadest him that he was happy in his youth. Dost thou remember the boy we met when we first set out together, who

was weeping on his way to school, and sighed to be a man?" Memory cast down her eyes, and was silent.

9. A little way onward they came to a miserable cottage, at the door of which was an aged woman, meanly clad, and shaking with palsy. She sat all alone, her head resting on her bosom, and as the pair approached, vainly tried to raise it up to look at them. "Good-morrow, old lady, and all happiness to you," cried Hope, gayly, and the old woman thought it was a long time since she had heard such a cheering salutation. "Happiness!" said she, in a voice that quivered with weakness and infirmity. "Happiness! I have not known it since I was a little girl, without care or sorrow. Oh, I remember those days, when I thought of nothing but the present moment, nor cared for the future or the past. When I laughed, and played, and sung, from morning till night, and envied no one, and wished to be no other than I was. But those happy times are passed, never to return. Oh, could I but once more return to the days of my childhood!" The old woman sunk back on her seat, and the tears flowed from her hollow eyes. Memory again reproached her campanion, but he only asked her if she recollected the little girl they had met a long time ago, who was so miserable because she was so young? Memory knew it well enough, and said not another word.

10. They now approached their home, and Memory was on tiptoe with the thought of once more enjoying

the unequaled beauties of those scenes from which she had been so long separated. But, some how or other, it seemed that they were sadly changed. Neither the grass was so green, the flowers so sweet and lovely, nor did the brooks murmur, the echoes answer, nor the birds sing half so enchantingly, as she remembered them in time past. "Alas!" she exclaimed, "how changed is every thing! I alone am the same!" "Every thing is the same, and thou alone art changed," answered Hope. "Thou hast deceived thyself in the past, just as much as I deceive others in the future."

11. "What are you disputing about?" asked an old man, whom they had not observed before, though he was standing close by them. "I have lived almost fourscore and ten years, and my experience may, perhaps, enable me to decide between you." They told him the occasion of their disagreement, and related the history of their journey round the earth. The old man smiled, and for a few moments, sat buried in thought. He then said to them: "I, too, have lived to see all the hopes of my youth turn into shadows, clouds, and darkness, and vanish into nothing. I, too, have survived my fortune, my friends, my children; the hilarity of youth, and the blessing of health." "And dost thou not despair?" said Memory. "No, I have still one hope left me." "And what is that?" "The hope of heaven!"

12. Memory turned towards Hope, threw herself into his arms, which opened to receive her, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed: "Forgive me, I have done thee injustice. Let us never again separate from each other." "With all my heart," said Hope, and they continued forever after to travel together, hand in hand, through the world.

LVII—CHRISTMAS.

LORD JOHN MANNERS.

1. Old Christmas comes about again,
   The blessed day draws near,
   Albeit our faith and love do wax
   More faint and cold each year.

   Oh! but it was a goodly sound,
   In th' unenlightened days,
   To hear our fathers raise their song
   Of simple-hearted praise.

2. Oh! but it was a goodly sight
   The rough-built hall to see,
   Glancing with high-born dames and men,
   And hinds[1] of low degree.

   To Holy Church's dearest sons,
   The humble and the poor,
   To all who came, the seneschal
   Threw open wide the door.

3. With morris-dance, and carol-song,
And quaint old mystery,
Memorials of a holy-day
Were mingled in their glee.

Red berries bright, and holly green,
Proclaimed o'er hall and bower,
That Holy Church ruled all the land
With undisputed power.

4. O'er wrekin[2] wide, from side to side,
From greybeard, maid, and boy,
Loud rang the notes, swift flowed the tide
Of unrestrained joy.

And now, of all our customs rare,
And good old English ways,
This one, of keeping Christmas-time,
Alone has reached our days.

5. Still, though our hearty glee has gone,
Though faith and love be cold,
Still do we welcome Christmas-tide
As fondly as of old.

Still round the old paternal hearth
Do loving faces meet,
And brothers, parted through the year,
Do brothers kindly greet.

6. Oh! may we aye, whate'er betide,
Christian joy and mirth,
Sing welcome to the blessed day
That gave our Saviour birth!

[1] HINDS, domestics; rustics of low degree.
[2] WRE'-KIN, the old Anglo-Saxon for country; a neighborhood.
[3] AYE, always; forever.

LVIII.—THE TRUCE OF GOD.

FREDET.

1. Another excellent institution that owed its existence to the middle ages, and for which humanity was also indebted to the happy influence of religion, was the sacred compact usually termed the *Truce of God.* From the ninth to the eleventh century, the feudal system, however beautiful in many of its principles, had been a constant source of contentions and wars. Each petty chieftain arrogated to himself an almost unlimited use of force and violence to avenge his wrongs, and pursue his rights, whether real or pretended. As, moreover, vassals were obliged to espouse the quarrels of their immediate lords, rapine, bloodshed, and their attendant miseries were to be seen everywhere; nor could the most pacific citizens depend on one moment of perfect security, either for their properties or their lives.

2. Religion, by her divine and universally revered

authority, was alone capable of raising an efficacious barrier against this torrent of evils. Experience having already shown the impossibility of stemming it at once, prudent measures were taken gradually to diminish its violence. Several bishops ordered, under penalty of excommunication, that, every week, during the four days consecrated to the memory of our Saviour's passion, death, burial, and resurrection, viz., from the afternoon of Wednesday till the morning of the following Monday, whatever might be the cause of strife and quarrel, all private hostilities should cease.

3. Shortly after, the same prohibition was extended to the whole time of Advent and Lent, including several weeks both after Christmas and after Easter-Sunday. This beneficial institution, which originated in France towards the year 1040, was adopted in England, Spain, etc., and was confirmed by several popes and councils; nor must it be thought that it remained a dead letter: its success, on the contrary, was so remarkable, that the pious age in which the experiment was made, hesitated not to attribute it to the interposition of Heaven.

4. Thus, by the exertions of ecclesiastical authority, the horrors and calamities of *feudal war* began to be considerably lessened and abridged. *Its ravages* were restrained to three days in the week and to certain seasons of the year; during the intervals of peace, there was leisure for passion to cool, for the mind to

sicken at a languishing warfare, and for social habits to become more and more deeply rooted. A considerable number of days and weeks afforded security to all, and all, being now shielded by the religious sanction of this sacred compact, could travel abroad, or attend to their domestic affairs, without danger of molestation.

5. Such was the splendid victory which the religion of Christ won over the natural fierceness of the ancient tribes of the north; a victory whose completion was also due to her influence, when the Crusades obliged those restless warriors to turn against the invading hordes of the Saracens and Turks, those weapons which they had hitherto used against their fellow-christians.

LIX.—THE FLIGHT OF XERXES.

JEWSBURY.

1. I saw him on the battle-eve,
   When, like a king, he bore him,—
Proud hosts in glittering helm and greave,[1]
   And prouder chiefs before him:
The warrior, and the warrior's deeds—
The morrow, and the morrow's meeds,[2]—
   No daunting thoughts came o'er him;
He looked around him, and his eye
Defiance flashed to earth and sky.

2. He looked on ocean,—its broad breast
  Was covered with his fleet;
On earth—and saw from east to west,
  His bannered millions meet;
While rock, and glen, and cave, and coast,
Shook with the war-cry of that host,
  The thunder of their feet!
He heard the imperial echoes ring,—
He heard,—and felt himself a king.

3. I saw him next alone:—nor camp,
  Nor chief, his steps attended;
Nor banner blazed, nor courser's tramp
  With war-cries proudly blended.
He stood alone, whom fortune high
So lately seeméd to defy;
  He, who with heaven contended,
Fled like a fugitive and slave!
Behind—the foe; before—the wave.

4. He stood;—fleet, army, treasure,—gone,—
  Alone, and in despair!
But wave and wind swept ruthless on,
  For they were monarchs there;
And Xerxes, in a single bark,
Where late his thousand ships were dark,
  Must all their fury dare:
What a revenge—a trophy, this—
For thee, immortal Salamis!

[1] Greaves, armor for the legs.
[2] Meeds, reward, recompense.

LX.—THE AMERICAN PATRIOT'S SONG.

ANONYMOUS.

1. Hark! hear ye the sounds that the winds on their pinions
   Exultingly roll from the shore to the sea,
   With a voice that resounds through her boundless dominions?
   'Tis Columbia calls on her sons to be free!

2. Behold on yon summits, where heaven has throned her,
   How she starts from her proud inaccessible seat,
   With nature's impregnable ramparts around her,
   And the cataract's thunder and foam at her feet!

3. In the breeze of her mountains her loose locks are shaken,
   While the soul-stirring notes of her warrior-song
   From the rock to the valley re-echo, "Awaken,
   "Awaken ye hearts that have slumbered too long!"

4. Yes, despots! too long did your tyranny held us,
   In a vassalage vile, ere its weakness was known;
   Till we learned that the links of the chain that controlled us
   Were forged by the fears of its captives alone.

5. That spell is destroyed, and no longer availing,
   Despised as detested—pause well ere ye dare
   To cope with a people whose spirit and feeling
   Are roused by remembrance and steeled by despair.

6. Go tame the wild torrent, or stem with a straw
The proud surges that sweep o'er the strand that confines them;
But presume not again to give freemen a law,
Nor think with the chains they have broken to bind them.

7. To hearts that the spirit of liberty flushes,
Resistance is idle,—and numbers a dream;—
They burst from control, as the mountain-stream rushes
From its fetters of ice, in the warmth of the beam.

LXI.—OUR SAVIOUR.

LACORDAIRE.

1. I am wrong, gentlemen; there is a Man whose tomb is guarded by love, there is a Man whose sepulcher is not only glorious, as a prophet declared, but whose sepulcher is loved. There is a Man whose ashes, after eighteen centuries, have not grown cold; who daily lives again in the thoughts of an innumerable multitude of men; who is visited in His cradle by shepherds and by kings, who vie with each other in bringing to Him gold and frankincense and myrrh. There is a Man whose steps are unweariedly retrodden by a large portion of mankind, and who, although no longer present, is followed by that throng in all the scenes of His bygone pilgrimage, upon the knees of His mother,

by the borders of the lakes, to the tops of the mountains, in the by-ways of the valleys, under the shade of the olive-trees, in the still solitude of the deserts. There is a Man, dead and buried, whose sleep and whose awaking have ever eager watchers, whose every word still vibrates and produces more than love, produces virtues fructifying in love. There is a Man, who eighteen centuries ago was nailed to the gibbet, and whom millions of adorers daily detach from this throne of His suffering, and kneeling before Him, prostrating themselves as low as they can without shame, there, upon the earth, they kiss His bleeding feet with unspeakable ardor. There is a Man who was scourged, killed, crucified, whom an ineffable passion raises from death and infamy, and exalts to the glory of love unfailing which finds in Him peace, honor, joy, and even ecstacy. There is a Man pursued in His sufferings and in His tomb by undying hatred, and who, demanding apostles and martyrs from all posterity, finds apostles and martyrs in all generations. There is a Man, in fine, and one only, who has founded His love upon earth, and that Man is Thyself, O Jesus! who hast been pleased to baptize me, to anoint me, to consecrate me in thy love, and whose name alone now opens my very heart, and draws from it those accents which overpower me and raise me above myself.

2. But among great men who are loved? Among warriors? Is it Alexander? Cæsar? Charlemagne?

Among sages? Aristotle? or Plato? Who is loved among great men? Who? Name me even one; name me a single man who has died and left love upon his tomb. Mahomet is venerated by Mussulmen; he is not loved. No feeling of love has ever touched the heart of a Mussulman repeating his maxim: "God is God, and Mahomet is his prophet." One man alone has gathered from all ages a love which never fails; Jesus Christ is the sovereign lord of hearts as He is of minds, and by a grace confirmatory of that which belongs only to Him, He has given to His saints also the privilege of producing in men a pious and faithful remembrance.

3. Yet even this is not all; the kingdom of souls is not yet established. Jesus Christ, being God, should not be satisfied with steadfast faith and immortal love, He must exact adoration. Adoration is the annihilation of one's self before a superior being, and this sentiment gentlemen, is not a stranger to us. It lies, like all others, in the very depth of our nature, and plays a more important part there than you are perhaps aware of. Let us not disguise this truth from ourselves; all of us, more or less, desire to be adored. It is this innate thirst for adoration which has produced every tyranny.

4. You sometimes wonder that a prince should weave together numberless intrigues in order to emancipate himself from human and divine laws; that he

should add violence to cunning, shed streams of blood and march onward to the execration of mankind; you ask yourselves why he does this. Ah! gentlemen, for the very natural object of being adored, of seeing every thought subject to his own, every will in conformity to his will, every right, every duty, emanating from him, and even the bodies of men bent like slaves before his mortal body. Such is the depth of our heart, as was Satan's. But by a counterpoise due to that frightful malady of pride, we can only desire adoration for ourselves by abhorring the adoration of others. Thence springs the execration that follows despotism. Mankind, abased by a power despising all law, concentrates its secret indignation within itself, awaits the inevitable day of the despot's weakness, and, when that day comes, it turns upon and tramples under foot the vile creature who had disdained it even to demanding incense from it.

5. A great orator once said to a celebrated tribune: "There is but one step from the Capital to the Tarpeian rock." I shall say with as much truth, although in less grand expression: There is but one step from the altar to the common sewer. Whosoever has been adored will sooner or later be hurled by the hand of the people from the lofty summit of divine majesty usurped, to the execration of eternal opprobrium. Such do we find history—that power charged with the pro

mulgation of the judgments of God upon the pride of man.

6. In spite of history, however, Jesus Christ is adored. A Man, mortal and dead, He has obtained adoration which still endures, and of which the world offers no other example. What emperor has held his temples and his statues? What has become of all that population of gods created by adulation? Their dust even no longer exists, and the surviving remembrance of them serves but to excite our wonder at the extravagance of men and the justice of God. Jesus Christ alone remains standing upon His altars, not in a corner of the world, but over the whole earth, and among nations celebrated by the cultivation of the mind. The greatest monuments of art shelter His sacred images, the most magnificent ceremonies assemble the people under the influence of His name; poetry, music, painting, sculpture, exhaust their resources to proclaim His glory and to offer Him incense worthy of the adoration which ages have consecrated to Him. And yet, upon what throne do they adore Him? Upon a Cross! Upon a Cross? They adore Him under the mean appearance of bread and wine! Here, thought becomes altogether confounded. It would seem that this man has taken delight in abusing His strange power, and in insulting mankind by prostrating them in wonder before the most vain shadows. Having by His crucifixion descended lower than death, He made even igno-

miny the throne of His divinity; and, not satisfied with this triumph, He willed that we should acknowledge His supreme essence and His eternal life by an adoration which is a startling contradiction to our senses Can such success in such daring be in any way understood?

7. It is true many have endeavored to overthrow His altars; but their powerlessness has but served to confirm His glory. At each outrage, He has seemed to grow greater; genius has protected Him against genius, science against science, empire against empire; whatever arms have been uplifted against Him He has made His own; and, when apparently vanquished, the world has still beheld Him calm, serene, master, adored!

LXII.—THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR.

DOMMET.

1. It was the calm and silent night!—
   Seven hundred years and fifty-three
   Had Rome been growing up to might,
   And now was queen of land and sea!
   No sound was heard of clashing wars,
   Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
   Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars
   Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
   In the solemn midnight,
   Centuries ago!

2. 'Twas in the calm and silent night!
The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home.
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked[1] the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

3. Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable door
Across his path. He paused, for naught
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars, his only thought;
The air how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

4. O, strange indifference!—low and high,
Drowsed[2] over common joys and cares
The earth was still, but knew not why;
The world was listening—unawares!
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment none would heed,

Man's doom was linked, no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

5. It is the calm and solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness, charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no shame had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

[1] RECK'-ED, heeded; regarded. | [2] DROWS'-ED, supine; dull.

LXIII.—DEATH OF ST. THOMAS À BECKET, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

LINGARD.

[Thomas à Becket was appointed chancellor shortly after the accession of Henry II., by whom he was treated with the most unbounded confidence and favor. The pomp of his retinue, the sumptuousness of his furniture and apparel, and the luxury of his table, were scarcely surpassed by those of the king himself; and he exercised very great influence in all affairs of state. Being made archbishop of Canterbury, he changed his whole course of life, and became as distinguished in austerity and piety as he had been previously for his luxury and splendor. The king desiring to bring the Church into a greater subservience to the royal power, was vigorously opposed by the archbishop who determined to defend to the last the privileges of the Church. The king, however, succeeded in carrying his measures

for a time, and Becket fled to France. The remainder of his history is told in the following narrative, taken from the "History of England," by Dr. Lingard.

1. Becket, after an absence of six years, returned to England, accompanied by John, Bishop of Oxford. He carried with him letters of excommunication against three prelates, for having officiated at the coronation of the son of Henry, and otherwise abetting the king. These prelates sent soldiers to seize the letters; but Becket, hearing of their intention, gave them to a messenger, who handed them publicly to the bishops, at which circumstance they were so indignant, that they went to Henry, in France, and endeavored as much as possible to rekindle discord between him and Becket.

2. Under the protection of his conductor, the primate reached Canterbury, where he was joyfully received by the clergy and people. Thence he prepared to visit Woodstock, the residence of the young Henry, to pay his respects to the prince, and to justify his late conduct; but the courtiers, who dreaded his influence over the mind of his former pupil, procured a peremptory order for him to return, and confine himself to his own diocese. He obeyed, and spent the following days in prayer and the functions of his station.

3. Yet they were days of distress and anxiety. The menaces of his enemies seemed to derive importance from each succeeding event. His provisions were

hourly intercepted; his property was plundered; his servants were beaten and insulted. On Christmas-day he ascended the pulpit; his sermon was distinguished by the earnestness and animation with which he spoke. At the conclusion, he observed that those who thirsted for his blood would soon be satisfied, but that he would first avenge the wrongs of his church by excommunicating Ranulph and Robert de Broc, who for seven years had not ceased to inflict every injury in their power on him, on his clergy, and on his monks.

4. On the following Tuesday, four knights, Reginald Fitzurse, William Tracy, Hugh de Moreville, and Richard Brito, arrived secretly in the neighborhood. They had been present in Normandy, when the king, irritated by the representations of the three bishops, had exclaimed, "Of the cowards who eat my bread, is there not one who will free me from this turbulent priest?" and mistaking this passionate expression for the royal license, had bound themselves by oath to return to England, and either carry off or murder the primate. They assembled at Saltwood, the residence of the Brocs, to arrange their operations.

5. The next day, after dinner, when the archbishop was transacting business in a private apartment, it was announced that four knights wished to speak with him from the king. He ordered them to be admitted, and at the same time sent for the principal persons in his household to be present. The knights entered very

unceremoniously, and seated themselves apart on the floor. Becket, who pretended at first not to notice their entrance, casting his eyes upon them, saw that three of the four were well known to him, having been formerly in his service and done homage to him.

6. He saluted them, but the salute was returned with insult. They ordered him, as if they had such a commission from the king, to absolve the excommunicated prelates, and to make satisfaction to the young Henry, whom he had traitorously attempted to deprive of the crown. He replied with firmness, and occasionally with warmth, that if he had published the papal letters, it had been with the permission of his sovereign; that the case of the Archbishop of York had been reserved to the pontiff; that with respect to the other bishops, he was willing to absolve them, whenever they should take the accustomed oath of submission to the determination of the Church; and that, so far from wishing to take the crown from his former pupil, the young king, he called God to witness that he would, if it were in his power, heap additional crowns upon his head.

7. They then declared that if such were his resolve, he must quit England forever. Neither he nor his could have peace in the king's dominions. "No," exclaimed the archbishop; "never again shall the sea lie between me and my Church. Here I am. If I am permitted to perform my duties, it is well; if not,

I submit to the will of God. But how comes it that you, knowing what was heretofore between us, dare to threaten me in my own house?" "We shall do more than threaten," was the reply. Fitzurse then called upon the archbishop's men to give him back their homage; and ordered all present, in the king's name, to keep watch over him, that he did not escape. "Have no fear of that," he exclaimed, following them to the door; "come when you may, you will find me here."

The knights withdrew to a large house immediately opposite, where they armed themselves and their followers; and, to prevent a rescue, sent an order, in the king's name, to the mayor and his brethren, to preserve the peace in the city. At the departure of the knights, the archbishop returned to his seat, apparently cool and collected. Neither in tone nor gesture did he betray the slightest apprehension, though consternation and despair were depicted on every countenance around him.

9. It was the hour of evening service, and at the sound of the psalmody in the choir, a voice exclaimed, "To the church—it will afford protection." But Becket had said that he would wait them there, and refused to remove from the place. Word was now brought that the knights had forced their way through the garden, and made an entrance by the windows. A few moments later they were heard, at no great

distance, breaking down with axes a strong partition of oak, which impeded their progress. In a paroxysm of terror, the archbishop's attendants closed around him, and notwithstanding his resistance, bore him with pious violence through the cloister into the church. The door was immediately closed and barred against the assassins, who were already in sight.

10. Becket walked leisurely along the transept, and was ascending the steps which led to his favorite altar, when he heard the cries of the knights, demanding admission at the door. Without hesitation, he ordered it to be thrown open, saying that the house of God should not be made a military fortress. Immediately his attendants, monks, and clergy, dispersed to conceal themselves, some behind the columns, others under the altars. Had he followed their example, he might have saved his life; for it was growing dark, and both the crypts and the staircase before him, which led to the roof, offered places of concealment. But he turned to meet his enemies; and stationing himself, with his back against a column, between the altars of St. Mary and St. Bennet, waited their approach.

11. The four knights and their twelve companions rushed into the church, with drawn swords and loud cries. "To me, ye king's men," shouted their leader. "Where is the traitor?" exclaimed Hugh of Horsey, a military sub-deacon, known by the characteristic surname of Manclerc. No answer was returned; but to

the question, 'Where is the archbishop?' Becket replied, "Here I am, the archbishop, but no traitor. What is your will?" They turned to him and insisted that he should immediately absolve all whom he had placed under ecclesiastical censures; to which he replied that, until they had promised satisfaction, he could not. "Then die," exclaimed a voice. "I am ready," returned the prelate, "to die for the cause of God and the Church. But I forbid you, in the name of the Almighty God, to touch any one of my household, clerk or layman."

12. There seems to have been some hesitation on the part of the murderers. They would rather have shed his blood without the Church than within its walls. An attempt was made by some of them to drag him away; but he resisted it with success, through the aid of a clergyman called Edward Grim, who threw his arms round the archbishop's waist. "Reginald," said Becket to Fitzurse, "how dare you do this? Remember, that you have been my man." "I am now the king's man," replied the assassin, aiming a blow at the primate's head. Grim interposed his arm, which was broken and severed in two; still the sword passed through Becket's cap and wounded him on the crown.

13. As he felt the blood trickling down his cheek, he wiped it away with his sleeve, and having joined his hands and bent his head in the attitude of prayer, said "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." In

this posture, with his face to his murderers, and without shrinking or speaking, he awaited a second stroke, which threw him on his knees and elbows. The third stroke was given by Richard Brito, with such violence that he cut off the upper part of the archbishop's head and broke his own sword on the pavement. The murderers were retiring, when Hugh of Horsey, turning back, set his foot on the neck of the corpse, and drawing the brain out of the skull with the point of his sword, scattered it around. "Fear not," he said, "the man will never rise again." They returned to the palace, which they rifled, taking away with them spoil, as it was estimated, to the value of two thousand marks.

14. Thus at the age of fifty-three, perished this extraordinary man, a martyr to what he deemed his duty —the preservation of the immunities of the Church. The moment of his death was the triumph of his cause. His personal virtues and exalted station, the dignity and composure with which he met his fate, the sacredness of the place where the murder was perpetrated—all contributed to inspire men with horror for his enemies and veneration for his character.

LXIV.—MONK FELIX.

LONGFELLOW.

1. One morning all alone,
Out of his convent of gray stone,
Into the forest older, darker, grayer,
His lips moving as if in prayer,
His head sunken upon his breast
As in a dream of rest,
Walked the Monk Felix. All about
The broad, sweet sunshine lay without
Filling the summer air;
And within the woodlands as he trod,
The twilight was like the truce of God,
With worldly woe and care.

2 Under him lay the golden moss;
And above him the boughs of the hemlock trees
Waved, and made the sign of the cross,
And whispered their Benedicites;
And from the ground
Rose an odor, sweet and fragrant,
Of the wild-flowers and the vagrant
Vines that wandered,
Seeking the sunshine round and round;
These he heeded not, but pondered
On the volume in his hand,
A volume of St. Augustin,
Wherein he read of the unseen
Splendors of God's great town

In the unknown land,
And, with his eyes cast down,
In humility he said:
"I believe, O God,
What herein I have read,
But, alas! I do not understand!"

3. And lo! he heard
The sudden singing of a bird,
A snow-white bird, that from a cloud
Dropped down,
And among the branches brown
Sat singing
So sweet, and clear, and loud
It seemed a thousand harp-strings ringing.
And the Monk Felix closed his book,
And long, long,
With rapturous look,
He listened to the song,
And hardly breathed or stirred,
Until he saw, as in a vision,
The land of Elysian,
And in the heavenly city heard
Angelic feet
Fall on the golden flagging of the street.
And he would fain have caught the wondrous bird,
But strove in vain;
For it flew away, away,

Far over hill and dell,
And instead of its sweet singing
He heard the convent bell
Suddenly in the silence ringing
For the service of noonday.
And he retraced
His pathway homeward, sadly and in haste.

4 In the convent there was a change!
He looked for each well-known face,
But the faces were new and strange;
New figures sat in the oaken stalls,
New voices chanted in the choir;
Yet the place was the same place,
The same dusty walls
Of old gray stone;
The same cloisters, and belfry, and spire.

5. A stranger and alone
Among that brotherhood
The Monk Felix stood.
"Forty years," said a friar,
"Have I been prior
Of this convent in the wood;
But for that space,
Never have I beheld thy face!"

6. The heart of the Monk Felix fell;
And he answered with submissive tone,
"This morning after the hour of Prime
I left my cell,

And wandered forth alone,
Listening all the time
To the melodious singing
Of a beautiful white bird,
Until I heard
The bells of the convent ringing
Noon from their noisy towers.
It was as if I dreamed;
For what to me had seemed
Moments only, had been hours!"

7. "Years!" said a voice close by.
It was an aged monk who spoke,
From a bench of oak
Fastened against the wall;
He was the oldest monk of all.
For a whole century
Had he been there,
Serving God in prayer,
The meekest and humblest of his creatures.
He remembered well the features
Of Felix, and he said,
Speaking distinct and slow
"One hundred years ago,
When I was a novice in this place,
There was here a monk full of God's grace,
Who bore the name
Of Felix, and this man must be the same."

8. And straightway
They brought forth to the light of day
A volume old and brown,
A huge tome, bound
In brass and wild boar's hide,
Wherein was written down
The names of all who had died
In the convent since it was edified.
And there they found,
Just as the old monk said,
That on a certain day and date,
One hundred years before,
Had gone forth from the convent gate
The Monk Felix, and never more
Had entered that sacred door.
He had been counted among the dead!
And they knew, at last,
That such had been the power
Of that celestial and immortal song,
A hundred years had passed,
And had not seemed so long as a single hour!

LXIV.—THE FIRST CRUSADE.

CONDENSED FROM MICHELET.

1. A Picard, usually called Peter the Hermit, is said to have powerfully contributed, by his eloquence, to the great popular movement. On his return from a pil-

grimage to Jerusalem, he persuaded the Pope, Urban II., to preach the crusade, first at Placenza, then at Clermont (A. D. 1095). In Italy the call was unheeded, in France every one rushed to arms. At the council of Clermont, four hundred bishops or mitered abbots were present; it was the triumph of the Church and the people; and the condemnation of the greatest names on the earth, those of the emperor and the king of France, no less than the Turks; and of the dispute as well, concerning the right of investiture, which had got mixed up with the question of advance on Jerusalem. All mounted the red cross on their shoulders. Red stuffs and vestments of every kind were torn in pieces, yet were insufficient for the purpose.

2. An extraordinary spectacle was then presented: the world seemed upside down. Men suddenly conceived a disgust for all they had before prized; and hastened to quit their proud castles, their wives, and children. There was no need of preaching; they preached to each other, says a cotemporary, both by word and example. "Thus," he proceeds to say, "was fulfilled the saying of Solomon—'The locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands.' These locusts had not soared on deeds of goodness so long as they remained stiffened and frozen in their iniquity, but no sooner were they warmed by the rays of the sun of justice, than they rose and took their flight."

3. "They had no king. Each believing soul chose

God alone for his guide, his chief, his companion in arms. Though the French alone had heard the preaching of the crusade, what Christian people did not supply soldiers as well? You might have seen the Scotch covered with a shaggy cloak, hasten from the heart of their marshes. I take God to witness, that there landed in our ports barbarians from nations I wist not of: no one understood their tongue, but placing their fingers in the form of a cross, they made a sign that they desired to proceed to the defense of the Christian faith.

4. There were some who at first had no desire to set out, and who laughed at those who parted with their property, foretelling them a miserable voyage and a more miserable return. The next day these very mockers, by some sudden impulse, gave all they had for money, and set out with those whom they had just laughed at. Who can name the children and aged women who prepared for war; who count the virgins and old men trembling under the weight of years? You would have smiled to see the poor shoeing their oxen like horses, dragging their slender stock of provisions and their little children in carts; and these little ones at each town or castle they came to ask in their simplicity, "Is not that the Jerusalem that we are going to?'" Peter the Hermit marched at their head, barefooted, and girt with a chord? Others followed a brave and poor knight whom they called *Walter the Penniless.*

Among so many thousands of men there were not eight horses. Some Germans followed the example of the French, and set out under the guidance of a countryman of their own, named Gotteschalk. The whole descended the valley of the Danube—the route followed by Attila, the highway of mankind.

5. No king took part in the crusade, but many lords more powerful than kings. Hugh of Vermandois *(-dwah)*, brother of the king of France, and son-in-law of the king of England, wealthy Stephen of Blois *(blwah)*; Robert Curt-Hose, William the Conqueror's son, and the count of Flanders, set out at the same time—all equal, none chief. They did but little honor to the crusade. The fat Robert, the man of all others who lost a kingdom with the best grace, only went to Jerusalem through idleness: Hugh and Stephen returned without reaching it.

6. The voice of the people, which is that of God, has ascribed all the glory of the crusade to Godfrey, son of the Count of Boulogne *(boo-loné)*, margrave of Antwerp, duke of Bouillon and of Lothier, and king of Jerusalem. . . . . While yet a child, he had often said that he would go with an army to Jerusalem; and as soon as the crusade was proclaimed he sold his lands to the Bishop of Liege, and set out for the Holy Land, at the head of an army of ten thousand horsemen and seventy thousand foot, French, Lorrains, and Germans. . . .

7. The crusaders who, in the first transports of enthusiasm into which they had been thrown at the sight of the holy city, had felt assured of taking it by assault, were repulsed by the besieged. They found themselves compelled to resort to the slow process of a siege, and to sit down before the city in this desolate region, alike destitute of trees and of water. It seemed as if the demon had blasted everything with his breath, at the approach of the army of Christ.

8. Sorceresses appeared on the walls, who hurled fatal words at the besiegers, but it was not by words that they were answered; and one of them, in the midst of her conjurations, was struck by a stone launched from the machines of the Christians, which had been made under the direction of the viscount of Bearn, from the trees of the only wood which the neighborhood furnished, and which, by his orders, had been cut down by the Genoese and Gascons. Two movable towers were built, one for the count of St. Gille, and the other for the duke of Lorraine.

9. Daily for eight days, and barefooted, the crusaders had walked in procession round Jerusalem; which done, a general assault was made by the whole army, Godfrey's tower rolled to the walls, and on Friday, the 15th of July, 1099, at three o'clock, on the very day, and at the very hour of the Passion, Godfrey of Bouillon descended from his tower on the walls of Jerusalem. The city was taken and the crusaders

repaired, with tears and groans and beatings of the breast, to worship at the holy tomb. The next question was, who was to be king of the conquest,—who was to have the melancholy honor of defending Jerusalem. . . . . Godfrey resigned himself to the burden, but would not assume the kingly crown in a spot where the Saviour had worn one of thorns. The only title he would accept was that of defender and baron of the holy sepulcher. . . .

10. And what is the effect of the crusade on the Christians as regards each other? Humanity, charity, and equality have been the lessons taught by this fellowship in extremity of peril and of misery. Christendom, momentarily collected under the same banner, has felt a sort of European patriotism. Whatever the temporal views mixed up with their enterprise, the greater number have tasted the sweets of virtue, and at least dreamed of holiness; have striven to rise above themselves, and have become Christians, at least in hate of the infidels.

11. The day on which, without distinction of freemen and of serfs, the powerful among them called their followers, Our Poor,—that day was the era of freedom. Man having been for a moment drawn out of local servitude, and led in full blaze of day through Europe and Asia by the great movement of the crusade, encountered liberty while he sought Jerusalem. The liberating trumpet of the archangel, which the world

fancied it had heard in the year 1000, was sounded a century later by the preaching of the crusade.

12. At the foot of the feudal tower, which oppressed it by its darkening shadow, awoke the village; and that ruthless man who had only stooped down from his vulture's nest to despoil his vassals, armed them himself, led them with him, lived with them, suffered with them: community of suffering touched his heart. More than one serf could say to his superior, "My lord, I found a cup of water for you in the desert—I shielded you with my body at the siege of Antioch or of Jerusalem."

LXVI.—PETER THE HERMIT.

MICHAUD.

1. Peter the Hermit traversed Italy, crossed the Alps, visited all parts of France, and the greatest portion of Europe, inflaming all hearts with the same zeal that consumed his own. He traveled mounted on a mule, with a crucifix in his hand, his feet bare, his head uncovered, his body girded with a thick cord, covered with a long frock, and a hermit's hood of the coarsest stuff. The singularity of his appearance was a spectacle for the people, while the austerity of his manners, his charity, and the moral doctrines that he preached, caused him to be revered as a saint wherever he came.

2. He went from city to city, from province to province, working upon the courage of some, and upon the piety of others; sometimes haranguing from the pulpits of the churches, sometimes preaching in the highroads or public places. His eloquence was animated and impressive, and filled with those vehement apostrophes which produce such effects upon an uncultivated multitude. He described the profanation of the holy places, and the blood of the Christians shed in torrents in the streets of Jerusalem.

3. He invoked by turns, Heaven, the saints, the angels, whom he called upon to bear witness to the truth of what he told them. He apostrophized Mount Sion, the rock of Calvary, and the Mount of Olives, which he made to resound with sobs and groans. When he had exhausted speech in painting the miseries of the faithful, he showed the spectators the crucifix which he carried with him; sometimes striking his breast and wounding his flesh, sometimes shedding torrents of tears.

4. The people followed the steps of Peter in crowds. The preacher of the holy war was received everywhere as a messenger from God. They who could touch his vestments esteemed themselves happy, and a portion of hair pulled from the mule he rode was preserved as a holy relic. At the sound of his voice, differences in families were reconciled, the poor were comforted, the debauched blushed at their errors; nothing was talked

of but the virtues of the eloquent cenobite; his austerities and his miracles were described, and his discourses were repeated to those who had not heard him, and been edified by his presence.

5. He often met, in his journeys, with Christians from the East, who had been banished from their country, and wandered over Europe, subsisting on charity. Peter the Hermit presented them to the people, as living evidences of the barbarity of the infidels; and pointing to the rags with which they were clothed, he burst into torrents of invectives against their oppressors and persecutors.

6. At the sight of these miserable wretches, the faithful felt, by turns, the most lively emotions of pity, and the fury of vengeance; all deploring in their hearts the miseries and the disgrace of Jerusalem. The people raised their voices toward heaven, to entreat God to deign to cast a look of pity upon his beloved city; some offering their riches, others their prayers, but all promising to lay down their lives for the deliverance of the holy places.

LXVII.—THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN, 1800.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

1. On Linden when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

2. But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

3. By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each warrior drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

4. Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steeds to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

5. And redder yet those fires shall glow
On Linden's hills of blood-stained snow;
And darker yet shall be the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

6. 'Tis morn; but scarce yon lurid sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
While furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

7. The combat deepens. On, ye brave
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

8. Ah! few shall part where many meet,
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

LXVIII.—SONG OF THE GREEKS, 1822.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

1. Again to the battle, Achaians!
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance;
Our land—the first garden of Liberty's tree—
It has been, and shall *yet* be, the land of the free,
For the cross of our faith is replanted,
The pale dying crescent is daunted,
And we march that the foot-prints of Mahomet's slaves
May be washed out in blood from our forefather's graves.
Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
And the sword shall to glory restore us.

2. Ah! what though no succor advances,
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
Are stretched in our aid?—Be the combat our own!
And we'll perish or conquer more proudly alone;
For we've sworn by our country's assaulters,
By the virgins they've dragged from our altars,

By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
That, living, we *will* be victorious,
Or that, dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

3. A breath of submission we breathe not,
The sword that we've drawn we will sheathe not;
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
Earth may hide, waves engulf, fire consume us;
But they *shall* not to slavery doom us:
If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves—
But we've smote them already with fire on the *waves*,
And new triumphs on *land* are before us;
To the charge!—Heaven's banner is o'er us.

4. This day—shall ye blush for its story?
Or brighten your lives with its glory?
Our women—O, say, shall they shriek in despair,
Or embrace us from conquest, with wreaths in their hair?
Accursed may his memory blacken,
If a coward there be that would slacken
Till we've trampled the turban, and shown ourselves worth
Being sprung from, and named for, the god-like of earth!
Strike home!—and the world shall revere us
As heroes descended from heroes.

5. Old Greece lightens up with emotion
Her inlands, her isles of the ocean,
Fanes rebuilt, and fair towns, shall with jubilee ring,
And the Nine shall new hallow their Helicon's spring.
Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness,
That were cold, and extinguished in sadness;
Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white waving arms,
Singing joy to the brave that delivered their charms,—
When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens
Shall have crimsoned the beaks of our ravens!

LXIX.—FALL OF WARSAW

THOMAS CAMBELL.

1. O! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased a while,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars
Her whiskered pandoors[1] and her fierce hussars
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged[2] her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

2. Warsaw's last champion from her hights surveyed
Wide o'er the fields a waste of ruin laid—
O Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?

Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live!—with her to die!

3. He said; and on the rampart hights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
Firm paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm:
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,—
"Revenge, or death!" the watchword and reply;
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!

4. In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew;—
O! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;
Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked, as Kosciusko fell?

O righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O vengeance! where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Sion and of God?

5. Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!

Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
O! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot Tell,—the Bruce of Bannockburn!

6. Yes, thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see
That man hath yet a soul,—and dare be free!
A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of Desolation reigns;
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,
And, like Promethus, bring the fire of Heaven!
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurled,
Her name, her nature, withered from the world!

[1] PAN'-DOORS, a name given to a kind of light infantry soldiers in the Austrian service.

[2] TWANG'-ED, sounded with a quick, sharp noise.

LXX.—ST. PETER'S.

EUSTACE.

1. From the bridge and Castle de St. Angelo, a wide street conducts in a direct line to a square, and that square presents at once the court or portico, and part of the Basilica. When the spectator approaches the entrance of this court, he views four rows of lofty pillars sweeping off to the right and left in a bold semicircle.

2. In the center of the area formed by this immense

colonnade, an Egyptian obelisk, of one solid piece o granite, ascends to the hight of one hundred and thirty feet; two perpetual fountains, one on each side, play in the air, and fall in sheets round the basins of porphyry that receive them.

3. Before him, raised on three successive flights of marble steps, extending four hundred feet in length, and towering to the elevation of one hundred and eighty, he beholds the majestic front of the Basilica itself. This front is supported by a single row of Corinthian pillars and pilasters, and adorned with an attic, a balustrade, and thirteen colossal statues.

4. Far behind and above it, rises the matchless Dome, the justly celebrated wonder of Rome and of the world. The colonnade of coupled pillars that surround and strengthen its vast base, the graceful attic that surmounts this colonnade, the bold and expansive swell of the dome itself, and the pyramid seated on a cluster of columns, and bearing the ball and cross to the skies, all perfect in their kind, form the most magnificent and singular exhibition that the human eye perhaps ever contemplated. Two lesser cupolas, one on each side, partake of the state, and add not a little to the majesty of the principal dome.

5. The interior corresponds perfectly with the grandeur of the exterior, and fully answers the expectations, however great, which such an approach must naturally have raised. Five lofty portals open into

the portico or vestibulum, a gallery in dimensions and decorations equal to the most spacious cathedrals.

6. It is four hundred feet in length, seventy in hight, and fifty in breadth, paved with variegated marble, covered with a gilt vault, adorned with pillars, pilasters mosaic, and basso-relievos, and terminated at both ends by equestrian statues, one of Constantine, the other of Charlemagne.

7. A fountain at each extremity supplies a stream sufficient to keep a reservoir always full, in order to carry off every unseemly object, and perpetually refresh and purify the air and the pavement. Opposite the five portals of the vestibule are the five doors of the church; three are adorned with pillars of the finest marble; that in the middle has valves of bronze.

8. As you enter, you behold the most extensive hall ever constructed by human art, expanded in magnificent perspective before you: advancing up the nave, you are delighted with the beauty of the variegated marble under your feet, and with the splendor of the golden vault over your head. The lofty Corinthian pilasters with their bold entablature, the intermediate niches with their statues, the arcades with the graceful figures that recline on the curves of their arches, charm your eye in succession as you pass along.

9. But how great your astonishment when you reach the foot of the altar, and standing in the center of the church contemplate the four superb vistas that open

around you; and then raise your eyes to the dome, at the prodigious elevation of four hundred feet, extended like a firmament over your head, and presenting, in glowing mosaic, the companies of the just, the choirs of celestial spirits, and the whole hierarchy of heaven arrayed in the presence of the Eternal, whose "throne, high raised above all hight," crowns the awful scene.

10. When you have feasted your eye with the grandeur of this unparalleled exhibition in the whole. you will turn to the parts, the ornaments, and the furniture, which you will find perfectly corresponding with the magnificent form of the temple itself. Around the dome rise four other cupolas, small indeed when compared to its stupendous magnitude, but of great boldness when considered separately; six more, three on either side, cover the different divisions of the aisles, and six more of greater dimensions canopy as many chapels, or, to speak more properly, as many churches.

11. All these inferior cupolas are like the grand dome itself, lined with mosaics; many, indeed, of the master-pieces of painting which formerly graced this edifice, have been removed and replaced by mosaics which retain all the tints and beauties of the originals, impressed on a more solid and durable substance. The aisles and altars are adorned with numberless antique pillars, that border the church all around, and form a secondary and subservient order.

12. The variegated walls are, in many places, ornamented with festoons, wreaths, angels, tiaras, crosses, and medallions representing the effigies of different pontiffs. These decorations are of the most beautiful and rarest species of marble, and often of excellent workmanship. Various monuments rise in different parts of the church; but, in their size and accompaniments, so much attention has been paid to general as well as local effect, that they appear rather as parts of the original plan, than posterior additions. Some of these are much admired for their groups and exquisite sculpture, and form very conspicuous features in the ornamental part of this noble temple.

13. The high altar stands under the dome, and thus as it is the most important, so it becomes the most striking object. In order to add to its relief and give it all its majesty, according to the ancient custom still retained in the patriarchal churches at Rome, and in most of the cathedrals in Italy, a lofty canopy rises above it, and forms an intermediate break or repose for the eye between it and the immensity of the dome above.

14. The form, materials, and magnitude of this decoration are equally astonishing. Below the steps of the altar, and of course some distance from it, at the corners, on four masive pedestals, rise four twisted pillars fifty feet in hight, and support an entablature which bears the canopy itself topped with a cross.

The whole soars to the elevation of one hundred and thirty-two feet from the pavement, and, excepting the pedestals, is of Corinthian brass; the most lofty massive work of that, or of any other metal, now known.

15. But this brazen edifice, for so it may be called, notwithstanding its magnitude, is so disposed as not to obstruct the view by concealing the chancel and veiling the *Cathedra* or *Chair* of St. Peter. This ornament is also of bronze, and consists of a group of four gigantic figures, representing the four principal Doctors of the Greek and Latin churches, supporting the patriarchal chair of St. Peter. The chair is a lofty throne, elevated to the hight of seventy feet from the pavement; a circular window tinged with yellow throws from above a mild splendor around it, so that the whole not unfitly represents the pre-eminence of the Apostolic See, and is acknowledged to form a most becoming and majestic termination to the first of Christian temples.

LXXI.—ST. PETER'S CHURCH AT ROME.

BYRON.

1. But lo! the dome!—the vast and wondrous dome,
To which Diana's marvel was a cell—
Christ's mighty shrine, above his martyrs' tomb!
I have beheld the Ephesian miracle—
Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell

The hyæna and jackal in their shade;
I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell
Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have surveyed
Its sanctuary, the while th' usurping Moslem prayed.

2. But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone, with nothing like to thee;
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true,
Since Sion's desolation, when that He
Forsook his former city, what could be
Of earthly structures, in his honor piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty, all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

3. Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not:
And why? It is not lessened; but the mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode, wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow.

4. Thou movest, but increasing with the advance,
Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,
Deceived by his gigantic elegance:
Vastness which grows—but grows to harmonize—

All musical in its immensities;
Rich marbles—richer painting—shrines where flame
The lamps of gold—and haughty dome, which vies
In air, with earth's chief structures, though their frame
Sits on the firm-set ground and this the clouds must claim.

5. Thou seest not all; but piecemeal thou must break
To separate contemplation, the great whole:
And, as the ocean many bays will make,
That ask the eye—so here condense thy soul
To more immediate objects, and control
Thy thoughts, until thy mind hath got by heart,
Its eloquent proportions, and unroll
In mighty graduations, part by part,
The glory which at once upon thee did not dart.

6. Not by its fault—but thine: our outward sense
Is but of gradual grasp—and, as it is,
That what we have of feeling most intense
Outstrips our faint expression; even so this
Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice
Fools our fond gaze, and, greatest of the great,
Defies, at first, our nature's littleness;
Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate
Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

7. Then pause, and be enlightened; there is more
In such a survey than the sating gaze
Of wonder pleased, or awe, which would adore
The worship of the place, or the mere praise
Of art, and its great masters, who could raise
What former time, nor skill, nor thought could plan.
The fountain of sublimity displays
Its depth, and thence may draw the mind of man
Its golden sands, and learn what great conceptions can.

LXXII.—THE PYRAMIDS.

CLARKE.

1. We were roused, as soon as the sun dawned, by Anthony, our faithful Greek servant and interpreter, with the intelligence that the pyramids were in view. We hastened from the cabin; and never will the impression made by their appearance be obliterated. By reflecting the sun's rays, they appear as white as snow, and of such surprising magnitude, that nothing we had previously conceived in our imagination had prepared us for the spectacle we beheld.

2. The sight instantly convinced us, that no power of description, no delineation, can convey ideas adequate to the effect produced in viewing these stupendous mountains. The formality of their construction is lost in their prodigious magnitude; the mind, elevated by wonder, feels at once the force of an

axiom, which, however disputed, experience confirms, that in vastness, whatever be its nature, there dwells sublimity. Another proof of their indescribable power is, that no one ever approached them under other emotions than those of terror, which is another principal source of the sublime.

3. In certain instances of irritable feeling, the impression of awe and fear has been so great as to cause pain rather than pleasure; hence, perhaps, have originated descriptions of the pyramids which represent them as deformed and gloomy masses, without taste or beauty. Persons who have derived no satisfaction from the contemplation of them, may not have been conscious that the uneasiness they experienced was the result of their own sensibility. Others have acknowledged ideas widely different, excited by every wonderful circumstance of character and situation; ideas of duration, almost endless; of power inconceivable; of majesty supreme; of solitude, most awful; of grandeur, and of repose.

* * * *

4. With what amazement did we survey the vast surface that was presented to us when we arrived at this stupendous monument, which seemed to reach the clouds? Here and there appeared some Arab guides upon the immense masses above us, like so many pigmies, waiting to show the way to the summit. Now and then we thought we heard voices and

listened; but it was the wind in powerful gusts sweeping the immense ranges of stone.

5. Already some of our party had begun the ascent. and were pausing at the tremendous depth which they saw below. One of our military companions, after having surmounted the most difficult part of the undertaking, became giddy in consequence of looking down from the elevation he had attained: and being compelled to abandon the project, he hired an Arab to assist him in effecting his descent. The rest of us, more accustomed to the business of climbing hights, with many a halt for respiration, and many an exclamation of wonder, pursued our way toward the summit. The mode of ascent has been frequently described; and yet, from the questions which are often proposed to travelers, it does not appear to be generally understood..

6. The reader may imagine himself to be upon a staircase, every step of which, to a man of middle stature, is nearly breast high; and the breadth of each step is equal to its hight; consequently, the footing is secure; and, although a retrospect, in going up, be sometimes fearful to persons unaccustomed to look down from any considerable elevation, yet there is little danger of falling. In some places, indeed, where the stones are decayed, caution may be required; and an Arab guide is always necessary, to avoid a total in

terruption; but, upon the whole, the means of ascent are such that almost every one may accomplish it.

7. Our progress was impeded by other causes. We carried with us a few instruments, such as our boat-compass, a thermometer, a telescope, etc.; these could not be trusted in the hands of the Arabs, and they were liable to be broken every instant. At length we reached the topmost tier, to the great delight and satisfaction of all the party. Here we found a platform, thirty-two feet square, consisting of nine large stones, each of which might weigh about a ton; although they are much inferior in size to some of the stones used in the construction of this pyramid.

8. Travelers of all ages, and various nations, have here inscribed their names. Some are written in Greek, many in French, a few in Arabic, one or two in English, and others in Latin. We were as desirous as our predecessors to leave a memorial of our arrival; it seemed to be a tribute of thankfulness due for the success of our undertaking; and presently every one of our party was seen busied in adding the inscription of his name.

LXXIII.—THE FOREST.

BRYANT.

1. Father Thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns; Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof; Thou didst look down

Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy breeze.
And shot toward heaven.

2. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches; till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy and tall and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles of human pomp or pride,
Report not.

3. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of Thy fair works; but Thou art here: Thou fill'st
The solitude: Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music: Thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes scarcely felt: the barks, the ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with Thee

4. Here is continual worship; nature, here,
In the tranquillity that Thou dost love,
Enjoys Thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,

Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does.

5. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of Thy perfections; grandeur, strength and grace
Are here to speak of Thee. This mighty oak,
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated,—not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him.

6. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems as it issues from the shapeless mold,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

7. My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me: the perpetual work
Of Thy creation, finished, yet renewed
For ever.

LXXIV.—CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN THE NORTHWEST.

BANCROFT.

George Bancroft was born at Worcester, Massachusetts, October 3, 1800. His History of the United Sates, of which nine volumes have already appeared, is recognized as a work of great fairness, ability and research.

1. Religious zeal not less than commercial ambition had influenced France to recover Canada; and Champlain, its governor, whose imperishable name will rival with posterity the fame of Smith and Hudson, ever disinterested and compassionate, full of honor and probity, of ardent devotion and burning zeal, esteemed "the salvation of a soul worth more than the conquest of an empire."

2. Thus it was neither commercial enterprise nor royal ambition which carried the power of France into the heart of our Continent; the motive was religion. Religious enthusiasm founded Montreal, made a conquest of the wilderness of the upper lakes, and explored the Mississippi. The Roman (Catholic) Church created for Canada its altars, its hospitals, and its seminaries. . . . The first permanent efforts of French enterprise in colonizing America preceded any permanent English settlement on the Potomac.

3. Years before the pilgrims landed in Cape Cod, the Roman (Catholic) Church had been planted, by missionaries from France, in the eastern moiety of Maine; and Le Caron, an unambitious Franciscan, had penetrated the land of the Mohawks, had passed

to the north of the hunting-grounds of the Wyandots, and bound by his vows to the life of a beggar, had, on foot, or paddling a bark canoe, gone onward, and still onward, taking alms of the savages, till he reached the rivers of Lake Huron.

4. While Quebec contained scarcely fifty inhabitants priests of the Franciscan Order--Le Caron, Fiel, Lagard—had labored for years as missionaries in Upper Canada, or made their way to the neutral Huron tribe that dwelt on the waters of the Niagara.

5. To confirm the missions, the first measure was the establishment of a college in New France, and the parents of the Marquis de Gamache, pleased with his pious importunity, assented to his entering the Order of the Jesuits, and added from their ample fortunes the means of endowing a Seminary for education at Quebec. Its foundation was laid, under happy auspices, in 1635, just before Champlain passed from among the living; and two years before the emigration of John Harvard, and one year before the General Court of Massachusetts had made provisions for a College.

6. The fires of charity were at the same time enkindled. The Duchess D'Aguillon, aided by her uncle, the Cardinal Richelieu, endowed a public hospital dedicated to the Son of God, whose blood was shed in mercy for all mankind. Its doors were opened, not only to the sufferers among the emigrants, but to the

maimed, the sick, and the blind, of any of the numerous tribes between the Kennebec and Lake Superior; it relieved misfortune without asking its lineage. From the hospital nuns of Dieppe, three were selected, the youngest but twenty-two, to brave the famine and rigors of Canada in their patient mission of benevolence.

7. The same religious enthusiasm, inspiring Madame de la Peltier, a young and opulent widow of Alençon, with the aid of a nun of Dieppe and two others from Tours, established the Ursuline Convent for girls. . . . . Is it wonderful that the natives were touched by a benevolence which their poverty and squalid misery could not appall? Their education was attempted; and the venerable ash-tree still lives beneath which Mary of the Incarnation, so famed for chastened piety, genius, and good judgment toiled, though in vain, for the education of the Huron children.

8. The life of the missionary on Lake Huron was simple and uniform. The earliest hours, from four to eight, were absorbed in private prayer. The day was given to schools, visits, instructions in the catechism, and a service for proselytes. Sometimes, after the manner of St. Francis Xavier, Brebeuf would walk through the village and its environs ringing a little bell, and inviting the Huron braves and counsellers to a conference. There, under the shady forest, the most

solemn mysteries of the Catholic faith were subject to discussion.

9. Yet the efforts of the Jesuits were not limited to the Huron race. Within thirteen years, the remote wilderness was visited by forty-two missionaries, members of the Society of Jesus, besides eighteen others, who, if not initiated, were yet chosen men, ready to shed their blood for their faith. Twice or thrice a year they all assembled at St. Mary's; during the rest of the time they were scattered through the infidel tribes.

10. The first missionaries among the Hurons—Fathers De Brebeuf, Daniel, and Lallemand—all fell glorious martyrs to their devoted zeal. . . . . Father Reymbault soon after fell a victim to the climate, and died in Quebec (1642). His associate, Father Jogues, who with him had first planted the cross in Michigan, was reserved for a still more disastrous, though glorious, fate. He was taken prisoner by the fierce Mohawks, and was made to run the gauntlet at three different Mohawk villages.

11. For days and nights he was abandoned to hunger and every torment which petulant youth could contrive. But yet there was consolation;—an ear of Indian corn on the stalk was thrown to the good Father; and see, to the broad blade there clung little drops of dew, or of water—enough to baptize two captive neophytes. He had expected death; but the

Mohawks, satisfied, perhaps, with his sufferings, or awed at his sanctity, spared his life, and his liberty was enlarged.

12. On a hill apart, he carved a long cross on a tree; and there, in the solitude, meditated the Imitation of Christ, and soothed his griefs by reflecting that he alone, in that vast region, adored the true God of earth and heaven. Roaming through the stately forests of the Mohawk valley, he wrote the name of Jesus on the bark of trees, engraved the cross, and entered into possession of these countries in the name of God—often lifting up his voice in a solitary chant. Thus did France bring its banner and its faith to the confines of Albany. The missionary himself was humanely ransomed from captivity by the Dutch, and sailing for France, soon returned to Canada.

13. Similar was the fate of Father Bressani. Taken prisoner while on his way to the Hurons; beaten, mangled, mutilated; driven barefoot over rough paths, through briers and thickets; scourged by a whole village; burned, tortured, wounded, and scarred;—he was an eye-witness to the fate of one of his companions, who was boiled and eaten. Yet some mysterious awe protected his life, and he, too, was humanely rescued by the Dutch.

LXXV.—CATHOLIC MISSIONS.—CONTINUED.

1. In 1655, Fathers Chaumont and Dablon were sent on a mission among the tribes of New York. They were hospitably welcomed at Onondaga, the principal village of that tribe. A general convention was held at their desire; and before the multitudinous assembly of the chiefs and the whole people gathered under the open sky, among the primeval forests, the presents were delivered; and the Italian Jesuit, with much gesture after the Italian manner, discoursed so eloquently to the crowd, that it seemed to Dablon as if the word of God had been preached to all the nations of that land. On the next day, the chiefs and others crowded round the Jesuits with their songs of welcome.

2. "Happy land," they sang, "happy land, in which the Jesuits are to dwell!" and the chief led the chorus, "Glad tidings! glad tidings! It is well that we have spoken together: it is well that we have a heavenly message." At once a chapel sprung into existence, and by the zeal of the nation was finished in a day. "For marble and precious stones," writes Dablon, "we employed only bark; but the path to heaven is as open through a roof of bark as through arched ceilings of silver and gold." The savages showed themselves susceptible of the excitements of religious ecstasy; and there, in the heart of New York, the solemn services of the Roman (Catholic) Church

were chanted as securely as in any part of Christendom.

3. The Cayugas also desired a missionary, and they received the fearless René Mesnard. In their village a chapel was erected, with mats for the tapestry; and there the pictures of the Saviour and of the Virgin Mother were unfolded to the admiring children of the wilderness. The Oneidas also listened to the missionary; and early in 1657, Chaumont reached the most fertile and densely peopled lands of the Senecas. . . . . The Jesuit priests published their faith from the Mohawk to the Genesee. . . . . The Missions stretched westward along Lake Superior to the waters of the Mississippi. Two young fur-traders, having traveled to the West five hundred leagues, returned in 1656, attended by a number of savages from the Mississippi valley, who demanded missionaries for their country.

4. Their request was eagerly granted; and Gabriel Dreuillettes, the same who carried the cross through the forests of Maine, and Leonard Gareau, of old a missionary among the Hurons, were selected as the first religious envoys to a land of sacrifices, shadows, and deaths. The canoes are launched; the tawny warriors embark; the oars flash, and words of triumph and joy mingle with their last adieus. But just below Montreal, a band of Mohawks, enemies to the Ottawas,

awaited the convoy: in the affray Gareau was mortally wounded, and the fleet dispersed.

5. But the Jesuits were still fired with zeal to carry the cross westward. . . . . "If the Five Nations." they said, "can penetrate these regions, to satiate their passion for blood; if mercantile enterprise can bring furs from the plains of the Sioux; why cannot the cross be borne to their cabins!" . . . . . The zeal of Francis de Laval, the Bishop of Quebec, kindled with a desire himself to enter on the mission; but the lot fell to René Mesnard. He was charged to visit Green Bay and Lake Superior, and on a convenient inlet to establish a residence as a common place of assembly for the surrounding nations.

6. His departure was immediate (A. D. 1660), and with few preparations; for he trusted—such are his words—"in the Providence which feeds the little birds of the desert, and clothes the wild flowers of the forests." Every personal motive seemed to retain him in Quebec; but powerful instincts impelled him to the enterprise. Obedient to his vows, the aged man entered on the path that was red with the blood of his predecessors, and made haste to scatter the seeds of truth through the wilderness, even though the sower cast his seed in weeping. "In three or four months," he wrote to a friend, "you may add me to the *memento* of deaths."

7. His prediction was verified. Several months

after, while his attendant was employed in the labor of transporting the canoe, he was lost in the forest, and never seen more. Long afterward, his cassock and breviary were kept as amulets among the Sioux. . . . . Similar was the death of the great Father Marquette, the discoverer of the Mississippi. Joliet returned to Quebec to announce the discovery. . . . . The unaspiring Marquette remained to preach the gospel to the Miamis, who dwelt in the north of Illinois around Chicago. Two years afterwards (A. D. 1675), sailing from Chicago to Mackinaw, he entered a little river in Michigan

8. Erecting an altar, he said Mass after the rites of the Catholic Church; then, begging the men who conducted his canoe to leave him alone for a half hour,

> "In the darkling wood,
> Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down
> And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
> And supplication."

At the end of half an hour they went to seek him, and he was no more. The good missionary, discoverer of a new world, had fallen asleep on the margin of the stream which bears his name. Near its mouth the canoe men dug his grave in the sand. Ever after, the forest rangers, if in danger on Lake Michigan, would invoke his name. The people of the West will build his monument.

LXXVI.—THE HEROES OF SEVENTY-SIX.

BRYANT.

1. What heroes from the woodland sprung,
   When, through the fresh-awakened land,
   The thrilling cry of freedom rung,
   And to the work of warfare strung
   The yeoman's iron hand!

2. Hills flung the cry to hills around;
   And ocean-mart replied to mart;
   And streams, whose springs were yet unfound,
   Pealed far away the startling sound
   Into the forest's heart.

3. Then marched the brave from rocky steep,
   From mountain river swift and cold;
   The borders of the stormy deep,
   The vales where gathered waters sleep,
   Sent up the strong and bold.

4. As if the very earth again
   Grew quick with God's creating breath,
   And, from the sods of grove and glen,
   Rose ranks of iron-hearted men,
   To battle to the death.

5. The wife, whose babe first smiled that day,
   The fair fond bride of yester-eve,
   And aged sire and matron gray,
   Saw the loved warriors haste away,
   And deemed it sin to grieve.

6. Already had the strife begun;
   Already blood on Concord's plain
   Along the springing grass had run,
   And blood had flowed at Lexington,
   Like brook of April rain.

7. That death-stain on the vernal sward
   Hallowed to freedom all the shore;
   In fragments fell the yoke abhorred—
   The footstep of a foreign lord
   Profaned the soil no more.

LXXVII.—THE MUTINY, SIGHT OF LAND, ETC.

ROGERS.

1. All melt in tears! but what can tears avail?
   These climb the mast, and shift the swelling sail.
   These snatch the helm; and round me now I hear
   Smiting of hands, outcries of grief and fear,
   (That in the aisles at midnight haunt me still,
   Turning my lonely thoughts from good to ill.)
   "Were there no graves—none in our land," they cry
   "That thou hast brought us on the deep to die?"

2. Silent with sorrow, long within his cloak
   His face he muffled—then the Hero spoke:
   "Generous and brave! when God himself is here
   Why shake at shadows in your mad career?
   He can suspend the laws himself designed,
   He walks the waters, and the winged wind;

Himself your guide! and yours the high behest,
To lift your voice, and bid a world be blest!
And can you shrink?—to you, to you consigned
The glorious privilege to serve mankind!
Oh had I perished, when my failing frame
Clung to the shattered oar 'mid wrecks of flame!
—Was it for this I lingered life away,
The scorn of Folly, and of Fraud the prey;
Bowed down my mind, the gift His bounty gave,
At courts a suitor, and to slaves a slave?
—Yet in His name whom only we should fear,
('Tis all, all I shall ask, or you shall hear,)
Grant but three days."—He spoke not uninspired
And each in silence to his watch retired.

3 Although among us came an unknown Voice!
"Go, if ye will; and, if ye can, rejoice:
Go, with unbidden guests the banquet share;
In his own shape shall Death receive you there."
Twice in the zenith blazed the orb of light;
No shade, all sun, insufferably bright!
Then the long line found rest—in coral groves,
Silent and dark, where the sea-lion roves:—
And all on deck, kindling to life again,
Sent forth their anxious spirits o'er the main."

4. "Oh whence, as wafted from Elysium, whence
These perfumes, strangers to the raptured sense?
These boughs of gold, and fruits of heavenly hue,
Tinging with vermeil light the billows blue?

And (thrice, thrice blessed is the eye that spied,
The hand that snatched it sparkling in the tide)
Whose cunning carved this vegetable bowl,
Symbol of social rites, and intercourse of soul?"
Such to their grateful ear the gush of springs,
Who course the ostrich, as away she wings;
Sons of the desert! who delight to dwell
'Mid kneeling camels round the sacred well;
Who, ere the terrors of his pomp be past,
Fall to the demon in the reddening blast.

5. The sails were furled; with many a melting close,
Solemn and slow the evening anthem rose,—
Rose to the Virgin. 'Twas the hour of day,
When setting suns o'er summer seas display
A path of glory, opening in the west
To golden climes, and islands of the blest;
And human voices, on the silent air,
Went o'er the waves in songs of gladness there!

6. Chosen of men! 'twas thine, at noon of night,
First from the prow to hail the glimmering light;
(Emblem of Truth divine, whose secret ray
Enters the soul, and makes the darkness day!)
"Pedro! Rodrigo! there, methought, it shone!
There—in the west! and now, alas! 'tis gone!
'Twas all a dream! we gaze and gaze in vain!
—But mark, and speak not, there it comes again!
It moves!—what form unseen, what being there
With torch-like luster fires the murky air?

His instincts, passions, say how like our own!
Oh! when will day reveal a world unknown?"

7. Long on the wave the morning mists reposed,
Then broke—and, melting into light, disclosed
Half-circling hills, whose everlasting woods
Sweep with their sable skirts the shadowy floods;
And, say, when all, to holy transport given,
Embraced and wept, as at the gates of Heaven,
When one and all of us, repentant ran,
And, on our faces, blessed the wondrous man;
Say, was I then deceived, or from the skies
Burst on my ear seraphic harmonies?
"Glory to God!" unnumbered voices sung,
"Glory to God!" the vales and mountains rung,
Voices that hailed creation's primal morn,
And to the Shepherds sung a Saviour born.

LXXVIII.—FIRST LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

IRVING.

1. It was on Friday morning, the 12th of October, 1492, that Columbus first beheld the New World. As the day dawned he saw before him a level island, several leagues in extent, and covered with trees like a continual orchard. Though apparently uncultivated, it was populous, for the inhabitants were issuing from all parts of the woods and running to the shore. They were perfectly naked, and, as they stood gazing at the

ships, appeared by their attitudes and gestures to be lost in astonishment.

2. Columbus made signals for the ships to cast anchor, and the boats to be manned and armed. He entered his own boat, richly attired in scarlet, and holding the royal standard; whilst Martin Alonzo Pinzo and Vincent Yañez his brother, put off in company in their boats, each with a banner of the enterprise emblazoned with a green cross, having on either side the letters F. and Y., the initials of the Castilian monarchs Fernando and Ysabel, surmounted by crowns.

3. As he approached the shore, Columbus, who was disposed for all kinds of agreeable impressions, was delighted with the purity and suavity of the atmosphere, the crystal transparency of the sea, and the extraordinary beauty of the vegetation. He beheld, also, fruits of an unknown kind upon the trees which overhung the shores. On landing, he threw himself on his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by the rest, whose hearts indeed overflowed with the same feelings of gratitude.

4. Columbus then rising, drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and assembling round him the two captains, with Rodrigo de Escobedo *(es-co-ba'do)*, notary of the armament, Rodrigo Sanchez, and the rest who had landed, he took solemn possession in the

name of San Salvador. Having complied with the requisite forms and ceremonies, he called upon all present to take the oath of obedience to him, as admiral and viceroy, representing the persons of the sovereigns.

5. The feelings of the crew now burst forth in the most extravagant transports. They had recently considered themselves devoted men, hurrying forward to destruction; they now looked upon themselves as favorites of fortune, and gave themselves up to the most unbounded joy. They thronged around the admiral with overflowing zeal, some embracing him others kissing his hands. Those who had been most mutinous and turbulent during the voyage, were now most devoted and enthusiastic. Some begged favors of him, as if he had already wealth and honors in his gift. Many abject spirits, who had outraged him by their insolence, now crouched at his feet, begging pardon for all the trouble they had caused him, and promising the blindest obedience for the future.

6. The natives of the island, when, at the dawn of day, they had beheld the ships hovering on their coast, had supposed them monsters which had issued from the deep during the night. They had crowded to the beach, and watched their movements with awful anxiety. Their veering about, apparently without effort, and the shifting and furling of their sails, resembling huge wings, filled them with astonishment. When

they beheld their boats approach the shore, and a number of strange beings clad in glittering steel, or raiment of various colors, landing upon the beach, they fled in affright to the woods.

7. Finding, however, that there was no attempt to pursue nor molest them, they gradually recovered from their terror, and approached the Spaniards with great awe, frequently prostrating themselves on the earth, and making signs of adoration. During the ceremonies of taking possession, they remained gazing in timid admiration at the complexion, the beards, the shining armor, and splendid dress of the Spaniards. The admiral particularly attracted their attention, from his commanding hight, his air of authority, his dress of scarlet, and the deference which was paid him by his companions; all which pointed him out to be the commander.

8. When they had still further recovered from their fears, they approached the Spaniards, touched their beards, and examined their hands and faces, admiring their whiteness. Columbus was pleased with their gentleness and confiding simplicity, and suffered their scrutiny with perfect acquiescence, winning them by his benignity. They now supposed that the ships had sailed out of the crystal firmament which bounded their horizon, or had descended from above on their ample wings, and that these marvelous beings were inhabitants of the skies.

9. The natives of the island were no less objects of curiosity to the Spaniards, differing, as they did, from any race of men they had ever seen. Their appearance gave no promise of either wealth or civilization, for they were entirely naked, and painted with a variety of colors. With some it was confined merely to a part of the face, the nose or around the eyes; with others it extended to the whole body, and gave them a wild and fantastic appearance.

10. Their complexion was of a tawny or copper hue, and they were entirely destitute of beards. Their hair was not crisped, like the recently-discovered tribes of the African coast, under the same latitude, but straight and coarse, partly cut short above the ears, but some locks were left long behind and falling upon their shoulders. Their features, though obscured and discolored by paint, were agreeable; they had lofty foreheads, and remarkably fine eyes. They were of moderate stature and well shaped; most of them appeared to be under thirty years of age.

LXXIX.—THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS—Continued.

1. As Columbus supposed himself to have landed on an island at the extremity of India, he called the natives by the general appellation of Indians, which was universally adopted before the true nature of his discovery was known, and has since been extended to

all the aboriginals of the New World. The Islanders were friendly and gentle. Their only arms were lances, hardened at the end by fire, or pointed with a flint, or the teeth or bone of a fish. There was no iron to be seen, nor did they appear acquainted with its properties; for, when a drawn sword was presented to them, they unguardedly took it by the edge.

2. Columbus distributed among them colored caps, glass beads, hawks' bells, and other trifles, such as the Portuguese were accustomed to trade with among the nations of the gold coast of Africa. They received them eagerly, hung the beads around their necks, and were wonderfully pleased with their finery, and with the sound of the bells. The Spaniards remained all day on shore, refreshing themselves after their anxious voyage amidst the beautiful groves of the island, and returned on board late in the evening, delighted with all they had seen.

3. On the following morning at break of day, the shore was thronged with the natives; some swam off to the ships, others came in light barks, which they called canoes, formed of a single tree hollowed, and capable of holding from one man to the number of forty or fifty. These they managed dexterously with paddles, and, if overturned, swam about in the water with perfect unconcern, as if in their natural element, righting their canoes with great facility, and baling them with calabashes.

4. They were eager to procure more toys and trinkets, not, apparently, from any idea of their intrinsic value, but because everything from the hands of strangers possessed a supernatural virtue in their eyes, as having been brought from heaven; they even picked up fragments of glass and earthenware as valuable prizes. They had but few objects to offer in return, except parrots, of which great numbers were domesticated among them, and cotton yarn, of which they had abuudance, and would exchange large balls of five and twenty pounds' weight for the merest trifle.

5. They brought also cakes of a kind of bread called cassava, which constituted a principal part of their food, and was afterward an important article of provisions with the Spaniards. It was formed from a great root called yuca, which they cultivated in fields. This they cut into small morsels, which they grated or scraped, and strained in a press, making a broad, thin cake, which was afterward dried hard, and would keep for a long time, being steeped in water when eaten. It was insipid, but nourishing, though the water strained from it was a deadly poison. There was another kind of yuca destitute of this poisonous quality, which was eaten in the root, either boiled or roasted.

6. The avarice of the discoverers was quickly excited by the sight of small ornaments of gold, worn by some of the natives in their noses. These the latter gladly exchanged for glass beads and hawks' bells; and both

parties exulted in the bargain, no doubt admiring each other's simplicity. As gold, however, was an object of royal monopoly in all enterprises of discovery, Columbus forbade any traffic in it without his express sanction; and he put the same prohibition on the traffic for cotton, reserving to the crown all trade for it, wherever it should be found in any quantity.

7. He inquired of the natives where this gold was procured. They answered him by signs, pointing to the south, where, he understood them, dwelt a king of such wealth that he was served in vessels of wrought gold. He understood, also, that there was land to the south, the southwest, and the northwest; and that the people from the last-mentioned quarter frequently proceeded to the southwest in quest of gold and precious stones, making in their way descents upon the islands, and carrying off the inhabitants. Several of the natives showed him scars of wounds received in battles with these invaders. It is evident that a great part of this fancied intelligence was self-delusion on the part of Columbus; for he was under a spell of the imagination, which gave its own shapes and colors to every object.

8. He was persuaded that he had arrived among the islands described by Marco Polo, as lying opposite Cathay, in the Chinese Sea, and he construed everything to accord with the account given of those opulent regions. Thus the enemies which the natives spoke of

as coming from the northwest, he concluded to be the people of the mainland of Asia, the subjects of the great Khan of Tartary, who were represented by the Venetian traveler as accustomed to make war upon the islands, and to enslave the inhabitants. The country to the south, abounding in gold, could be no other than the famous island of Cipango; and the king, who was served out of vessels of gold, must be the monarch whose magnificent city and gorgeous palace, covered with plates of gold, had been extolled in such splendid terms by Marco Polo.

9. The island where Columbus had thus, for the first time, set his foot upon the New World, was called by the natives, Guanahane *(gwah-nah-hah'ne)*. It still retains the name of San Salvador, which he gave to it, though called by the English, Cat Island. The light which he had seen the evening previous to his making land, may have been on Watling's Island, which lies a few leagues to the east. San Salvador is one of the great cluster of the Lucayos *(loo-ki'oce)*, or Bahama Islands, which stretch southeast and northwest from the coast of Florida to Hispaniola, covering the northern coast of Cuba.

LXXX.—THE DEATH OF MONTEZUMA.

ROBERTSON.

1. The Mexicans, now discovering Cortez's bloody intentions, resumed their arms with the additional fury which this discovery inspired, attacked the Spaniards who were marching toward the great square in which the public market was held, and compelled them to retire with some loss. Emboldened by this success, and delighted to find that their oppressors were not invincible, they advanced next day with extraordinary martial pomp to assault the Spaniards in their own quarters. Their number was formidable, and their undaunted courage still more so.

2. Though the artillery, pointed against their numerous battalions, crowded together in narrow streets, swept off multitudes at every discharge; though every blow of the Spanish weapons fell with mortal effect upon their naked bodies, the impetuosity of the assault did not abate. Fresh men rushed forward to occupy the places of the slain, and, meeting with the same fate, were succeeded by others no less intrepid and eager for vengeance. The utmost efforts of Cortez's abilities and experience, seconded by the disciplined valor of his troops, were hardly sufficient to defend the fortifications that surrounded the post where the Spaniards were stationed, into which the enemy were more than once on the point of forcing their way.

3. Cortez beheld with wonder the implacable fe-

rocity of a people who seemed at first to submit tamely to the yoke, and had continued so long passive under it. As soon as the approach of evening induced the Mexicans to retire, in compliance with their national custom of ceasing from hostilities with the setting sun, he began to prepare for a sally, next day, with such considerable force as might either drive the enemy out of the city, or compel them to listen to terms of accommodation.

4. Cortez conducted, in person, the troops destined for this important service. Every invention known in the European art of war, as well as every precaution suggested by his long acquaintance with the Indian mode of fighting, were employed to insure success. But he found an enemy prepared and determined to oppose him. The force of the Mexicans was greatly augmented by fresh troops, which poured in continually from the country, and their animosity was in no degree abated. They were led by their nobles, inflamed by the exhortations of their priests, and fought in defence of their temples and families, under the eye of their gods, and in presence of their wives and children.

5. After a day of incessant exertion, though vast numbers of the Mexicans fell, and part of the city was burnt, the Spaniards, weary with the slaughter and harassed by multitudes which successively relieved each other, were obliged at length to retire with the mortification of having accomplished nothing so de-

cisive as to compensate the unusual calamity of having twelve soldiers killed and above sixty wounded. Another sally, made with greater force, was more effectual, and in it the general himself was wounded in the hand.

6. Cortez now perceived, too late, the fatal error into which he had been betrayed by his own contempt of the Mexicans, and was satisfied that he could neither maintain his present station in the centre of a hostile city, nor retire from it without the most imminent danger. One resource still remained, to try what effect the interposition of Montezuma might have to soothe or overawe his subjects. When the Mexicans approached next morning to renew the assault, that unfortunate prince, at the mercy of the Spaniards, and reduced to the sad necessity of becoming the instrument of his own disgrace and of the slavery of his people, advanced to the battlements in his royal robes, and with all the pomp in which he used to appear on solemn occasions.

7. At sight of their sovereign, whom they had long been accustomed to honor and almost to revere as a god, the weapons dropped from their hands, every tongue was silent, all bowed their heads, and many prostrated themselves on the ground. Montezuma addressed them with every argument that could mitigate their rage or persuade them to cease from hostilities When he ended his discourse, a sullen murmur of dis-

approbation ran through the ranks; to this succeeded reproaches and threats; and the fury of the multitude rising in a moment above every restraint of decency or respect, flights of arrows and volleys of stones poured in so violently upon the ramparts, that before the Spanish soldiers appointed to cover Montezuma with their bucklers had time to lift them in his defence, two arrows wounded the unhappy monarch, and the blow of a stone on his temple struck him to the ground.

8. On seeing him fall, the Mexicans were so much astonished, that, with a transition not uncommon in popular tumults, they passed in a moment from one extreme to the other; remorse succeeded to insult, and they fled with horror, as if the vengeance of heaven were pursuing the crime which they had committed. The Spaniards without molestation carried Montezuma to his apartments, and Cortez hastened thither to console him under his misfortune.

9. But the unhappy monarch now perceived how low he was sunk; and the haughty spirit, which seemed to have been so long extinct, returning, he scorned to survive this last humiliation. In a transport of rage, he tore the bandages from his wounds, and refused with such obstancy to take any nourishment, that he soon ended his wretched days, rejecting with disdain all the solicitations of the Spaniards to embrace the Christian faith. Upon the death of Montezuma, Cortez, having lost all hope of bringing the Mexicans

to accommodation saw no prospect of safety but in retreat (1520).

LXXXI.—THE DISCOVERY OF PERU.

PRESCOTT.

1. While the whole eastern coast of the American continent had been explored, and the central portion of it colonized,—even after the brilliant achievement of the Mexican conquest,—the veil was not yet raised that hung over the golden shores of the Pacific. Floating rumors had reached the Spaniards, from time to time, of countries in the far West, teeming with the metal they so much coveted; but the first distinct notice of Peru was about the year 1511, when Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, the discoverer of the Southern Sea, was weighing some gold which he had collected from the natives.

2. A young barbarian chieftain, who was present, struck the scales with his fist, and, scattering the glittering metal around the apartment, exclaimed,—"If this is what you prize so much that you are willing to leave your distant homes, and risk even life itself for it, I can tell you of a land where they eat and drink out of golden vessels, and gold is as cheap as iron is with you." It was not long after this startling intelligence that Balboa achieved the formidable adventure of scaling the mountain rampart of the isthmus which

divides the two mighty oceans from each other when, armed with sword and buckler, he rushed into the waters of the Pacific, and cried out, in the true chivalrous vein, that "he claimed this unknown sea, with all that it contained, for the King of Castile, and that he would make good the claim against all, Christian or infidel, who dared to gainsay it." All the broad continent and sunny isles washed by the waters of the Southern Ocean! Little did the bold cavalier comprehend the full import of his magnificent vaunt.

3. On this spot he received more explicit tidings of the Peruvian empire, heard proofs recounted of its civilization, and was shown drawings of the llama, which, to the European eye, seemed a species of the Arabian camel. But, although he steered his caravel for these golden realms, and even pushed his discoveries some twenty leagues south of the Gulf of St. Michael, the adventure was not reserved for him. The illustrious discoverer was doomed to fall a victim to that miserable jealousy with which a little spirit regards the achievements of a great one.

4. The Spanish colonial domain was broken up into a number of petty governments, which were dispensed sometimes to court favorites; though, as the duties of the post, at this early period, were of an arduous nature, they were more frequently reserved for men of some practical talent and enterprise. Columbus, by virtue of his original contract with the Crown, had

'urisdiction over the territories discovered by himself, embracing some of the principal islands, and a few places on the continent. . . . . .

5. These colonial governments were multiplied with the increase of empire, and by the year 1524 were scattered over the islands, along the Isthmus of Darien, the broad tract of Terra Firma, and the recent conquests of Mexico. Some of these governments were of no great extent. Others, like that of Mexico, were of the dimensions of a kingdom; and most had an indefinite range for discovery assigned to them in their immediate neighborhood, by which each of the petty potentates might enlarge his territorial sway, and enrich his followers and himself. . . . . .

6. Floating rumors of the wealth and civilization of a mighty nation at the South were continually reaching the ears and kindling the dreamy imaginations of the colonists; and it may seem astonishing that an expedition in that direction should have been so long deferred. But the exact position and distance of this fairy realm were matter of conjecture. The long tract of intervening country was occupied by rude and warlike races; and the little experience which the Spanish navigators had already had of the neighboring coast and its inhabitants, and still more, the tempestuous character of the seas—for their expeditions had taken place at the most unpropitious seasons of the year,—

enhanced the apparent difficulties of the undertaking, and made even their stout hearts shrink from it.

7. Such was the state of feeling in the little community of Panama* for several years after its foundation. Meanwhile, the dazzling conquest of Mexico gave a new impulse to the ardor of discovery, and, in 1524, three men were found in the colony in whom the spirit of adventure triumphed over every consideration of difficulty and danger that obstructed the prosecution of the enterprise. One among them was selected as fitted by his character to conduct it to a successful issue. That man was Francisco Pizarro *(pe-zah'ro)*.

LXXXII.—DISCOVERY OF PERU.—Continued.

1. At length the adventurous vessel rounded the point of St. Helena, and glided smoothly into the waters of the beautiful gulf of Guayaquil *(gwi-ah-keel')*. The country was here studded along the shore with towns and villages, though the mighty chain of the Cordil'leras [the Andes], sweeping up abruptly from the coast, left but a narrow strip of emerald verdure, through which numerous rivulets, spreading fertility around them, wound their way into the sea. The voyagers were now abreast of some of the most stu-

* Panama was founded by the Spaniards in 1519, who thus transferred the capital of their South American colony from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, with the view to prosecute their explorations and conquests southward along the newly-discovered South Sea.

pendous hights of this magnificent range—Chimborazo, with its broad round summit towering like the dome of the Andes, and Cotopaxi, with its dazzling cone of silvery white, that knows no change except from th action of its own volcanic fires,—for this mountain is the most terrible of the American volcanoes, and was in formidable activity at no great distance from the period of our narrative

2. Well pleased with the signs of civilization that opened on them at every league of their progress, the Spaniards at length (1526) came to anchor off the Island of Santa Clara, lying at the entrance of the bay of Tumbez (*toom'bez*). The place was uninhabited, but was recognized by the Indians on board as occasionally resorted to by warlike people of the neighboring isle of Puna (*poo'nah*), for the purpose of sacrifice and worship. The Spaniards found on the spot a few bits of gold rudely wrought into various shapes, and probably designed as offerings to the Indian deity. Their hearts were cheered as the natives assured them they would see abundance of the same precious metal in their own city of Tumbez.

3. The following morning they stood across the bay for this place. As they drew near, they beheld a town of considerable size with many of the buidings apparently of stone and plaster, situated in the bosom of a fruitful meadow, which seemed to have been redeemed from the sterility of the surrounding country by care-

ful and minute irrigation. When at some distance from the shore, Pizarro saw standing toward him several large balsas,[1] which were filled with warriors going on an expedition against the island of Puna.

4. Running alongside of the Indian flotilla, he invited some of the chiefs to come on board the vessel. The Peruvians gazed with wonder on every object which met their eyes, and especially on their own countrymen, whom they had little expected to meet there. The latter informed them in what manner they had fallen into the hands of strangers, whom they described as a wonderful race of beings that had come thither for no harm, but solely to be made acquainted with the country and its inhabitants.

5. This account was confirmed by the Spanish commander, who persuaded the Indians to return in their balsas and report what they had learned to their townsmen, requesting them at the same time to provide his vessel with refreshments, as it was his desire to enter into friendly intercourse with the natives. The people of Tumbez were gathered along the shore, and were gazing with unutterable amazement on the floating castle, which, now having dropped anchor, rode lazily at its moorings in their bay. They eagerly listened to the accounts of their countrymen, and instantly reported the affair to the *curaca* (*koo-rah'cah*), or ruler of the district, who, conceiving that the stran-

gers must be beings of a superior order, prepared at once to comply with their request.

6. It was not long before several balsas were seen steering for the vessel laden with bananas, plantains, yuca, Indian corn, sweet potatoes, pineapples, cocoanuts, and other rich products of the beautiful vale of Tumbez. Game and fish, also, were added, with a number of llamas, of which Pizarro had seen the rude drawings belonging to Balboa. but of which, till now, he had met with no living specimen. He examined this curious animal, the Peruvian sheep,—or, as the Spaniards called it, the "little camel" of the Indians,—with much interest, greatly admiring the mixture of the wool and hair which supplied the natives with materials for their fabrics.

7. At that time there happened to be at Tumbez an Inca noble, or *orejon*,[2]—for so men of his rank were called by the Spaniards, from the large ornaments of gold attached to their ears. He expressed great curiosity to see the wonderful strangers, and had, accordingly, come out with the balsas for the purpose. It was easy to perceive from the superior quality of his dress, as well as from the deference paid to him by the others, that he was a person of consideration, and Pizarro received him with marked distinction.

8. He showed him the different parts of the ship, explaining to him the uses of whatever engaged his at-

tention, and answering his queries, as well as he could, by means of Indian interpreters. The Peruvian chief was especially desirous of knowing whence and why Pizarro and his followers had come to these shores. The Spanish captain replied that he was the vassal of a great prince, the greatest and most powerful in the world, and that he had come to this country to assert his master's lawful supremacy over it.

9. He had further come to rescue the inhabitants from the darkness of unbelief in which they were now wandering. They worshiped an evil spirit, who would sink their souls into everlasting perdition; and he would give them the knowledge of the true and only God, Jesus Christ, since to believe in Him was eternal salvation. The Indian prince listened with deep attention and apparent wonder; but answered nothing. It may be that neither he nor his interpreters had any very distinct ideas of the doctrines thus abruptly revealed to them.

10. It may be that he did not believe there was any other potentate on earth greater than the Inca; none, at least, who had a better right to rule over his dominions. And it was very possible he was not disposed to admit that the great luminary whom he worshiped was inferior to the God of the Spaniards. But whatever may have passed in the untutored mind of the barbarian, he did not give vent to it, but main-

tained a discreet silence, without any attempt to controvert or to convince his Christian antagonist.

[1] BAL'-SAS, a sort of sloop, with one large mast, usually used for naval or maritime purposes.
[2] OR-E'-JA, in Spanish means ear.

LXXXIII.—THE DISCOVERY OF PERU.—CONTINUED.

1. He remained on board the vessel till the hour of dinner, of which he partook with the Spaniards, expressing his satisfaction at the strange dishes, and especially pleased with the wine, which he pronounced far superior to the fermented liquors of his own country. On taking leave, he courteously pressed the Spaniards to visit Tumbez, and Pizarro dismissed him with a present, among other things, of an iron hatchet, which had greatly excited his admiration; for the use of iron was as little known to the Peruvians as to the Mexicans.

2. On the day following, the Spanish captain sent one of his own men, named Alonzo de Molina *(mo-le'-nah)*, on shore, accompanied by a negro who had come in the vessel from Panama, together with a present for the curaca, of some swine and poultry, neither of which were indigenous to the New World. Toward evening his emissary returned with a fresh supply of fruits and vegetables, that the friendly people sent to the vessel. Molina had a wondrous tale to tell.

3. On landing he was surrounded by the natives who expressed the greatest astonishment at his dress, his fair complexion, and his long beard. The women, especially, manifested great curiosity in respect to him, and Molinâ seemed to be entirely won by their charms and captivating manners. He probably intimated his satisfaction by his demeanor, since they urged him to stay among them, promising in that case to provide him with a beautiful wife. The surprise was equally great at the complexion of his sable companion. They could not believe it was natural, and tried to rub off the imaginary dye with their hands.

4. As the African bore all this with characteristic good-humor, displaying at the same time his rows of ivory teeth, they were prodigiously delighted. The animals were no less above their comprehension; and, when the cock crew, the simple people clapped their hands, and inquired what he was saying. Their intellects were so bewildered by sights so novel, that they seemed incapable of distinguishing between man and brute.

5. Molina was then escorted to the residence of the curaca, whom he found living in much state, with porters stationed at his doors, and with a quantity of gold and silver vessels, from which he was served. He was then taken to different parts of the Indian city, saw a fortress built of rough stone, and, though low, spreading over a large extent of ground. Near

this was a temple; and the Spaniard's description of its decorations, blazing with gold and silver, seemed so extravagant, that Pizarro, distrusting his whole account, resolved to send a more discreet and trustworthy emissary on the following day.

6. The person selected was Pedro de Candia, a Greek cavalier who had joined the expedition. He was sent on shore dressed in complete mail, as became a good knight, with his sword by his side, and his arquebuse[1] on his shoulder. The Indians were even more dazzled by his appearance than by Molina's, as the sun fell brightly on his polished armor, and glanced from his military weapons. They had heard much of the formidable arquebuse from their townsmen who had come in the vessel, and they besought Candia "to let it speak to them."

7. He accordingly set up a wooden board as a target, and, taking deliberate aim, fired off the musket. The flash of the powder, and the startling report of the piece, as the board, struck by the ball, was shivered into splinters, filled the natives with dismay. Some fell on the ground, covering their faces with their hands, and others approached the cavalier with feelings of awe, which were gradually dispelled by the assurance they received from the smiling expression of his countenance.

8. They then showed him the same hospitable attentions which they had paid to Molina; and hi

description of the marvels of the place, on his return, fell nothing short of his predecessor's. The fortress, which was surrounded by a triple row of wall, was strongly garrisoned. The temple he described as literally tapestried with plates of gold and silver. Adjoining this structure was a sort of convent appropriated to the Inca's destined brides, who manifested great curiosity to see him. Whether this was gratified is not clear; but Candia described the gardens of the convent, which he entered, as glowing with imitations of fruits and vegetables, all in pure gold and silver! He had seen a number of artisans at work, whose sole business seemed to be to furnish these gorgeous decorations for the religious houses. . . . . .

9. Tumbez was a favorite city of the Peruvian princes. It was the most important place on the northern borders of the empire, contiguous to the recent acquisition of Quito. A strong fortress was established there. The temple and the house occupied by the Virgins of the Sun, had been erected by Huayna Capac *(hwi'nah cah'pac)*, and were liberally endowed by that Inca, after the sumptuous fashion of the religious establishments of Peru. The town was well supplied with water by numerous aqueducts, and the fruitful valley in which it was embosomed, and the ocean which bathed its shores, supplied ample means of subsistence to a considerable population.

10. But the cupidity of the Spaniards, after the con-

quest, was not slow in despoiling the place of its glories; and the site of its proud towers and temples, in less than half a century after that fatal period, was to be traced only by the huge mass of ruins that encumbered the ground. The Spaniards were nearly mad with joy, says an old writer, at receiving these brilliant tidings of the Peruvian city. All their fond dreams were now to be realized, and they had at length reached the realm which had so long flitted in visionary splendor before them. Pizarro expressed his gratitude to heaven for having crowned his labors with so glorious a result.

[1] AR'-QUE-BUSE, a sort of hand gun, anciently used, which was cocked with a wheel.

LXXXIV.—THE ANGELS AT BUENA VISTA.

WHITTIER.

The American Army, under General Taylor, defeated the Mexicans at Buena Vista, February 22d and 23d, 1847.

1. Speak and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far away,
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,
Who is losing? who is winning? are they far or come they near?
Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm we hear.

2. "Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle rolls;
Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy on their souls!"
Who is losing? who is winning?—"Over hill and over plain,
I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the mountain rain."

3. Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena, look once more:
"Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as before,
Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman foot and horse,
Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its mountain course."

4. Look forth once more, Ximena! "Ah! the smoke has rolled away;
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks of gray.
Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of Miñon wheels;
There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at heels.

5. "Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and now advance!
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's charging lance!

Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot together fall;
Like a plowshare in the fallow, through them plows the Northern ball."

6. Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on:
Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost and who has won?
"Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall;
O'er the dying rush the living: pray, my sisters, for them all!"

7. "Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting: Blessed Mother, save my brain!
I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of slain:
Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall, and strive to rise;
Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before our eyes!

8. "Oh, my heart's love! oh, my dear one! lay thy poor head on my knee;
Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou hear me? canst thou see me?
Oh, my husband, brave and gentle! Oh, my Bernal, look once more
On the blesséd cross before thee! Mercy! mercy! all is o'er!"

9. Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one down to rest;
Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his breast;
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral Masses said;
To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid.

10. Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young a soldier lay,
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his life away;
But, as tenderly before him, the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol-belt.

11. With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away her head
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her dead;
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling breath of pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips again.

12. Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand and faintly smiled:
Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch beside her child?

All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart supplied;
With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" murmured he, and died!

13. "A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee forth,
From some gentle sad-eyed mother, weeping lonely in the North!"
Spake the mournful Mexic woman as she laid him with her dead,
And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds which bled.

14. Look forth once more, Ximena! "Like a cloud before the wind
Rolls the battle down the mountain, leaving blood and death behind;
Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust the wounded strive;
Hide your faces, holy angels! Oh, thou Christ of God, forgive!"

15. Sink, oh night, among thy mountains! let the cool, gray shadows fall;
Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain over all!
Through the thickening winter twilight wide apart the battle rolled;
In its sheath the saber rested, and the cannon's lips grew cold.

16. But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued,
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn faint and lacking food:
Over weak and suffering brothers with tender care they hung,
And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange and Northern tongue.

17. Not wholly lost, oh Father! is this evil world of ours;
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the Eden flowers;
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their prayer,
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air!

LXXXV.—CHARACTER AND BURIAL OF DE SOTO.

IRVING.

1. Thus died Hernando de Soto, one of the boldest and the bravest of the many brave leaders who figured in the first discoveries, and distinguished themselves in the wild warfare of the Western World. How proud and promising had been the commencement of his career! how humble and hapless its close! Cut off in the very vigor and manhood of his days, for he was but forty-two years old when he expired; perish-

ing in a strange and savage land, amid the din and tumult of a camp, and with merely a few rough soldiers to attend him, for nearly all were engaged in the preparations making for their escape in this perilous situation.

2. Hernando de Soto was well calculated to command the independent and chivalric spirits of which his army was composed; for, while his ideas of military discipline were very strict, and he punished every breach of military duty, all other offenses he pardoned. No one was more prompt to notice and reward all soldier-like merit. He is said to have been courteous and engaging in his manners, patient and persevering under difficulties, encouraging his followers by his quiet endurance of suffering.

3. In his own person he was valiant in the extreme, and of such vigor of arm, that wherever he passed in battle, he is said to have hewn himself a lane through the thickest of the enemy. Some of his biographers have accused him of cruelty toward the Indians; but, according to the Inca's account, we find him, in general, humane and merciful, striving to conciliate the natives by presents and kind messages, and only resorting to violent means where the safety of himself and his followers were at stake.

4. The death of the governor left his followers overwhelmed with grief; they felt as if made orphans by his loss, for they looked up to him as a father: and

they sorrowed the more, because they could not give him a proper sepulture, nor perform the solemn obsequies due to the remains of a captain and commander so much beloved and honored.

5. They feared to bury him publicly and with becoming ceremonials, lest the Indians should discover the place of his interment, and should outrage and insult his remains, as they had done those of other Spaniards—tearing them from their graves, dismembering them, and hanging them piecemeal from the trees. If they had shown such indignities to the bodies of the common soldiers, how much greater would they inflict upon that of their governor and commander? Besides, De Soto had impressed them with a very exalted opinion of his prudence and valor, and the Spaniards, therefore, dreaded, lest, finding out the death of their leader, they might be induced to revolt, and fall upon their handful of troops.

6. For these reasons they buried him in the dead of night, with sentinels posted to keep the natives at a distance, that the sad ceremony might be safe from the observation of their spies. The place chosen for his sepulture was one of many pits, broad and deep, in a plain near to the village from whence the Indians had taken earth for their buildings. Here he was interred, in silence and in secret, with many tears of the priests and cavaliers who were present at his mournful obsequies.

7. The better to deceive the Indians and prevent their suspecting the place of his interment, they gave out, on the following day, that the governor was recovering from his malady, and, mounting their horses, they assumed an appearance of rejoicing. That all traces of the grave might be lost, they caused much water to be sprinkled over it, and upon the surrounding plain, as if to prevent the dust being raised by their horses. They then scoured the plain, and galloped about the pit, and over the very grave of their commander: but it was difficult, under this cover of pretended gayety, to conceal the real sadness of their hearts.

8. With all these precautions they soon found out that the Indians suspected not only the death of the governor, but the place where he lay buried; for in passing by the pits, they would stop, look round attentively on all sides, talk with one another, and make signs with their chins and their eyes toward the spot where the body was interred.

9. The Spaniards perceiving this, and feeling that the Indians would search the whole plain until they found the body, determined to disinter it, and place it where it would be secure from molestation. No place appeared better suited to the purpose than the Mississippi; but first they wished to ascertain whether there was sufficient depth to hide the body effectually. Accordingly, Juan de Añasco, and other officers, taking

with them a mariner, embarked one evening in a canoe, under pretense of fishing and amusing themselves; and, sounding the river where it was a quarter of a league wide, they found, in the mid-channel, a depth of nineteen fathoms. Here, therefore, they determined to deposit the body.

10. As there was no stone in the neighborhood wherewith to sink it, they cut down an evergreen oak, and made an excavation in one side, of the size of a man. On the following night, with all the silence possible, they disinterred the body, and placed it in the trunk of the oak, nailing planks over the aperture. The rustic coffin was then conveyed to the center of the river, where, in presence of several priests and cavaliers, it was committed to the stream, and they beheld it sink to the bottom; shedding many tears over this second funeral rite, and commending anew the soul of the good cavalier to heaven.

11. The Indians soon perceiving that the governor was not with the army, nor buried as they had supposed, demanded of the Spaniards where he was. The general reply, prepared for the occasion, was, that God had sent for him, to communicate to him great things, which he was commanded to perform, as soon as he should return to earth. With this answer the Indians remained apparently content.

12. The Cacique, however, who believed him to be dead, sent two handsome young Indians to Moscoso

with the message, that it was the custom of his country, when any great prince died, to put to death some persons to attend him, and serve him on his journey to the land of spirits; and for that purpose these young men presented themselves. Luis de Moscoso replied, that the governor was not dead, but gone to heaven, and had chosen some of his Christian followers to attend him there; he therefore prayed Guachoya to receive again the two Indian youths, and to renounce so barbarous a custom for the future. He accordingly set the Indians at liberty on the spot, and ordered them to return to their homes; but one of them refused to go, saying he would not serve a master who had condemned him to death without a cause, but would ever follow one who had saved his life.

13. De Soto's effects, consisting in all of two slaves, three horses, and seven hundred swine, were disposed of at public sale. The slaves and horses were sold for three thousand crowns each; the money to be paid by the purchaser on the first discovery of any gold or silver mines, or as soon as he should be proprietor of a plantation in Florida. Should neither of these events come to pass, the buyer pledged himself to pay the money within a year. The swine were sold in like manner, at two hundred crowns apiece. Henceforth, the greater number of the soldiers possessed this desirable article of food, which they ate of on all days save Fridays, Saturdays, and the eves of festivals,

which they rigidly observed, according to the customs of the Roman Catholics.

After vainly trying to reach Mexico through the forests, the remnant of his followers built seven frail barks, and sailed down the Mississippi, reaching the Gulf of Mexico in seventeen days. They then sailed along the coast of Mexico, and, after a voyage of about fifty days, finally arrived at a Spanish settlement (Sept. 10, 1543).

The word *Mississippi* is a corrupted Indian name (*Miche Sepe*), meaning, literally, "Father of Waters." After the events above related, no farther exploration of the river or of its adjacent regions was made until the French, under La Salle, explored the valley, descending the river as far as its mouth in 1691, eight years after which an attempt at settlement was made by Iberville. This region was named Louisiana, in honor of Louis XVI., King of France.

LXXXVI.—THE ENGLISH INVADERS.

M. F. CUSACK.

Sister Mary Francis Clare (M. F. Cusack), from whose History of Ireland the following has been taken, is a Franciscan Sister. She resides, at present, at the convent of Kenmare, Ireland. She is the author of a Life of St. Francis and a Historical Sketch of the Franciscan Order, and of several other popular and well-written books.

1. In the reign of Henry II., certain Anglo-Norman nobles came to Ireland, and, partly by force and partly by intermarriages, obtained estates in that country. Their tenure was the tenure of the sword. By the sword they expelled persons whose families had possessed those lands for centuries; and by the sword they compelled these persons, through poverty, consequent on loss of property, to take the position of inferiors where they had been masters. You will observe that this first English settlement in Ireland was

simply a colonization on a very small scale. Under such circumstances, if the native population are averse to the colonization, and if the new and the old races do not amalgamate, a settled feeling of aversion, more or less strong, is established on both sides. The natives hate the colonist, because he has done them a grievous injury by taking possession of their lands; the colonist hates the natives, because they are in his way; and, if he be possessed of "land hunger," they are an impediment to the gratification of his desires. It should be observed that there is a wide difference between colonization and conquest.

2. The Saxons conquered what we may presume to have been the aboriginal inhabitants of England; the Normans conquered the Saxon: the conquest in both cases was sufficiently complete to amalgamate the races—the interest of the different nationalities became one. The Norman lord scorned the Saxon churl quite as contemptuously as he scorned the Irish Celt; but there was this very important difference—the interests of the noble and the churl soon became one; they worked for the prosperity of their common country. In Ireland, on the contrary, the interests were opposite. The Norman noble hated the Celt as a people he could not subdue, but desired most ardently to dispossess; the Celt hated the invader as a man most naturally will hate the individual who is just strong enough to keep a wound open by his struggles, and

not strong enough to end the suffering by killing the victim.

3. For centuries Ireland was left to the mercy and the selfishness of colonists. Thus, with each succeeding generation, the feeling of hatred towards the English was intensified with each new act of injustice, and such acts were part of the normal rule of the invaders. A lord deputy was sent after a time to rule the country. Perhaps a more unfortunate form of government could not have been selected for Ireland. The lord deputy knew that he was subject to recall at any moment; he had neither a personal nor a hereditary interest in the country. He came to make his fortune there, or to increase it. He came to rule for his own benefit, or for the benefit of his nation. The worst of kings has, at least, an hereditary interest in the country which he governs; the best of lord deputies might say that, if he did not oppress and plunder for himself, other men would do it for themselves: why, then, should he be the loser, when the people would not be gainers by his loss?

LXXXVII.—IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

GILES.

1. Much there is in Ireland that we most dearly love. We love its music, sweet and sad, and low and lonely; it comes with a pathos, a melancholy, a melody, on the pulses of the heart, that no other music breathes, and while it grieves it soothes.

2. It seems to flow with long complaint over the course of ages, or to grasp with broken sobs through the ruins and fragments of historic thought. We are glad with the humor of Ireland, so buoyant and yet so tender, quaint with smiles, quivering with sentiment, pursing up the lips while it bedews the eyelids.

3. We admire the bravery of Ireland, which may have been broken but never has been bent,—which has often been unfortunate, but which never has been craven. We have much affection for the Irish character. We give unfeigned praise to that purity of feeling which surrounds Irish women in the humblest class, and amidst the coarsest occupations, with an atmosphere of sanctity.

4. We acknowledge with heartfelt satisfaction that kindred love in the Irish poor, that no distance can weaken, and that no time can chill. We feel satisfied with our humanity, when we see the lowly servant girl calling for her wages, or drawing on the savings' bank for funds, to take tears from the eyes of a widowed mother in Connaught, or fears from the soul of an aged father in Munster.

5. We behold a radiance of grandeur around the head of the railroad laborer, as he bounds, three thousand miles away, at the sound of repeal, at the name of O'Connell, and yet more as his hand shakes, as he takes a letter from the post-office, which, rude as it may be in superscription, is a messenger from the

cot in which his childhood lay, is an angel from the fields, the hills, the streams, the mountains, and the moors wherein his boyhood sported.

6. We remember, with many memories of delight, too, the beauties of Ireland's scenery. We recollect the fields that are ever green; the hills that bloom to the summit; the streamlets that in sweetness seem to sing her legends; the valleys where the fairies play; the voices among her glens, that sound from her winds as with the spirit of her bards; the shadow of her ruins at moonlight, that in pale and melancholy splendor appear like the ghosts of her ancient heroes.

LXXXVIII.—THE O'KAVANAGH.

J. AUGUSTUS SHEA.

1. The Saxons had met, and the banquet was spread,
And the wine in fleet circles the jubilee led;
And the banners that hung round the festal that night,
Seemed brighter by far than when lifted in fight.

2. In came the O'Kavanagh, fair as the morn,
When earth to new beauty and vigor is born;
They shrank from his glance, like the waves from the prow,
For nature's nobility sat on his brow.

3 Attended alone by his vassal and bard—
No trumpet to herald, no clansmen to guard—
He came not attended by steed or by steel:
No danger he knew, for no fear did he feel.

4. In eye and on lip his high confidence smiled—
So proud, yet so knightly—so gallant, yet mild;
He moved like a god through the light of that hall,
And a smile, full of courtliness, proffered to all.

5. "Come pledge us, lord chieftain! come pledge us!"
they cried;
Unsuspectingly free to the pledge he replied;
And this was the peace-branch O'Kavanagh bore—
"The friendships to come, not the feuds that are o'er!"

6. But, minstrel, why cometh a change o'er thy theme?
Why sing of red battle—what dream dost thou dream?
Ha! "Treason! 's the cry, and "Revenge!" is the call,
As the swords of the Saxon surrounded the hall!

7. A kingdom for Angelo's mind! to portray
Green Erin's undaunted avenger that day;
The far-flashing sword, and the death-darting eye,
Like some comet commissioned with wrath from the
sky.

8. Through the ranks of the Saxon he hewed his red
way—
Through lances, and sabres, and hostile array;
And, mounting his charger, he left them to tell
The tale of that feast, and its bloody farewell.

9. And now on the Saxons his clansmen advance,
With a shout from each heart, and a soul in each
lance:

He rushed, like a storm, o'er the night-covered heath,
And swept through their ranks, like the angel of death.

10. Then hurrah! for thy glory, young chieftain, hurrah!
Oh! had we such lightning-souled heroes to-day,
Again would our "sunburst" expand in the gale,
And Freedom exult o'er the green Innisfail!

LXXXIX.—THE BATTLE OF CLONTARF.

M. F. CUSACK.

1. The storm was now gathering in earnest, and the most active preparations were made on both sides for a mighty and decisive conflict. The Danes had already obtained possession of England, a country which had always been united in its resistance to their power, a country numerically superior to Ireland: why should they not hope to conquer, with at least equal facility, a people who had so many opposing interests, and who rarely sacrificed these interests to the common good? Still they must have had some fear of the result, if we may judge by the magnitude of their preparations. They despatched ambassadors in all directions to obtain reinforcements. Brodir, the earl, and Amlaibh, son of the King of Lochlann, "the two Earls of Cair, and of all the north of Saxon land," came at the head of 2,000 men; "and there was not one villain of that

2,000 who had not polished, strong, triple-plated armor of refined iron, or of cooling, uncorroding brass, encasing their sides and body from head to foot." Moreover, the said villains "had no reverence, veneration, or respect, or mercy for God or man, for church or for sanctuary; they were cruel, ferocious, plundering, hard-hearted, wonderful Dannarbrians, selling and hiring themselves for gold and silver, and other treasure as well."

2. Gormflaith was evidently "head centre" on the occasion; for we find wonderful accounts of her zeal and efforts in collecting forces. "Other treasure" may possibly be referred to that lady's heart and hand, of which she appears to be very liberal on this occasion. She despatched her son, Sitric, to Siguard, Earl, of the Orkneys, who promised his assistance, but he required the hand of Gormflaith as payment for his services, and that he should be made King of Ireland. Sitric gave the required promise, and found on his return to Dublin, that it met with his mother's entire approbation. She then despatched him to the Isle of Man, where there were two Vikings, who had thirty ships and she desired him to obtain their co-operation "at any price." They were the brothers Ospak and Brodir. The latter demanded the same conditions as the Earl Siguard, which were promised quite as readily by Sitric,only he charged the Viking to keep the agreement secret, above all not to mention it to Siguard.

3. Brodir,* according to the Saga, was an apostate Christian, who had "thrown off his faith, and become God's dastard." He was both tall and strong, and had such long black hair that he tucked it under his belt; he had also the reputation of being a magician. The Viking Ospak refused to fight against "the good King Brian," and, touched by some prodigies, became a convert to Christianity, joined the Irish monarch at Kincora, on the Shannon, and received holy baptism. The author of the *Wars of the Gaedhil* gives a formidable list of the other auxiliaries who were invited by the Dublin Danes. The Annals of Loch Cé also give an account of the fleet he assembled, and its "chosen braves." Maelmordha had mustered a large army also; indeed, he was too near the restless and revengeful Lady Gormflaith to have taken matters quietly, even had he been so inclined.

4. Meanwhile Brian had been scarcely less successful, and probably not less active. He now marched towards Dublin, "with all that obeyed him of the men of Ireland." These were the provincial troops of Munster and Connaught and the men of Meath. His march is thus described in the *Wars of the Gaedhil*:—"Brian looked out behind him, and beheld the battle phalanx—compact, huge, disciplined, moving in silence,

* It has been suggested that this was not his real name. He was Ospak's *brother*, and Brodir may have been mistaken for a propor name. There was a Danish Viking named Gutring, who was an apostate deacon, and who may have been the Brodir of Irish history.

mutely, bravely, haughtily, unitedly, with one mind, traversing the plain towards them; threescore and ten banners over them—of red, and of yellow, and of green, and of all kinds of colors; together with the everlasting, variegated, lucky, fortunate banner, that had gained the victory in every battle, and in every conflict, and in every combat."

5. The site of the battle has been accurately defined. It took place on the plain of Clontarf, * and is called the Battle of the Fishing Weir of Clontarf. The weir was at the mouth of the river Tolka, where the bridge of Ballybough now stands. The Danish line was extended along the coast, and protected at sea by their fleets. It was disposed in three divisions, and comprised about 21,000 men, the Leinster forces being included in the number. The first division or left wing was the nearest to Dublin. It was composed of the Danes of Dublin, and headed by Sitric, who was supported by the thousand mail-clad Norwegians, commanded by Carlus and Anrud. In the centre were the Langennians, under the command of Mælmordha.

* There is curious evidence that the account of the battle of Clontarf must have been written by an eye-witness, or by one who had obtained his information from an eye-witness. The author states that "the foreigners came out to fight the battle in the morning at the full tide," and that the tide came in again in the evening at the same place. The Danes suffered severely from this, "for the tide had carried away their ships from them." Consequently, hundreds perished in the waves.—*Wars of the Gaedhil*, p. 191.

The right wing comprised the foreign auxiliaries, under the command of Brodir and Siguard.

6. Brian's army was also disposed in three divisions. The first was composed of his brave Dalcassians, and commanded by his son Murrough, assisted by his four brothers, Teigue, Donough, Connor, and Flann, and his youthful heir, Turlough, who perished on the field. The second division or center was composed of troops from Munster, and was commanded by Mothla, grandson of the King of the Deisi, of Waterford, assisted by many native princes. The third battalion was commanded by Maelruanaidh (Mulrooney of the Paternosters) and Teigue O'Kelly, with all the nobles of Connaught. Brian's army numbered about twenty thousand men. The accounts which relate the position of Malachy, and his conduct on this occasion, are hopelessly conflicting. It appears quite impossible to decide whether he was a victim to prejudice, or whether Brian was a victim to his not unnatural hostility.

7. On the eve of the battle, one of the Danish chiefs, Plait, son of King Lochlainn, sent a challenge to Domhnall, son of Emhin, High Steward of Mar. The battle commenced at daybreak. Plait came forth and exclaimed three times, "*Faras Domhnall?*" (Where is Domhnall?) Domhnall replied: "Here, thou reptile." A terrible hand-to-hand combat ensued. They fell dead at the same moment, the sword of each through

the heart of the other, and the hair of each in the clenched hand of the other. And the combat of those two was the first combat of the battle.

8. Before the engagement Brian harangued his troops, with the crucifix in one hand and a sword in the other. He reminded them of all they had suffered from their enemies, of their tyranny, their sacrilege, their innumerable perfidies; and then, holding the crucifix aloft, he exclaimed: "The great God has at length looked down upon our sufferings, and endued you with the power and the courage this day to destroy for ever the tyranny of the Danes, and thus to punish them for their innumerable crimes and sacrileges by the avenging power of the sword. Was it not on this day that Christ Himself suffered death for you?"

9. The mailed armor of the Danes seems to have been a source of no little dread to their opponents. But the Irish battle-axe might well have set even more secure protection at defiance. It was wielded with such skill and force, that frequently a limb was lopped off with a single blow, despite the mail in which it was encased; while the short lances, darts, and slinging-stones proved a speedy means of decapitating or stunning a fallen enemy.

10. The Dalcassians surpassed themselves in feats of arms. They hastened from time to time to refresh their thirst and cool their hands in a neighboring brook; but the Danes soon filled it up, and deprived

them of this resource. It was a conflict of heroes—a hand-to-hand fight. Bravery was not wanting on either side, and for a time the result seemed doubtful. Towards the afternoon, as many of the Danish leaders were cut down, their followers began to give way, and the Irish forces prepared for a final effort. At this moment the Norwegian prince, Anrud, encountered Murrough, whose arms were paralyzed from fatigue; he had still physical strength enough to seize his enemy, fling him on the ground, and plunge his sword into the body of his prostrate foe. But even as he inflicted the death-wound, he received a mortal blow from the dagger of the Dane, and the two chiefs fell together.

11. The *mêlée* was too general for an individual incident, however important in itself, to have much effect. The Northmen and their allies were flying hard and fast, the one towards their ships, the others towards the city. But as they fled across the Tolka, they forgot that it was now swollen with the incoming tide, and thousands perished by water who had escaped the sword.

XC.—THE CRUELTY OF CROMWELL IN IRELAND.

M. F. CUSACK.

1. Cromwell was now master of England, and ruled with all that authority which is so freely granted to a revolutionary leader, and so often denied to a lawful

monarch. The great body of the English stood aghast with horror when they discovered that regicide, and the substitution of an illegal tyranny for one which at least was legal, was the end of all their hopes. The new ruler was aware of the precariousness of his position. The safety of his head, as well as the continuance of his power, depended on the caprice of the multitude; and he saw that the sword alone could maintain him in the elevated position to which he had risen, and the still more elevated position to which he aspired. We scarcely imagine him to have been more religious or less humane than many of his contemporaries, though it is evident that he required a great show of the kind of religion then fashionable to support his character as a reformer, and that he considered himself obliged to exercise wholesale cruelties to consolidate his power.

2. The rightful heir to the English throne was then at the Hague, uncertain how to act and whither he should turn his steps. He wished to visit Ireland, where he would have been received with enthusiastic loyalty by the Catholics; but Ormonde persuaded him, from sinister motives, to defer his intention. Ormonde and Inchiquin now took the field together. The former advanced to Dublin, and the latter to Drogheda. This town was held by a Parliamentary garrison, who capitulated on honorable terms. Monk and Owen O'Neil, in the meantime, were acting in concert, and

Inchiquin captured supplies which the English General was sending to the Irish chief. Newry, Dundalk, and the often-disputed and famous Castle of Trim surrendered to him, and he marched back to Ormonde in triumph. As there appeared no hope of reducing Dublin except by famine, it was regularly blockaded; and the Earl wrote to Charles to inform him that his men were so loyal, he could "persuade half his army to starve outright for his Majesty."

3. Ormonde now moved his camp from Finglas to Rathmines, and at the same time reinforcements arrived for the garrison, under the command of Colonels Reynolds and Venables. The besiegers made an attempt to guard the river, and for this purpose, Major-General Purcell was sent to take possession of the ruined Castle of Bagotrath, about a mile from the camp. Ormonde professed to have expected an attack during the night, and kept his men under arms; but just as he had retired to rest, an alarm was given. Colonel Jones had made a sortie from the city; the sortie became for a brief moment an engagement, and ended in a total rout. The Earl was suspected; and whether he had been guilty of treachery or of carelessness, he lost his credit, and soon after left the kingdom.

4. Cromwell had been made Lieutenant-General of the English army in Ireland, but as yet he had been unable to take the command in person. His position

was precarious; and he wished to secure his influence still more firmly in his own country, before he attempted the conquest of another. He had succeeded so far in the accomplishment of his plans, that his departure and his journey to Bristol were undertaken in royal style. He left the metroplis early in June, in a coach drawn by six gallant Flanders' mares, and concluded his progress at Milford Haven, where he embarked, reaching Ireland on the 14th of August, 1649. He was attended by some of the most famous of the Parliamentary Generals—his son, Henry, the future Lord Deputy; Monk, Blake, Ireton, Waller, Ludlow, and others. He brought with him, for the propagation of the Gospel and the Commonwealth, £200,000 in money, eight regiments of foot, six of horse, several troops of dragoons, a large supply of Bibles,* and a corresponding provision of ammunition and scythes. The Bibles were to be distributed amongst his soldiers, and to be given to the poor unfortunate natives, who could not understand a word of their contents. The scythes and sickles were to deprive them of all means of living, and to preach a ghastly commentary on the conduct of the men who wished to convert them to the new Gospel, which certainly was not one of peace. Cromwell now issued two proclamations: one against

* See "The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland," by John P. Prendergast, Esq. The scythes and sickles were to cut down the corn, that the Irish might be starved if they could not be conquered.

intemperance, for he knew well the work that was before him, and he could not afford to have a single drunken soldier in his camp. The other proclamation prohibited plundering the country people: it was scarcely less prudent. His soldiers might any day become his masters, if they were not kept under strict control; and there are few things which so effectually lessen military discipline as permission to plunder: he also wished to encourage the country people to bring in provisions. His arrangements all succeeded.

5. Ormonde had garrisoned Drogheda with 3,000 of his choicest troops. They were partly English, and were commanded by a brave loyalist, Sir Arthur Aston. This was really the most important town in Ireland; and Cromwell, whose skill as a military general cannot be disputed, at once determined to lay siege to it He encamped before the devoted city on the 2nd of September, and in a few days had his siege guns posted on the hill, still known as Cromwell's Fort. Two breaches were made on the 10th, and he sent in his storming parties about five o'clock in the evening. Earthworks had been thrown up inside, and the garrison resisted with undiminished bravery. The besieged at last wavered; quarter was promised to them, and they yielded; but the promise came from men who knew neither how to keep faith or to show mercy. The brave Governor, Sir Arthur Aston, retired with

his staff to an old mill on an eminence, but they were disarmed and slain in cold blood. The officers and soldiers were first exterminated, and then men, women, and children were put to the sword. The butchery occupied five entire days. Cromwell has himself described the scene, and glories in his cruelty. Another eyewitness, an officer in his army, has described it also, but with some faint touch of remorse.

6. A number of the townspeople fled for safety to St. Peter's Church, on the north side of the city, but every one of them was murdered, all defenceless and unarmed as they were; others took refuge in the church steeple, but it was of wood, and Cromwell himself gave orders that it should be set on fire, and those who attempted to escape the flames were piked. The principal ladies of the city had sheltered themselves in the crypts. It might have been supposed that this precaution should be unnecessary, or, at least, that English officers would respect their sex; but, alas for common humanity! it was not so. When the slaughter had been accomplished above, it was continued below. Neither youth nor beauty was spared. Thomas Wood, who was one of these officers, and brother to Anthony Wood, the Oxford historian, says he found in these vaults "the flower and choicest of the women and ladies belonging to the town; amongst whom, a most handsome virgin, arrayed in costly and gorgeous apparel, kneeled down to him with tears and

prayers to save her life." Touched by her beauty and her entreaties, he attempted to save her, and took her out of the church; but even his protection could not save her. A soldier thrust his sword into her body; and the officer recovering from his momentary fit of compassion, "flung her down over the rocks," according to his own account, but first took care to possess himself of her money and jewels. This officer also mentions that the soldiers were in the habit of taking up a child, and using it as a buckler, when they wished to ascend the lofts and galleries of the church, to save themselves from being shot or brained. It is an evidence that they knew their victims to be less cruel than themselves, or the expedient would not have been found to answer.

XCI.—THE SONG OF THE COSSACK.

REV. FRANCIS MAHONY.

Rev. Francis Mahony was a native of Cork, and after some years spent in the ministry as a Catholic clergyman, devoted himself to literature, and was long a prized contributor to English magazines and journals, where his keen wit, great versatility and varied knowledge, made his articles very popular.

1. Come, arouse thee up, my gallant horse, and bear thy rider on!

The comrade thou, and the friend, I trow, of the dweller on the Don.

Pillage and Death have spread their wings! 'tis the hour to hie thee forth,
And with thy hoofs an echo wake to the trumpets of the North!
Nor gems nor gold do men behold upon thy saddle-tree;
But earth affords the wealth of lords for thy master and for thee.
Then fiercely neigh, my charger gray!—thy chest is proud and ample;
Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

2. Europe is weak—she hath grown old—her bulwarks are laid low;
She is loath to hear the blast of war—she shrinketh from a foe!
Come, in our turn, let us sojourn in her goodly haunts of joy—
In the pillared porch to wave the torch, and her palaces destroy!
Proud as when first thou slakedst thy thirst in the flow of conquered Seine,
Aye shalt thou lave, within that wave, thy blood-red flanks again.
Then fiercely neigh, my gallant gray!—thy chest is strong and ample!
Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

3. Kings are beleaguered on their thrones by their own vassal crew;
And in their den quake noblemen, and priests are bearded too;
And loud they yelp for the Cossack's help to keep their bondsmen down,
And they think it meet, while they kiss *our* feet, to wear a tyrant's crown!
The sceptre now to my lance shall bow, and the crosier and the cross
Shall bend alike, when I lift my pike, and aloft THAT SCEPTRE toss!
Then proudly neigh, my gallant gray!—thy chest is broad and ample;
Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

4. In a night of storm I have seen a form!—and the figure was a GIANT,
And his eye was bent on the Cossack's tent, and his look was all defiant;
Kingly his crest—and towards the West with his battle-axe he pointed;
And the "form" I saw *was* ATTILA! of this earth the scourge anointed.
From the Cossack's camp let the horseman's tramp the coming crash announce;
Let the vulture whet his beak sharp set, on the carrion field to pounce;

And proudly neigh, my charger gray!—Oh! thy chest is broad and ample:
Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

5. What boots old Europe's boasted fame, on which she builds reliance,
When the North shall launch its *avalanche* on her works of art and science?
Hath she not wept her cities swept by our hordes of trampling stallions?
And tower and arch crushed in the march of our barbarous battalions?
Can *we* not wield our father's shield? the same war-hatchet handle?
Do our blades want length, or the reapers' strength, for the harvest of the Vandal?
Then proudly neigh, my gallant gray, for thy chest is strong and ample;
And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France and the pride of her heroes trample!

XCII.—ST. BERNARD.

MONTALEMBERT.

1. All acknowledge Saint Bernard to be a great man and a man of genius; he exercised over his age an influence that has no parallel in history; he reigned by

eloquence, courage, and virtue. More than once he decided the future of nations and of crowns. At one time he held, as it were, in his hands the destiny of the Church. He knew how to move Europe, and precipitate it upon the East; he completely vanquished Abelard, the precursor of modern Rationalism. All the world knows it; and all the world says it; all, with one voice, place him by the side of Ximenes, Richelieu, and Bossuet.

2. But this is not sufficient. If he was, and who can doubt it? a great orator, a great writer, and a great person, it was almost without his knowing it, and always in opposition to his own wish. He was, and above all wished to be, something else; he was a monk and he was a saint; he lived in a cloister and he worked miracles.

3. The Church has defined and canonized the sanctity of Bernard; history is charged with the mission of relating his life, and of explaining the wonderful influence he exercised over his contemporaries.

4. But in studying the life and epoch of this great man, who was a monk, we find that Popes, Bishops, and Saints, who were the bulwark and honor of Christian society, all, or almost all, like Bernard, came from the monastic orders. Who then were these monks, and whence did they come, and what had they done, up to this period, to make them occupy so high a place in the destiny of the world?

5. These questions we must solve before going farther. And we must do more; for in trying to judge of the age in which Saint Bernard lived, we find that it is impossible to explain or comprehend it, if we do not recognize that it was animated by the same breath which vivified an anterior epoch of which it is only the direct and faithful continuation.

6. If the twelfth century bowed before the genius and virtue of Saint Bernard, it was because the eleventh century had been regenerated and penetrated with the virtue and genius of another monk, Gregory VII.; and we could not comprehend either the epoch or the action of Bernard, when apart from the salutary crisis which the one had prepared and rendered possible for the other; and never would a simple monk have been heard and obeyed as Bernard was, if his uncontested greatness had not been preceded by the struggles and trials, and the posthumous victories of that other monk, who died six years before the birth of our Saint.

7. It must then be characterized, not only by a conscientious view of the pontificate of the greatest of the Popes, taken from the ranks of the monks, but also by passing in review the entire period which unites the last combats of Gregory with the first efforts of Bernard; and, while keeping this in view, describe the most important and most glorious struggle in which the monks were the first in sufferings as in honors.

8. And even this is not sufficient. Far from being the founders of monastic orders, Gregory VII. and Bernard were only their offsprings, in common with so many thousands of their contemporaries. When these great men took so wondrous a part in them, these institutions had existed more then five centuries.

9. To understand their origin, and to appreciate their nature and services, we must go back to another Gregory—to Saint Gregory the Great—the first Pope who left the cowl for the tiara; or back still farther, to Saint Benedict, the legislator and patriarch of the monks of the West. We must at least cast a glance, during these five centuries, upon the superhuman efforts made by these legion of monks to subdue, pacify, discipline, and purify twenty barbarous nations, and successively transform them into Christian nations.

XCIII.—THE LIBERTY OF THE GOSPEL.

LACORDAIRE.

1. Such, then, was Rome when Jesus Christ sent his disciples to convert her to Himself, and such was with Rome the whole universe. Mistress of the world, after having enchained nations to her greatness she held them enchained to her humiliations; and for the first time in the history of the human race liberty had no longer an asylum upon earth.

2. I say, for the first time. Until then, by a provi-

dence worthy of all our thanksgivings, God had so provided that there was always some free land where virtue and truth could defend themselves against the designs of the stronger. Whilst the east was fertile in tyrannies, Egypt possessed institutions worthy of esteem, and judged her kings after their death; Greece defended her tribune against the ambition of the kings of Persia; Rome protected her citizens by laws which surrounded their lives with many sacred ramparts. If from ancient we pass to modern times, we shall find there the same care of Providence in not permitting despotism to reign everywhere at the same time. The present world is divided into three zones: the zone of unlimited tyranny, which has nothing to envy from the most cruel histories of the past; an intermediate zone where some action is still permitted to thought and to faith; and, in fine, that generous western zone of which we form a part, those great kingdoms of France, England, the United States of America, Spain, where rights and duties have guarantees; where men speak, write, discuss; where, whilst power oppresses the majesty of God and man in distant regions, we defend it without glory, because nothing in that office menaces either our heads or our honor!

3. A unique moment arrived when, with a map of the world open before you, you would have sought in vain for a mountain or a desert to shelter the heart of

Cato of Utica, and when Cato of Utica thought it necessary to ask from death that liberty which no spot upon earth could any longer give to him. At that unique and terrible moment, Jesus Christ sent His apostles to announce the Gospel to every creature, and to found in their faith, love, and adoration, the kingdom of souls and of truth.

Let us see what this kingdom was to the Roman empire.

5. First, it was the liberty of the soul. Jesus Christ claimed the soul; He claimed that it should be free to know Him, to love Him, to adore Him, to pray to Him, to unite with him. He did not admit that any other than Himself had right over the soul, and above all the right of hindering the soul from communicating with him. Yet much more; Jesus Christ claimed the public union of souls in His service; He knew nothing of secrecy; He demanded a patent and social worship. The liberty of the soul implied the right to found material and spiritual churches, to assemble, to pray together, to hear in common the Word of God, that substantial food of the soul which is its daily bread, and of which it can be deprived only by an act of sacrilegious homicide. The liberty of the soul implied the right of practicing together all the ceremonies of public worship, of receiving the sacraments of eternal life, of living together by the Gospel and Jesus Christ. None upon earth possessed any longer the government

of sacred things but the anointed of the Lord--the elect souls—initiated into a larger faith and love, tested by the successors of the apostles, sanctified by ordination. All the rest, princes and peoples, were excluded from the administration of the body and blood of Jesus Christ, that divine center of the kingdom of souls, and which it was not meet to deliver to dogs, according to the forcible expression of the most gentle Gospel.

6. But as the soul is the basis of man, by creating the liberty of the soul, Jesus Christ, at the same time created the liberty of man. The Gospel, as the regulator of the rights and duties of all, rose to the power of a universal charter, which became the measure of all legitimate authority, and which, in hallowing it, preserved it from the excesses into which human power had everywhere fallen. On this account, the kingdom of souls was absolutely the very opposite of the Roman empire, and it was impossible to imagine a more complete antagonism. The Roman empire was universal servitude; the kingdom of souls, universal liberty. Between them it was a question of being or not being. The struggle was inevitable; it was to be a deadly, struggle.

XCIV.—THE LIBERTY OF THE GOSPEL.—Continued.

1. Now, what force did the kingdom of souls dispose of against that empire covered with legions? None.

The Forum? It was no more. The people? They were no more. Eloquence? It was no more. Thought? It was no more. Was it at least permitted to the first Christians whom the Gospel had raised up in the world to gather one against a hundred thousand for the combat? No, that was not permitted to them. What then was their strength? The same that Jesus Christ had before them. They had to confess His name and then to die, to die to-day, the day after, to die one after another, that is to say, to vanquish servitude by the peaceful exercise of the liberty of the soul; to vanquish force, not by force, but by virtue. It had been said to them: If for three centuries you can boldly say—"I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, His only Son our Lord, who was born of the Virgin Mary, was dead, and is risen again;" if for three centuries you can say this openly, and die daily after having declared it, in three centuries you shall be masters, that is to say, free.

2. And this was done.

And this was done in spite of the fury of the Roman empire converting the universe into a headsman, and losing its terrified reason in the emptiness of its cruelties. I will say no more of the martyrs; they conquered, as the whole world knows. And this kingdom of souls founded by their blood, this kingdom of souls which was to destroy idolatry, and which has destroyed

it, which was to overthrow the Roman empire, and which has overthrown it in all that was false and unjust in it; where did this kingdom of souls set up its capital? In Rome! The seat of virtue was placed in the seat of power; the seat of liberty in the seat of bondage; in the seat of shameful idols the seat of the cross of Jesus Christ; in the seat whence the orders of Nero issued to the world, the seat of the disarmed and aged pastor, who, in the name of Jesus Christ; whose vicar he is, spreads throughout the world purity, peace, and blessing. O triumph of faith and love! O spectacle which enraptures man above himself by showing him what he can do for good with the help of God! My own eyes have seen that land, the liberator of souls, that soil formed of ashes and blood of martyrs; and why should I not recur to remembrances which will confirm my words in re-invigorating my life?

3. One day, then, my heart all trembling with emotion, I entered by the Flaminian gate that famous city which had conquered the world by her arms, and governed it by her laws. I hurried to the Capitol; but the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus no longer crowned its heroic summit. I descended to the Forum; the orator's tribune was broken down, and the voices of herdsmen had succeeded to the voices of Cicero and Hortensius. I mounted the steep paths of the Palatine: the Cæsars were gone, and they had not even

left a pretorian at the entry to ask the name of the inquisitive stranger. Whilst I was pondering those mighty ruins, through the azure of the Italian sky, I perceived in the distance a temple whose dome appeared to cover all the present grandeurs of that city upon whose dust I trod. I advanced toward it, and there, upon a vast and magnificent space, I found Europe assembled in the persons of her ambassadors, her poets, her artists, her pilgrims—a throng diverse in origin, but united, it seemed, in common and earnest expectation. I also waited, when in the distance before me an old man advanced, borne in a chair above the crowd, bareheaded and holding in his two hands, under the form of mysterious bread, that man of Judea aforetime crucified. Every head bent before him, tears flowed in silent adoration, and upon no visage did I see the protestation of doubt, or the shadow of a feeling which was not, at least, respectful.

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